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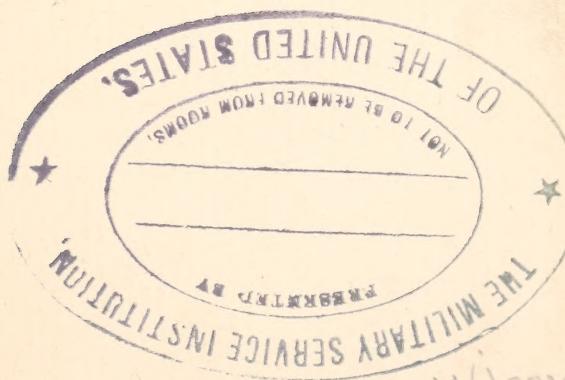




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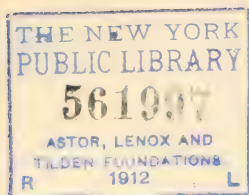
SKETCHES  
OF  
ILLUSTRIOUS SOLDIERS

BY  
JAMES GRANT WILSON

Military genius is the highest order of genius  
SIR WALTER SCOTT



NEW YORK  
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
182 FIFTH AVENUE  
1880—



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TO  
ALEXANDER T. STEWART,  
THE FIRST OF AMERICAN MERCHANTS  
AND PHILANTHROPISTS,  
THESE BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES ARE DEDICATED  
BY HIS FRIEND  
THE AUTHOR.

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SKETCHES  
OF  
ILLUSTRIOUS SOLDIERS.

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GONSALVO OF CORDOVA.

Who died

As he had lived, his country's boast and pride—  
Statesman and warrior—who, with patient toil,  
Scant and exhausted legions taught to foil  
Skill, valor, numbers ; one who never sought  
A selfish glory on the fields he fought ;  
Who spoke, felt, breathed but for his country's weal,  
Her power to 'stablish, and her wounds to heal—  
The dread of France, when France was most the dread of all.

ANONYMOUS.

**T**HE reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the latter certainly, one of the most interesting characters in Spanish history, was rendered forever famous by three eminent men—Cardinal Ximenes, the consummate statesman ; Christopher Columbus, the most successful navigator of any age ; and Gonsalvo of Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain, one of the seven chiefs whom Sir William Temple, in his Essay on Heroic Virtue, says, deserved without wearing a crown. Gonsalvo's splendid military successes, so gratifying to Spanish pride, have made his name no less renowned than that of the Cid. He is the hero of Florian's agreeable novel, to which the majority of readers are more indebted for information concerning the Great Captain, than to authentic records ; as most of

us have formed our impressions of the character of Henry V. from reading Shakespeare, rather than from the study of English history.

Gonsalvo's family name was Aguilar, but his ancestors rendered such distinguished service at the Conquest of Cordova in the thirteenth century, that St. Ferdinand, King of Castile, permitted them to assume the name of that city. Gonsalvo of Cordova, or as he is called in Castilian, Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordova, was born at Montilla, near Cordova, March sixteenth, 1453. At the time of his birth, his family had great influence in his native city, and were the chiefs of a powerful faction; the party opposed to which were headed by the house of Cabra. His father died early, leaving two sons; Alonzo, whose name occurs in many brilliant passages of the Moorish wars; and Gonsalvo. The feuds between the rival factions headed by the houses of Aguilar and Cabra, like those of the Montagues and Capulets, led frequently to sanguinary conflicts in the streets, and after the death of Gonsalvo's father, the partisans of his house, deprived of their natural leader, carried the infant chief with them in their fights, and thus our hero may be said to have been nursed

‘Amidst the clangor of resounding arms.’

His early education was limited, and like that of most of the noble cavaliers who appeared on the stage before the improvements introduced under Isabella, was more complete in knightly accomplishments, than in intellectual studies; He was never taught Latin, and made no pretensions to scholarship; but later in life he honored and nobly recompensed it in others.

At the commencement of the civil wars, the brothers attached themselves to the fortunes of Alfonso and Isabella. At their court, Gonsalvo attracted much attention by his personal beauty, his skill in knightly exercises, and the profuse magnificence of his dress and style of living, which



combined with his brilliant qualities, obtained for him the title of *el principe de los cavalleros*. This extravagance, indeed, called forth the remonstrance of his brother, who as the elder son, had inherited the family estates. During the war with Portugal he served under the banner of the celebrated Alonso de Cardenes, Grand Master of St. James, and made a most signal display of valor at the battle of Albuera, where the splendor of his armor attracted general attention, and made him a special mark for the lances of the Portuguese knights. Of this commander and of the Count of Tendilla, the young hero always spoke with deference, acknowledging them as his masters in the rudiments of war. But it was in the long struggle against the Moors, beginning with the surprise of Zahara in 1481, that he perfected himself in that science and conspicuously displayed his military genius. He particularly distinguished himself at the sieges of Tajara, Il-lora, and Monte Frio, at the latter place leading the assault and being the first to gain the walls in the face of the foe. In a midnight skirmish before Granada he had a narrow escape. In the heat of the deadly struggle his horse was killed under him ; and Gonsalvo unable to extricate himself would have been captured, but for a faithful servant who mounted him on his own horse. Our hero escaped, but his brave follower was slain. It is a good proof of the high position which the young soldier held in the esteem of the king, that he was selected in conjunction with Ferdinand's secretary Zafra, to conduct the difficult and dangerous negotiations with the unfortunate Moorish monarch Boabdil. Gonsalvo was chosen for this duty, from his courtly and pleasing address, and his familiarity with the Arabic habits and language. The conferences were carried on by night, with the utmost secrecy, sometimes within the walls of Granada, and at others, in a little hamlet a few miles distant. The capitulation of Granada was at length agreed upon, and was ratified by the respective

monarchs Nov. twenty-fifth, 1491. In consideration of his great services, the Spanish sovereigns granted Gonsalvo a pension and a large estate in the conquered country.

After the war our hero remained at court in high favor with Ferdinand and Isabella. His military reputation, gallant bearing, and pleasing manners, displaying all the romantic gallantry characteristic of that romantic age, united with his noble lineage and handsome person, combined to render him like Hamlet

‘The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.’

During the Granadine war, when the fire of Sante Fé had consumed the royal tent with the greater part of the queen’s wardrobe and other valuable effects, Gonsalvo, on hearing of the disaster at his castle of Illora, immediately supplied the queen so abundantly from the wearing apparel of his young and beautiful wife, Donna Maria Manrique, as led Isabella pleasantly to remark, that, the fire had done more execution in his quarters, than in her own. Another pleasing instance of his gallantry, forming a counterpart to the familiar anecdote of Sir Walter Raleigh, occurred when the queen accompanied her daughter Joanna on board the fleet which was to bear her to Flanders, the country of her destined husband. After bidding adieu to the infanta, Isabella returned in her boat to the shore; but the waters were so swollen, that it was found difficult to make good a footing for her on the beach. As the sailors were preparing to drag the bark higher up the strand, Gonsalvo, who was present, and dressed as the old chronicles are careful to inform us, in a rich suit of brocade and crimson velvet, unwilling that the person of his queen should be profaned by the touch of such rude hands, the Great Captain waded into the water and bore his royal mistress to the shore, amid the hearty *vivas* of the assembled thousands.

When the Spanish monarchs resolved to send an army

to Naples to assist their kinsman Ferdinand II. to recover his throne from the French, by whom his kingdom had just been conquered, the queen recommended Gonsalvo to the king, as the most suitable person to command it, knowing him to be possessed of the qualities essential to success in a difficult and dangerous campaign. He was accordingly appointed commander of the expedition, to the great and general surprise of the kingdom, which was not prepared to see him advanced over the heads of distinguished generals who had grown gray in the service of their country. Gonsalvo embarked for Sicily with a small squadron, reaching Messina, May twenty-fourth, 1495. His achievements speedily justified the confidence of the Queen, and satisfied those who had taken exception to his appointment. In his first battle at Seminara, in which he engaged, against his own judgment, a greatly superior force, in compliance with the urgent demands of the Neapolitan king, and his principal officers—who imagined they could beat Frenchmen with heavy odds against them, as easily as the Moors of Granada—he was defeated, but covered the retreat with his heavy Spanish cavalry against which the French charged in vain. In this engagement, by his skill and desperate valor, although defeated, he added to his reputation as a great commander, since it was well known that it was fought in opposition to his judgment. This was the first battle of importance in which Gonsalvo held a distinguished command; the only one which he lost during his long and successful career. Ferdinand soon after departed for Naples, at that time garrisoned by six thousand French under the Duke of Montpensier, leaving Cordova to carry on the campaign in Southern Calabria. The character of the country rough and mountainous like the Alpuxarras, and thickly covered with fortified places, enabled him to apply with success, the tactics which he had learned in Moorish warfare, and with such untiring vigor did he push his success, that in less than a year he reduced

all Calabria, with the exception of a small corner of the province still held by D'Aubigny and the forces under him. In the Spring of 1496, he was summoned from the scene of his conquests to the support of the king of Naples, who was laying siege to Atella on the western border of the Basilicate. Before quitting Calabria he received a considerable re-inforcement of troops from Spain. Although his line of march was through a hostile country, he encountered but little opposition, so great had already become the terror of his name, and arrived before Atella in July. The king accompanied by the Marquis of Mantua, the papal legate Cæsar Borgia, and other distinguished characters, went forward to meet the renowned young soldier, who had in so short a time made himself master of the larger portion of the kingdom of Naples in defiance of a brave and numerous French army, commanded by old and experienced officers. It was there that he was greeted by the title of GREAT CAPTAIN, by which he has ever since been known. On the fall of Naples, Gonsalvo returned to Calabria to suppress the hostile inroads made by the French during his absence. Thousands of Italians came from all quarters to serve under the banners of the Great Spanish Captain. Tower and town went down before him, and by the end of the year 1496, the French, who had twelve months before possessed the whole Kingdom, yielded up their last fortress and withdrew to their own country.

Before his departure from Italy *El gran Capitan* as he was called by the Spanish soldiery, at the request of the Pope, laid siege to Ostia, the seaport of Rome, which was held by a formidable band of French soldiers and freebooters under the command of a Biscayan adventurer named Menaldo Guerri. The place was carried by storm, and the grateful Romans received the Spanish general with all the pomp of an ancient triumph. When he reached the Vatican, the Cardinals seated under a canopy of state

rose to receive him, and the Pope presented him with the golden rose, the highest token of the approbation of the Holy See. On his return to Naples he received the most honorable reception from Ferdinand, who gave him the title of Duke of St. Angelo, with an estate of three thousand vassals. He reached his native land in August, 1498, and was received with universal enthusiasm. Isabella welcomed him with pride and pleasure, he having fully vindicated her preference for him, over his older and more experienced rivals for the command in Italy; and the king publicly said that his achievements in Naples had reflected more glory on Spain than the conquest of Granada.

In the year 1500, Gonsalvo was called to the field to suppress an insurrection of the Moors of Alpuxarras, in which he displayed his usual promptness, energy and skill. At the assault on Huejar, a strongly fortified town, Gonsalvo was the first to gain the summit of the walls; and as a powerful Moor endeavored to thrust him from the topmost round of the scaling ladder, he grasped the battlements firmly with his left hand and dealt the infidel such a blow with the sword in his right, that he sent his head rolling among his followers at the foot of the ladder. He then leapt into the place and was followed by his troops, and 'God's enemies,' as the Castilian chronicles entitle them, were speedily overthrown. Soon after Gonsalvo's successful campaign the Spaniards suffered a terrible defeat by the Moors of the Red Sierra, and the nation had to mourn the loss of many noble soldiers, among the number, Alonzo Hernandez de Cordova, or Alonzo de Aguilar, as he was commonly called from the land where his estates lay. 'This sad disaster,' says Prescott, 'became the theme not only of chronicle, but of song; the note of sorrow was prolonged in many a plaintive *romance*, and the names of Aguilar and his unfortunate companions were embalmed in that beautiful minstrelsy, scarcely less imperishable, and far



more touching, than the stately and elaborate records of history.'

This disaster was in many respects similar to the calamity that befell the flower of the Scottish chivalry thirteen years later, on the ever memorable field of Flodden. In the words of the beautiful old song:—

'Dule and wae to the order, sent our lads to the border !

The English, for ance by guile wan the day ;

The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht the foremost,

The prince o' our land, are cauld in the clay !'

In May, 1500, Gonsalvo sailed from Malaga with a fleet of sixty vessels, having on board an army ostensibly intended to operate against the Turks, but in reality designed to protect Naples, which the French were preparing to invade a second time with much greater numbers than before. In September Gonsalvo, uniting his forces with the Venetians, laid siege to the almost impregnable fortress of St. George in Cephalonia, which was garrisoned by a strong body of Turkish veterans. After a long, hot and stirring siege, which attracted the attention of all Europe, the place was carried by assault. The capture of the fortress restored to Venice the possession of Cephalonia ; and the Great Captain having accomplished this important object, returned in the beginning of the following year to Sicily, where he was waited on by an embassy from the Venetian senate bringing him magnificent presents. His name was enrolled in the golden book of noblemen of Venice. In the meanwhile, by a second treaty, Louis XII. of France and Ferdinand of Spain had agreed to divide Naples between them ; France taking the northern part and Spain the southern, consisting of Apulia and Calabria. Gonsalvo was appointed Lieut.-General of the Spanish portion, which he accordingly overran and conquered in less than a month. The city of Tarento, remarkable in ancient times for its defence against Hannibal the Carthaginian, alone held out. The Neapolitan king had placed there

his eldest son, the Duke of Calabria, and had garrisoned the city, which was considered the strongest in his dominions. After a long siege it capitulated March first, 1502, Gonsalvo swearing on the sacrament that the Neapolitan prince should be at liberty to go with his followers where he pleased. He was accordingly permitted to depart, but shortly after the surrender positive orders came from King Ferdinand of Spain, on no account to suffer the prince to escape. Gonsalvo accordingly sent forces in pursuit of him, and he was captured and sent to Spain, where he was kindly treated, but was detained in captivity till his death in 1550. The Spanish historians palliate this act of perfidy by stating that the young duke privately wrote to Gonsalvo urging his own arrest, for the reason that he preferred to reside in Spain rather than in France, whither his father wished him to go. 'The only palliation,' says Prescott, 'for the act must be sought in the prevalent laxity and corruption of the period, which is ripe with examples of the most flagrant violation of both public and private faith. Had this been the act of a Sforza, indeed, or a Borgia, it could not reasonably have excited surprise. But coming from one of a noble, magnanimous nature like Gonsalvo, exemplary in his private life, and unstained with any of the grosser vices of the age, it excited general astonishment and reprobation, even among his contemporaries. It has left a reproach on his name, which the historian may regret, but cannot wipe away.'

The French and Spaniards soon quarrelled about their boundaries in Naples, owing to the extremely loose language of the partition treaty, and in July, 1502, their dispute broke out into open hostilities. Gonsalvo, whose force was much inferior to that of the French, he not having received any re-inforcements from Spain, was compelled to fall back to the fortified seaport of Barletta, on the Adriatic. Here he sustained for nine months, with indomitable constancy, and amid great sufferings, one of the most

remarkable sieges on record, conducted by the Duke of Nemours, Viceroy and Commander in Chief of the French forces in Naples. In his command was the Chevalier Bayard, La Palisse, and many other of the most illustrious French knights. During the long siege the French and Spanish knights had many rencontres, the most famous of which took place in the neutral territory of Venetia. The arrangements for the combat were made during a temporary truce, and at the appointed time Diego Garcia de Parades and twelve other Spaniards met the Chevalier Bayard accompanied by the same number of French knights, under the walls of Trani. They were to fight in an open circle surrounded by a furrow, the diameter being about half a quarter of a mile; whoever was forced beyond the limits was to cease fighting and remain a prisoner; whoever was unhorsed was also to withdraw from the encounter. It was further agreed that in case one party were not able to conquer the other by nightfall, though only one of their adversaries remained on horseback, the tournament was then to be at an end, and that one allowed to carry off his companions 'free and clear, who were to leave the field in equal honor with the rest.' But if the field was won, the conquered party were to be prisoners of the other. In the 'Memoirs de Bayard, par le Loyal Serviteur,' the Spaniards are represented as behaving with little honor or fairness on this occasion. As the trumpets gave forth the signal the hostile chivalry rushed to the encounter; several Spaniards being borne from their saddles, and four French knights placed *hors de combat* by reason of their steeds being slain. The Chevalier Bayard and the Lord of Orosi were the only Frenchmen who remained on horseback, and maintained their ground from the commencement of the contest at ten o'clock in the morning until sunset, assaulting the enemy when they saw their advantage, and retiring when they were threatened themselves, behind the dead bodies of their comrades as a rampart; so that

when the day closed, neither party could claim the victory; the honor however remained with the French, two of whom had successfully defended themselves against seven Spaniards for four hours. The tournament being ended, the combatants met in the centre of the lists, and embraced each other in the true companionship of chivalry, 'making good cheer together,' says an old chronicler, before they separated. Gonsalvo was by no means satisfied with the issue of the fight. 'We have at least,' said one of his champions, the gallant Paredes, 'disproved the taunt of the Frenchmen, and shown ourselves as good horsemen as they.' 'I sent you for better,' coldly replied Gonsalvo.

Having at length received re-inforcements from Spain by sea, the Great Captain at once decided to assume the offensive. Marching out with his whole army from the ancient walls of Barletta, he crossed the famous field of Cannæ, where, seventeen centuries before, the pride of Rome had been humbled by Hannibal, and selected a strong position near the small town of Cerignola. The French who on his departure from Barletta, had been drawn up under the walls of Canosa, were advancing rapidly against the Spaniards. The two armies were of nearly equal numbers, but the French had a much larger force of cavalry. The battle began by the duke leading in person at the head of the gendarmerie, a furious attack against the Spanish infantry which was perhaps the best in Europe at that day. In the onslaught the unfortunate Nemours was killed, and soon after the brave Chandieu, commanding the Swiss and Gascon infantry, fell mortally wounded.

These disasters, with other causes, produced a panic in the French ranks, and at this critical moment Gonsalvo, whose eagle eye took in the whole operations of the field, ordered a general advance along the line. All was now confusion in the French ranks, and they fled in every direction, scarcely offering any resistance to the Spanish cavalry, who slaughtered them without mercy,

till night at length screened the fugitives from their relentless pursuers. In this engagement the French lost one half of their army, all their artillery, baggage and most of their colors, which fell into the hands of the victorious Spaniards. This battle decided the war. The citizens of Naples promptly sent to the Great Captain the keys of their city, and in a few weeks all the fortresses held by the French, were taken or surrendered, with the exception of Gaeta, a place of great strength, into which the remnant of the French army had thrown themselves under the brave Ives d'Allegre, one of the best of their generals. A long siege ensued, which gave Louis XII. an opportunity of organizing and ordering to Italy one of the finest armies that France had ever sent into the field. The illness of its able chief, Trémouille, compelled him to resign the command to the Duke of Mantua, an Italian nobleman, who filled the second station in the army. On the approach of the French, Gonsalvo abandoned the siege of Gaeta and withdrew to San Germain, a strong position on the south side of the Garigliano. Here he waited the attack of the French. On the sixth of November the French attempted to effect a crossing at a point near Trajetto, where they had constructed a bridge. The impetuosity with which they advanced across the bridge of boats in the face of a heavy cannonade and charged the Spaniards, threw the front ranks in confusion, when Gonsalvo, mounted *à la giuete*, rode through the disordered ranks and soon restored order. At the same time Navarro, with the invincible Spanish infantry, compelled the French to fall back. The struggle now became desperate. Hundreds were forced from the bridge and were lost in the Garigliano; the battle being continued with unabated ferocity, until at length victory declared in favor of the Spaniards. This action was one of the severest which occurred in the Great Captain's career. A veteran general said,



‘he had never felt himself in such imminent peril, in any of his battles, as in this.’ Among other interesting incidents of this bloody contest, it is recorded that the right hand of a Spanish *alferez* or standard-bearer, was shot away by a cannon ball, as a comrade was raising up the fallen colors, the gallant ensign resolutely grasped them, exclaiming that ‘he had one hand left still,’ at the same time taking his place in the ranks with a scarf wrapped round the bleeding stump.

Gonsalvo met the French again, Dec. twenty-ninth, 1503, near Gaeta, and delivered the battle of the Garigliano. In this engagement he routed them with great slaughter. The Chevalier Bayard, who as usual was always seen where the danger was greatest, had three horses killed under him, and at length, carried forward by his ardor far in advance of his companions, was taken prisoner, but was rescued by a gallant charge of the French *gendarmes* led on by his chivalric friend Sandricourt. The battle or rout of the Garigliano, the most important in its results of all of Gonsalvo’s victories, formed a fitting close to his brilliant military career. Early the following day the Great Captain made preparations for storming the heights of Mount Orlando, overlooking the city of Gaeta, but before Navarro brought his batteries to bear, a flag of truce arrived with proposals for capitulation from the dispirited and disheartened French. This defeat, which diffused general consternation throughout France, put an end to the attempt to conquer Naples:—

‘Ceased was the thunder of those drums which waked  
The affrighted French their miseries to view.’

The garrison surrendered Jan. first, 1504, and by a treaty made Feb. eleventh, peace was restored between France and Spain, the latter power retaining Naples. This terminated the military life of our hero, in the course of which, says the historian of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, ‘with

an insignificant force, we shall see the Kingdom of Naples conquered, and the best generals and armies of France annihilated, an important innovation effected in military science ; the art of mining, if not invented, carried to unprecedented perfection ; a thorough reform introduced in the arms and discipline of the Spanish soldier ; and the organization completed of that valiant infantry, which is honestly eulogized by a French writer as irresistible in attack, and impossible to rout, and which carried the banners of Spain victorious for more than a century over the most distant parts of Europe.'

Gonsalvo remained in Naples, ruling the kingdom as Viceroy till 1507, when Ferdinand, apparently without reason suspecting that he meant to make himself an independent sovereign, recalled him to Spain. The Great Captain cheerfully obeyed, and in company with the king and his young queen, embarked on board the royal fleet.

The Neapolitans followed him to the vessel, and nobles, and even ladies of the highest rank, lingered on the shore to bid him a last adieu. Not a dry eye, says the old chronicler, was to be seen. So completely had he dazzled their imaginations, and won their hearts, by his brilliant and captivating manners, his munificent spirit, and the justness of his administration—'qualities,' says his biographer, 'more useful, and probably more rare in those turbulent times, than military talent.' On the twenty-eighth of June, the royal fleet entered the port of Savona, where Louis XII. had been waiting for it several days. Gonsalvo was received with the highest distinction, and was admitted to dine with the three sovereigns, an honor which an Italian historian pronounces more glorious than all his victories ! On his return to Spain he met with a reception never before extended to any persons but the sovereigns of the land. All classes vied with each other in doing honor to the renowned soldier, who had shed such imperishable glory and renown on his native land. Soon after he retired to his es-

tates near Loja, where he lived in great magnificence, entertaining with princely hospitality such distinguished foreigners, as came to Spain, as well as the most eminent of his own countrymen; improving the condition of his tenantry, and of the surrounding districts; and protecting the unfortunate Morescoes, whom he shielded as far as possible from the merciless grasp of the Inquisition, while he supplied teachers and enlightened means for converting them to a purer faith.

In 1512, the French again invaded Naples, and in alarm after the defeat at Ravenna, King Ferdinand called upon Gonsalvo to take command of an army for the protection of Naples. Such was the enthusiasm when it became known that the Great Captain was to lead an army into Italy, that most of the young nobles of Spain volunteered to serve under him. The king's old and we believe perfectly groundless distrust of his general, was now augmented tenfold by this striking evidence of his popularity, and he saw in imagination greater danger to Naples from such a subject than from the French. He therefore ordered Gonsalvo to disband his lines. The Great Captain obeyed, though he was deeply wounded by the implied distrust of his fidelity. He enjoined implicit obedience to the king's commands, and before dismissing the troops, knowing that many a poor cavalier had expended his little all, or incurred a heavy debt in order to take the field, he ordered his steward to reimburse the expenses they had incurred. If we may credit the old chroniclers, he distributed the enormous sum of one hundred thousand ducats. 'Never stint your hand,' said he to his steward, who remonstrated on the magnitude of his gift, 'there is no mode of enjoying one's own property like giving it away.' Gonsalvo resumed his late habits of life at Loja, and at his palace at Granada, where he enjoyed the society of his old friend and military instructor, the Count of Tendilla. Three years were spent in this manner, when he was attacked

with a quartan fever. In the hope that a change of climate would benefit him he was removed from his estate at Loja to his residence at Granada, but derived no advantage from the change. Every effort made by his physicians to rally the declining powers of nature proved unavailing, and on the second of December, 1515, the renowned Spanish Captain expired in the arms of his beloved wife and daughter Elvira. The death of the illustrious soldier diffused sorrow throughout the kingdom, and in Naples, where he was so well known and loved. The king and Court of Spain went into mourning, and funeral services were performed in his honor in all the principal churches of the kingdom. Ferdinand addressed a letter of condolence to his duchess in which he lamented the death of one who had rendered him inestimable service, and to whom he had ever borne such sincere affection. His obsequies were celebrated with great magnificence in Granada, and his remains were laid in a sumptuous mausoleum in the church of San Geronimo in the ancient Moorish capital, where a hundred tattered banners and two royal pennons won from Spain's enemies waved above them, proclaiming the mighty achievements of the renowned warrior who slept beneath. His beautiful daughter inherited the princely titles and estates, which by her marriage with her kinsman, the Count of Cabra, were perpetuated in the house of Cordova.

Gonsalvo, the mirror of Andalusian chivalry, and one of the most powerful grandees of Spain for blood, estate, and office, was sixty-two years old at the time of his death. Like the great Duke of Marlborough, he never was wounded, notwithstanding the free exposure of his person on every battle-field; and but once met with a defeat—when he fought the French at Seminara in opposition to his own judgment. His face and figure were extremely handsome, and his manners were dignified and elegant. 'He still bears,' says Peter Martyr speaking of him in the last years

of his life, 'the same majestic port as when in the highest of his former authority ; so that every one who visits him acknowledges the influence of his noble presence, as fully as when at the head of armies, he gave laws to Italy.' He was untainted with the coarser vices, characteristic of the time, and betrayed none of the cruelty and licentiousness which disgraced the age of chivalry. Unlike the military leaders of that semi-savage period, Gonsalvo was kind and courteous to his vanquished foes, whether they were Swiss or Italians, Moors or Turks, Portuguese, Germans or French. The latter testified their sense of his amiable qualities by speaking of him after the battle of the Gari-gliano as the '*gentil capitaine et gentil cavalier*.'





## THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

Can Germans face our Norman race in the conflict's awful shock—  
Brave the war-cry of 'Brittany!'—the shout of 'Languedoc!'  
Dare they confront the battle's brunt—the fell encounter try?  
When dread BAYARD leads on his guard of stout gendarmerie?

*Translated from the French.*

**P**IERRE DU TERRAIL, Chevalier de Bayard, one of the most illustrious heroes of the chivalric age, or rather one of the last representatives of the ancient chivalry to whom may most justly be applied Chaucer's line

'He was a very perfect, gentle knight,'

was born at the Chateau of Bayard, near Grenoble in the province of Dauphiné, in the year 1476, while Louis XI. was on the throne of France. He was descended from an ancient and noble, but very greatly reduced family. His great-grandfather was killed at the bloody battle of Poitiers, in 1353, and his grandfather was one of the unfortunates captured at Agincourt, and afterward knocked on the head together with many other French knights and nobles, by two hundred English archers, detailed for that purpose by Henry V. 'Never,' says the old chronicler, 'had so many and such noble men fallen in one battle.' His father did not meet death on the battle-field, but was so severely wounded at Guingette as to be rendered unfit for further military service. Bayard was esteemed by his contemporaries as the model of soldiers and men of honor, and denominated the knight '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' and there is we think, no name in military annals that has a more martial and gallant sound.

As the young Pierre was a second son and had little to expect, he was, at the age of fourteen, placed under the care of his maternal uncle, Bishop of Grenoble. To this fortunate circumstance—his education not being confined to the martial exercises that usually formed the sole pursuits of the young nobles of the period, but extending to mental cultivation and an insight into polite literature—Bayard was in part indebted for some of his best traits, softening as it did the military manners of the age, and strengthening that generosity of feeling for which he was so highly distinguished in after years. At an early age he became one of the pages to the Duke of Savoy, who at that time was an ally of France; and being observed by Charles VIII., who was struck by his skill and grace in riding, was asked for by that chivalrous prince, and placed—as a preparation to being attached to the royal suite—in a favorite company of gendarmes, consisting entirely of noblemen, commanded by Paul of Luxembourg, better known as the Count de Ligny, where he was indoctrinated in all the feats of arms and niceties of chivalry, which were then held necessary to constitute a gentleman and soldier. Bayard proved an apt scholar, and soon distinguished himself at various tournaments, both as a rider and an expert horseman. Charles having declared war against Naples, the Count de Ligny's command accompanied the romantic king into Italy. The campaign was a brief one; the return of the army more difficult, and at Fornova the French met an Italian army which greatly outnumbered them. A terribly severe battle was fought, in which the French were victorious, and here our hero, whose gallantry had been conspicuous during the struggle for victory, gained his spurs of knighthood.

Soon after the return of the army to France, a new campaign was inaugurated by Louis XII., successor to Charles, who laid claim to the duchy of Milan. The conquest of Lombardy, in which Bayard acted an honorable part,

was as easily effected as that of Naples had been. The French were no sooner settled in their newly acquired territory, than Bayard obtained a leave of absence and proceeded to Carignano, to pay his respects to the Princess Blanche, widow of his first patron and friend, the Duke of Savoy. He was received with great kindness, and his arrival celebrated by balls and games and jousts. In a tournament which the young captain gave on this occasion, he carried away the principal prizes as usual. On his return to Italy from his happy visit, a party of gendarmes, of which Bayard was one, occupied a post about twenty miles from Milan, and resolved to surprise a body of Italian men-at-arms stationed at Binasco, within two miles of the capital. The Italian commander, informed of their intention, resolved to give the French a warm reception. After a fierce, and for a long time undecided struggle, the Italians gave way, and sought safety in flight. A wild chase followed, and, carried away by his ardor, Bayard did not perceive that he was far in advance of his comrades. Calling on Bernardin Cajazzo, the Italian leader, to turn and fight, he still hurried forward, and actually entered the city with the fugitives, when he was of course forced to surrender to the very commander whom he had just defeated. His youth and gallant bearing induced Ludovico Sforza, surnamed the Moor, the usurper of Milan, to liberate him without ransom—an act of very unusual generosity on his part. When in the course of events Sforza fell into the hands of the French, Bayard repaid his kindness, by obtaining for him all the indulgence that circumstances permitted.

Louis, being now in tranquil possession of the duchy of Milan, sent an army under the command of Marshal d'Aubigny, to recover the kingdom of Naples, which was now, however, to be shared with Ferdinand, king of Aragon. The conquest was soon achieved, and Bayard, having acquitted himself with his accustomed gallantry, was

appointed commandant of Moneverino. As the strength of the place secured him from all danger of surprise, he made frequent sallies into the surrounding country, and on one occasion defeated a party of men-at-arms, and captured their chief, Alonzo of Sotomayor, a relation of Gonzalvo de Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain. The Spaniard paid a thousand crowns for his ransom, which amount our hero divided among the officers and soldiers of his command. His liberality displayed itself in a striking manner on a previous occasion. Having been presented, by his old commander, the Count de Ligny, with a service of silver, valued at three hundred marks, he immediately distributed it, piece by piece, among his own and his chief's followers.

It appears by the old chronicle that Sotomayor having endeavored to escape before the arrival of the ransom money, he was for some time closely confined, and on rejoining his command, complained of having been ungenerously treated. Bayard, deeming his honor sullied by such a report, demanded a retraction, which being refused, he challenged him to single combat. The challenge was promptly accepted and the parties met, each attended by two hundred horsemen. The duel was fought on foot in full armor ; the weapons, sword and dagger. The struggle was sternly contested, and seemed to be going against Bayard, whose strength was giving away, when he dealt Don Alonzo so severe a thrust that the sword pierced the gorget and wounded him in the neck. His adversary now threw away his sword, drew his dagger, and closed with Bayard. In the deadly struggle, both went down and rolled upon the ground, till Bayard placed his dagger against the aperture of the Spaniard's helmet, exclaiming 'Yield thee, Sotomayor, or thou art a dead man !' The summons was useless, for he was already dead, having expired in the struggle from the effects of the wound in his neck.

Our limited space will not permit us to enter at length



upon the details of the operations which terminated in the expulsion of the French forces from the kingdom of Naples. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that the knight, without fear and without reproach, was conspicuous for daring on every field. After the battle of Sevignola, in which the French were defeated by Gonsalvo of Cordova, he collected the fugitives and covered the retreat of the army ; and on another equally unfortunate occasion for the French—the defeat of Garigliano—Bayard defended the bridge, almost single-handed, against nearly two hundred Spanish horsemen, and enabled his defeated countrymen to withdraw comparatively unmolested. It was said of him on this occasion that he seemed to be possessed with ‘the arm and sword of Scanderbeg.’ For this gallant deed he received an augmentation of his armorial bearings, a porcupine bristling with spears, with the motto *Vires agminis unus habet*—and acquired the surname of the ‘French Cocles.’ \* With part of the fugitives he took refuge in Venosa, and maintained himself against all attacks of the enemy to the very last, surrendering it only at the command of his sovereign, after a treaty of peace had been signed by the contending powers.

Bayard accompanied Louis XII. when he took the field against the Venetians, after having joined the League of Cambray. In the great battle of Agnadelle, fought May fourteenth, 1509, in which the Venetians suffered a severe defeat, our hero, who had been promoted to the command of a company of gendarmes, a high distinction at that day, consisting, as it did, entirely of noblemen, many of them of high rank, was, as usual, the bravest of the brave. He also bore an honorable share in the siege of Padua. With the humanity which was a prominent trait of his character,

\* *Vide* Livy, for the achievement of Publius Horatius Cocles, who defended a bridge against the army of Porsenna. See also Macaulay’s spirited poem among his ‘Lays of Ancient Rome.’

and for which he was distinguished, so uncommon a virtue was it among the military leaders of the sixteenth century, he remonstrated against the excesses which were committed by the soldiery; and when the Prince of Anhalt, the commander of the German *landscknechte*, told him that everything was allowed in war, declared the maxim to be false. 'The strength of arms,' he said, 'should never be employed unless to establish right and equity; every war is undertaken on the plea of justice; and surely the cause of justice can never be forwarded by deeds of ruthless cruelty.' The prince is said to have admired Bayard's reply; but, if convinced, was unable to check the misconduct of the troops, and even in the French army the same, or nearly the same, license was allowed. After the siege of Padua, Bayard was stationed for some time at Verona with three hundred men-at-arms, and the corresponding number of infantry, whom he kept constantly employed in a series of actions, ambuscades, and skirmishes, which our limits will not permit us to enumerate.

When Ferdinand of Aragon and Pope Julius II., alarmed at the progress of the French, turned against Louis, and formed with Venice and other States, in 1511, what was known as the Holy League, Bayard was placed in command of a body of troops, and sent to the aid of the Duke of Ferrara, whose possessions were assailed by the forces of Julius II., and, although he was victorious in many battles, he failed to prevent the warlike Pope from reducing Mirondella. The Pontiff had, however, a narrow escape when proceeding to join his army. Bayard, having obtained intelligence of his movements, proceeded with a body of troops, which he placed in ambush, before day-break, in the courtyard of a deserted mansion, within a few miles of the place where His Holiness had passed the night. He had hardly left the gates, having previously sent forward a part of his attendants, when it began snowing so heavily as greatly to retard his progress. This cir-

cumstance saved him, for the French, seeing the attendants advancing along the road, supposed the Pope must be of the number, and so sallied forth from their place of concealment. 'There was racing and chasing' along the St. Felice road—the alarm sped even faster than the French, fleet as they proved themselves; and the Pontiff, leaping from his litter, fled at a more rapid rate than ever did vice-regent before or since, giving his personal aid in pulling up the drawbridge to arrest the pursuing Franks. Nor was there much margin for ceremony, for the fiery Bayard almost reached the gate with the flying prelate, and though he captured a goodly number of priests, they failed to console him, good Catholic as he was, for the loss of Julius.

The next important undertaking in which our hero took part was the brief campaign under Gaston de Foix, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the French forces in Italy. The Venetians had recovered the town of Brescia; but as they had not obtained possession of the fort, De Foix hastened to attack them before they could complete its conquest. The enemy had thrown up strong works between the city and the castle, and were only dislodged from their position after the French had suffered a heavy loss. The town was next carried, and sacked in the most merciless manner—twenty thousand of its inhabitants being slain. Bayard, who was severely wounded early in the action, was carried fainting into one of the best houses of the doomed city. The lady of the mansion threw herself on her knees before him, saying, 'This house and everything in it belongs to you; I only entreat you in return to spare the life of my husband, and the honor of two virtuous daughters.' 'Compose yourself,' replied Bayard, 'I know not whether I shall ever recover from my wound; but rest assured that while I live no harm shall befall any of your family.' He kept his word, and Gaston de Foix, Duke of Nemours, having in admiration of his

conduct sent him a large sum of money, he immediately directed that it should be distributed among the troops who had guarded his quarters. Notwithstanding the 'Good Knight's' honorable conduct on this and other similar occasions, he was yet no saint. He had a natural daughter, named Jeanne Terrail, whose mother was of a noble family in the Milanese. Bayard spared no expense in the education of his child, who was said to inherit the virtues of her illustrious father. She was received into the family of his brothers as their niece, and afterwards married with François de Bocsozel, Lord of Chastelhaut. The unhappy poet Chastelard, whose mad passion for Mary, Queen of Scotland, has been celebrated by Swinburne in a tragedy of great beauty, was a lineal descendant of the 'Good Knight.'

In the battle of Ravenna, in which the French gained so great a victory over the Spaniards and Italians, but suffered the loss of their gallant leader, de Foix, Bayard acquitted himself with his accustomed bravery, capturing with his own hand two Spanish standards, and converting a retreat of the enemy into a rout. Nothing, however, was gained by this victory, for the emperor having turned against the French, they were obliged to evacuate Lombardy, and abandon all their previous conquests. While in command of the rear-guard, our hero was severely wounded in the shoulder, during an attack made by the enemy near Pavia, and compelled to give up his command, and retire to Grenoble for his recovery. He was hospitably received by his uncle, the bishop, and highly honored by the people of Dauphiné and Grenoble, who were proud of the fame of their young knight. When he was convalescent, he passed his time pleasantly, paying visits and '*faissant grosse chère*,' as the ancient chronicle expresses it. Bayard had scarcely recovered from his wound, when he was ordered to join the army, commanded by the Count d'Angoulême, afterward Francis

I., which attempted to recover the kingdom of Navarre for Jean d'Albert, who had been dispossessed by Ferdinand of Aragon. The expedition was a most disastrous one, and the invasion of France, by Henry of England and the Emperor Maximilian, soon forced Louis to concentrate troops in Picardy, the point assailed. The invaders were laying siege to Téronuana, when a heavy French column of cavalry, under the Duke de Longueville and Bayard, was sent forward to its relief. On July twenty-first, bluff old Harry mounted his war-horse and marched out with a magnificent army of fifteen thousand men, leaving two corps employed in the siege. He had scarcely got beyond Ardres, when he saw the French manœuvring in his front. Expecting a battle, Henry dismounted, and threw himself into the centre of his lansquenets, to fight it out on foot, like the Edwards and Henrys of former days. The brilliant Bayard—the very flower of chivalry—would have charged at once; but he was reminded by his superior in command that the king had given positive orders that they should carefully avoid fighting the English in open battle. The cautious Louis remembered Poitiers and Agincourt. So, after reconnoitring the invaders, the French withdrew, having already succeeded in another part of their mission, by throwing provisions and powder into the besieged town. Nearly six weeks had now been wasted in the siege of the insignificant town of Téronuana, and so absurdly had it been conducted, that the garrison still continued to receive supplies from the French army, commanded by the Count d'Angoulême. When the communications were finally interrupted, the main body of the French army advanced, with a view of throwing in provisions under cover of a feigned battle. The French horse charged in a brilliant manner, but after throwing some powder within reach of the besieged, wheeled and fell back upon the main body. Being hotly followed, they quickened



their pace to a downright flight, galloping into the lines of their main body, throwing the whole into uproar and confusion, as the English charged with tremendous shouts of St. George! St George! The panic was worse than at Bull Run, or Sabine Cross Roads; and any French soldier, that was mounted, struck spurs into his horse, and galloped from the field. In vain Bayard and other brave officers tried to rally them; the attempts were worse than vain; for, owing to their not making the same use of their spurs and flying with the rest, the Duke de Longueville, La Palisse, La Fayette, Bayard, and many other illustrious leaders were taken prisoners. The latter, observing, when escape was hopeless, a hostile knight, who, fancying the battle ended, had taken off his helmet, and was resting beneath a tree, instantly rushed upon him with sword drawn, and demanded his surrender. The other, very much astonished at this unexpected turn of fortune, complied accordingly, asking the name of his captor. 'I am Captain Bayard,' replied the latter, 'who now surrender myself a prisoner to my prisoner,' giving up his sword at the same time. Bayard was courteously received by the Emperor Maximilian and King Henry; and when the question arose as to which of the knights was the prisoner of the other, the monarchs decided that they were both free. Henry could not help congratulating Bayard and his French captives on the marvellous speed their men had put into their horses, the light-hearted Frenchmen joining in the laugh, and saying it had been nothing but a battle of spurs. By this name, accordingly, the affair came afterward to be popularly known. Soon after the engagement of Guingette, or the 'Battle of the Spurs,' Henry, instead of advancing into France, turned back to lay siege to Tournay, which belonged to Louis, although it was *enclavé* in the territory of Flanders. The French citizens re-

fused the assistance of a garrison of royal troops, and sacrificed themselves to a poor pun. They said: 'Que Tournay n'avoit jamais tournè, ni encore ne tournerait.'

Upon being summoned, they made a bold show of resistance; but, as soon as the English artillery opened fire, they changed their tone, and soon surrendered. On September twenty-second, Henry VIII. rode into Tournay with as much pomp as if he had taken Paris, and during the succeeding month returned to England, and so the grand plan which the allies had proposed, of overrunning France, vanished in air. Before Bayard's departure from the English camp, Henry made some ineffectual attempts to induce him to join his standard, knowing that he had not been rewarded by his own sovereign in accordance with his distinguished merit. It certainly appears strange indeed, that a soldier, universally admired by friend and foe, should have been permitted to remain in so subordinate a position—for as yet he was simply Captain Bayard, commanding a company of one hundred gendarmes. This, however, was deemed a highly honorable command, equivalent to a cavalry regiment of the present day. The company consisted entirely of noblemen, each one of whom was attended by a man-at-arms, three archers, a coutelier, and a *varlet* or page—a full lance, as it was called, thus counting six men. The service became so popular, and so many volunteers attached themselves to these companies, in the hope of succeeding to occasional vacancies, that the *compagnies d'ordonnances*, amounted often times to twelve hundred horse.

In the year 1515, Louis XII. died, and was succeeded on the throne of France by the ambitious and fiery Francis I., the '*Roi des Gentiltz-hommes*,' as the old writers term him. He immediately assembled an army of forty thousand, and crossed the Alps, for the purpose of recovering the duchy of Milan. Bayard led the van, and commenced

the campaign with great success ; for he not only defeated a body of troops who guarded the passes, but surprised Villa Franca, and captured Prosper Colonna, the enemy's general, at the very moment of his belief that he had ambushed Bayard. In the tremendous conflict of Marignano,\* which the old Maréchal Trivulciano, the hero of eighteen pitched battles, pronounced to be the only battle of men he had ever seen, all the rest being mere child's play, but this an affair of giants, Bayard performed prodigies of valor, proving himself a perfect paladin. Near the close of the first day he had a narrow escape. The head-stall of his bridle gave way, or being severed, deprived him, in the heat of the *mêlée*, of the control of his horse, who dashed through a body of the enemy, and was rushing headlong upon another, when he was fortunately arrested by the festoons of intervening vines. Bayard sprang from the saddle, and, throwing away his helmet, crept, as the night was closing, through the vines, until the welcome watch-cry of 'France!' told him that he was safe.

' Sonnez, sonnez, trompettes ;  
Sonnez-vous à l'assaut ! '

The battle was renewed in the morning, and Bayard was one of the leaders, who, along with the Constable Bourbon, hewed most deeply into the phalanx of Swiss pikes, and contributed most essentially to the great French victory. Francis, having caused the wounded to be assisted, and the dead buried, ordered a chapel to be built on the battle ground. These cares over, he revived a practice of the olden time, by ordering that all who had borne themselves right nobly in the fight should be knighted on the field of battle. He was the first to go through the ceremony, and claimed the *accolade* from Bayard. The honored soldier hesitated to comply, and wished to de-

\* For an account of the battle of Marignano, the reader is referred to the following sketch of the Constable Bourbon.

cline the high distinction, saying that ‘a King of France was already a knight from his very station.’ But, as the young monarch persisted in his demand, he drew his sword, and waving it over his sovereign’s head, exclaimed: ‘Then be it as if this were the sword of Roland, Oliver, Godfrey, or Baldwin! You are the greatest prince on whom knighthood has ever been conferred, and may you never fly from battle field!’ Then addressing his sword, ‘Thou,’ he said, ‘art honored indeed in having this day given knighthood to so valiant a king. Henceforth be preserved as a sacred relic, never to be drawn again unless against Turks, Saracens or Infidels!’ With these words he sheathed his sword, and ‘made two high leaps for very joy.’

Some years previous our hero had been named Governor of Dauphiné by Louis XII., but had neither been invested with the authority, nor had he received the salary which pertained to the office. On the accession of his friend, Francis I., both were immediately granted to him; and upon the successful termination of the Italian campaign, he spent some time in his native province, conducting its administration to the universal satisfaction of the people. His generosity and kindness gained him the love of all ranks; and the castle of his ancestors is said to have continued in ruins long after he had erected numerous cottages for the benefit of the poor. On the breaking out of the war between France and Spain, Bayard was intrusted with the command of the open town of Mézières, and his wonderful defence of the place against the attacks of the Emperor Charles V., who invaded Champagne, alone prevented his penetrating into the heart of France. For this gallant exploit Bayard received the name of *le Sauveur*. At the close of the campaign he returned to Dauphiné. His next war was his last. The Constable Bourbon and the Chevalier Bayard had long been on the most intimate terms, and the latter now used every effort to reconcile the high-

spirited Captain with the many enemies, which the intrigues of the vindictive Duchess d'Angoulême had excited against him. Unfortunately for France, his efforts were not successful; Bourbon was driven to revolt, and joined the emperor, who immediately appointed him to the command of the army of Italy. The French, who had again lost Milan, were led by Admiral Bonivet, to whose aid the king dispatched Bayard; but the gallantry of a subordinate could not atone for the errors of the commander. The Constable was successful at all points, and defeated his own countrymen on every occasion. Hard pressed in the Val d'Aosta, at the passage of the Sesia, on the retreat from Biagrosso, the French leader was wounded, and, being obliged to leave the field, resigned the command to Bayard. Placing himself at the head of his troops, he beat back the enemy, but, on approaching the bridge, was mortally wounded by a musket-ball. '*Have mercy on me, Jesus!*' he exclaimed, and sank on his saddle-bow. He was lifted from his horse and placed under a tree, his face, as he desired, turned toward the enemy, and, holding the hilt of his sword before him like a cross, he calmly awaited his end. Some Swiss soldiers offered to carry him on their lances, but he declined, saying that his hour was come, and he wished to pass it tranquilly and in prayer. The enemy, instead of rushing upon their prey, as was the barbarous custom of those semi-savage days, formed, when they heard that the dying man was the illustrious Bayard, a silent and respectful circle around him. The Constable Bourbon was deeply affected, and expressed great regret at seeing his old friend and companion-in-arms in so afflicting a situation. 'Grieve not for me,' said the dying hero, 'I die in the discharge of my duty, fighting for my king and my country; but rather grieve for yourself who are in arms against them.' The Marquis of Pescara had a tent placed over him, and a priest at his bedside, to soothe his last hours. After making his confession, and



sending his adieux to his king and country, he died, in the midst of weeping friends and admiring foes, April thirtieth, 1524, in the forty-eighth year of his age. With his fall the campaign was ended. The French lost everything—standards, ordnance, and baggage. It was no longer a retreat, but a flight. Bourbon said, when his death was announced to him, ‘France little knows how great is the loss she has sustained this day.’ Like his German contemporary, Fronsperger, and many other great captains of the sixteenth century, Bayard had a detestation of fire-arms, as if, according to one of his biographers, he had entertained a presentiment he was to fall by one. ‘It was a shame,’ he often said, ‘that a brave man should be exposed to die by a miserable pop-gun, against the effects of which he cannot defend himself.’ His body remained in the hands of the Spaniards, but the Spaniards of that day were the most honorable, as they were the bravest of men, whether to friends or foes. They embalmed the mortal remains of the hero, and returned them to the French, unsolicited. The body of the gallant soldier was treated with the greatest respect wherever it passed, on its way to Bayard’s native town for interment.

A simple bust, with a brief and modest Latin inscription, in the church of the Minorites at Grenoble, and a noble statue erected in 1823 in the Place of St André, of the same city, are among his monuments; but he needs none, for his memory will ever be indelibly impressed upon the hearts of all who admire gallantry and generosity, kindness and humanity, combined with the most chivalric and heroic valor. There is a fine portrait of Bayard to be seen in the gallery of the Palais Royal, at Paris; and in a grand old mansion at Albany—one of whose occupants can claim the proud distinction of being allied by blood and name to our hero—we have often admired an equestrian statuette in bronze of the gallant *sabreur*, which, with a similar figure of the first Napoleon, form the principal orna-

ments of the noblest apartment of the Manor House. In mediæval history there is no purer or more beautiful character, not even Sir Philip Sidney, than *le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*—the representative of the ideal knight-errant of romance, and to whom, in conclusion, we may fitly apply the words of the old chronicler, ‘And now I dare to say, Sir Lancelot, there as thou lyest, thou were never matched of none earthly knight’s hands. And thou were the curtiest knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse ; and thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among prece (press) of knights. And thou were the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.’

Baptist

## THE CONSTABLE BOURBON.

Oh, the Bourbon ! the Bourbon !  
Sans country or home,  
We'll follow the Bourbon,  
To plunder old Rome.

BYRON.

**C**HARLES OF MONTPENSIER, Duke of Bourbon, son of Gilbert of Bourbon and Clara, daughter of Gonzago, Marquis of Mantua, was born February twenty-seventh, 1490. As a statesman and a warrior, he eclipsed all the princes of France of his time, and the simplicity and gentleness of his manners, combined with an extremely handsome person, made him the idol of his soldiery.

His first appearance in the field already gave promise of the future hero; on every occasion he was in the battle's front, and to his gallantry was ascribed the victory of Aguiadelle. Such brilliant merit and bravery were not acceptable to the reigning king, who wished to bring more prominently before the world his nephew, Gaston de Foix, the 'thunderbolt of Italy;' so Bourbon was for a time kept in the background. Bourbon reappeared with increasing lustre after the death of De Foix. It was on the twenty-fifth of January, 1515, that the famous Francis I., then in the twenty-first year of his age, ascended the throne of France. The young monarch showered honors among the great with a profuse liberality, and among others who were recipients of his generosity was the subject of this sketch. On Charles of Bourbon he bestowed the sword of Constable of France, the highest distinction which could be conferred on a subject. This gave him a

rank second only to that of the king ; but though a prince of the blood, and closely allied to the royal family, he was without fortune till he married Suzanne, daughter of the widowed Duchess of Bourbon, the wealthiest heiress in France.

Francis I. inherited well-grounded claims to the duchy of Milan, over which the house of Sforza then held sway ; and it was easy to foresee that a chivalric young king would soon demand his heritage. A formidable army was speedily assembled for the invasion of Italy, and divided, according to the fashion of that time, into three distinct bodies—vanguard, main column and rear-guard. The Constable Bourbon, by right of his office, commanded the first ; the king, accompanied by the Dukes of Lorraine and Vendôme, Count St. Paul, Marshal Lautric, the fiery Chabannes, the gallant knight Bayard, together with many other brave spirits, led on the second ; while the Duke of Alençon was at the head of the third. The king remained at Lyons till Bourbon with his command should open the passage across the Alps.

The only two roads which lead over these mountains from Dauphiné, meet in the passes of Susa, which an army of Swiss mercenaries, in the service of the Italians, had already occupied. To force a passage was found impossible, and, amid the vain regrets expressed, a Piedmontese peasant offered to lead the army by a secret path across the mountain. Peter Navarro, the most celebrated engineer of that era, was sent to inspect the road, reporting it difficult but practicable. This was enough for the young leader. Leaving a few troops to amuse the Swiss, Bourbon instantly set the army in motion, fording the Durance, and proceeding by Guillestro toward the passes of the Alps. Nearly three thousand peasants were in the advance, filling up chasms with trees, bridging over deep ravines, and removing huge rocks from the path, rendered slippery by snow and ice, and often winding along the

edges of fearful precipices, where a single false step was certain death. Many a gallant soldier was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. But no danger or difficulties could check the ardor of troops led on by such a spirit ; all ranks were animated by the same zeal, and after eight days of herculean labor and severe hardship, the French troops descended into the plains of Italy.

The Swiss, finding their position turned, hastened to the defence of Milan, but learning that Leo X. had entered into negotiations with the French, they offered to give up Milan on receiving a large sum of money for themselves, and the promise of an annuity of sixty thousand crowns for the duke whom they were betraying. Francis assented to the proposal, the treaty was ratified, and Marshal Lautric was dispatched with the treasure to the Swiss head-quarters. The mountaineers attempted to seize the money by force, but, failing in this piece of treachery, proceeded to attack the French army encamped at Marignano. On September thirteenth, 1515, the Swiss forces, numbering twenty-five thousand, accompanied by a small body of Italian cavalry, advanced from Milan against the unprepared French. The Swiss were armed with lances eighteen feet long, others with halberds or two-edged swords, with a few fire-arms.

In artillery they were greatly inferior to the French. The Constable Bourbon was the first to discover the advancing foe, and to acquaint the king with the unlooked-for attack. The French army was as rapidly as possible placed in line of battle. The German infantry were in the advance to protect the artillery ; the Gascons, under Navarro, formed the second line ; the famous Black Bands, under the king himself, were the reserve ; and the cavalry, commanded by the Constable, guarded the flanks.

‘The trumpets sounded, and the field began.’

The ‘great combat,’ as it has been called, raged furi-



ously all the day, and was only arrested by the darkness of night. In vain Bourbon endeavored to break the Swiss, by rushing headlong with his heavy cavalry against their lines wherever the serried mass of spears offered an opening for attack. At daylight the combat was renewed by the closely-formed Swiss phalanx. On the second day fortune favored the French. The Constable, with his heavy cavalry, burst upon them with his battle-cry of 'St. Denis for France.' No respite was given to the enemy, who began to waver, and were at last driven from the field with a loss of ten thousand men. The French lost about half that number, but among them were many gallant soldiers. Bourbon, the hero of the day, saw his only brother killed by his side; the gallant Melincourt was slain; and the Duke of Longueville lost a brother. The victory of Marignano opened the gates of Milan. Maximilian Sforza, who was among the prisoners, abdicated his duchy in favor of Francis, and accepted an annuity of thirty thousand crowns. In less than six weeks the conquest of the country was completed. The pope was among the first to submit, and Francis, having had an interview with him, returned to France, leaving the Constable viceroy of Milan. He exhibited as much ability in governing the provinces intrusted to his charge as he had displayed bravery in aiding to conquer them. The emperor invaded Italy with an army nearly forty thousand strong, but Bourbon, who had not above one-fourth that number, avoided a general engagement, and contented himself with defending the most tenable posts, harassing the enemy with feints and skirmishes, exciting dissention between the Swiss and German troops of the enemy, until at last the emperor abandoned the campaign without having made the slightest impression on the Lord Constable's provinces.

This was the highest period of the Bourbon's career. He was beloved by the Italian people, while his gallantry

at Marignano, of which he was the recognized hero, combined with his skill in foiling the Emperor Maximilian, had made his name famous in France and throughout Europe. At the expiration of two years he was recalled to France ; which of the only two reasons assigned for his being recalled from the government of Milan—the king's jealousy of his growing fame, or the Duchess d'Angoulême's desire to have the object of her affections near her—being the real cause, is unknown.

Charlotte of Savoy, mother of Francis I., and generally known as the Duchess d'Angoulême, whose character for gallantry was notorious, a woman of forty, and still distinguished for personal beauty, had become enamored of Bourbon, and did not hesitate to make direct advances to him. She suffered the mortification of finding herself slighted and ridiculed, and from that moment the clouds began to gather round our hero's path. She first caused him to be deprived of his official income, amounting to seventy-six thousand livres. His three children, weakly from their birth, died in infancy, and in April, 1521, his wife followed them to their early grave. Her unfortunate attachment for the man she had so long loved was rekindled by this circumstance, and the duchess, hoping now to win him, made an offer of her hand ; but the domineering duchess, who had ruled France, experienced the humiliation of being rejected and scorned by the subject she had persecuted :—

'A woman scorned is pitiless as fate.'

She now became the Constable's irreconcilable enemy, and her hate knew no bounds.

Charles V. of Spain, Henry of England, and the Italian States formed an alliance, and war was declared against France, which was threatened on all its frontiers. Francis took the field, and, expecting to encounter the emperor in Flanders, directed his march to that quarter. Near Valen

ciennes he defeated an army commanded by the Count of Nassau. Bourbon recommended an energetic pursuit, but his advice was not followed. The vindictive spirit of the duchess followed him; the command of the vanguard, then a post of honor, which belonged to the Constable by right of his high office, was taken from him, and given to the Duke of Alençon. Bourbon returned to Paris, and was heard to repeat the well known reply made to a king, who asked one of his subjects if anything could make him untrue to his allegiance: 'Not the offer of three kingdoms like your own, but one single insult.' The Constable was soon to suffer a grievous wrong as well as an insult. Though the Duchess Suzanne had, by her will, bequeathed her property to her husband, who was, as next of kin, her natural heir, the king's mother, aided by the skill of her tool, Antoine Duprat, President of the Parliament of Paris, and the personal enemy of Bourbon, laid claim to all the property, and instituted legal proceedings for its recovery. Francis, whether from habitual submission to his mother's wishes, or from his dislike of the Constable, whose high and lofty bearing annoyed him, if indeed he did not actually join the confederacy, did nothing to protect the gallant soldier. The infamous Duprat was but too successful. He obtained a decree of parliament, placing all the disputed property under sequestration till the cause should be decided. Bourbon, previously stripped of his official income, and now robbed of his property, was at once deprived of all revenue. It was easy to see how such treatment would affect one whose liberality was boundless, whose style of living was hardly inferior to that of the king himself, a man of pride and power, 'whose heart could break, but could not bend.'

The crowned heads of Europe had watched this curious lawsuit with interest, and one of the number at once entered into negotiations with the injured and irritated nobleman. Nothing is known with certainty in regard to

the inducements which Charles V. offered to the Constable, but we do know that they were of such a nature as determined him to leave his native land and enter the Spanish service. In some respects his case is similar to that of the great Condé. That prince fled from the persecutions of Cardinal Mazarin, and joined the Spaniards against his own countrymen; but he was afterward taken into favor, and rose to the highest dignities of the state. Like the former, he took up arms against his king, but it is not clear that his crime was any greater. That he would have acted a nobler part had he not taken up arms against France, we cannot but admit.

Bourbon escaped from France, and proceeded to Italy. The emperor gave him his choice to come to Spain, or remain in Italy, with the title of lieutenant-general of the country. He chose the latter. Events soon proved how much Francis had lost. Admiral Bonivet was in command of the French army of Italy, and having been strongly re-inforced, had obtained some considerable advantages, but the arrival of our hero at once turned the tide. Near Romagnano he was attacked, when falling across the Sosia, and completely routed by the Constable. Being wounded, he desired the Chevalier Bayard, whom he had offended, to save the wreck of the army. 'It is rather late now,' said the soldier *sans peur et sans reproche*, 'but we must still do our best.' In his heroic efforts to restore the fortunes of the day, a shot which he felt to be mortal, struck him to the ground. He was carried out of the throng, and placed under a tree, against which he leaned, holding the hilt of his sword before him like a cross, calmly awaiting his end. The Constable soon after approached him, expressing great sympathy for his old friend and companion-in-arms. 'Grieve not for me,' said Bayard, 'I die in the discharge of my duty, fighting for my king and my country; but rather grieve for yourself, who are in arms against them.'

The French having been expelled from Italy, the imperial army invaded Provence, and captured Aix and several other places, and then laid siege to Marseilles. It was, however, abandoned on the approach of a large French army, and a retreat ordered by Pescara, the Spanish commander. Francis followed him, and crossed the Alps with the determination of regaining his Italian provinces. Milan was soon captured and Pavia invested. It was in this condition of things that Bourbon exhibited his genius and energy. Without means, with nothing but his name to aid him, he resolved to raise an army. Disguised as a peasant, he proceeded to Turin, passing through the enemy's posts, and, having obtained in money and jewels assistance from the Duke of Savoy, he hastened to Germany. Aided by the Archduke of Austria, he immediately raised an army of twelve thousand veteran troops, with whom he recrossed the Alps and joined the Imperialists, while the French were still besieging Pavia. At an early hour on the morning of February twenty-fifth, 1525, the Imperial army, formed in six divisions, advanced against the French. The combat was carried on with great obstinacy. At one time Francis drove the Spaniards before him in great confusion; they, however, rallied, and, being supported by other troops, held their ground. The Constable and Fronsperger having, on another portion of the battle-field, vanquished the Black Bands and Swiss mercenaries, now hastened to the aid of those contending with the king. Not till Alençon fled from the field, till Bonivet and Chabannes were killed, and his whole army in confusion and retreat, would Francis yield. As at Marignano, Bourbon was the hero of the day. This victory and the captivity of the French king rendered Charles V. so powerful that the Italians now dreaded him, as much as they had before dreaded Francis. A league, which was termed the holy one, from the Pope's being at the head of it, was formed against him, and, as soon as he obtained his release, was joined by the French king. To



meet the emergency, Bourbon was sent to Italy with a promise of the Duchy of Milan if he would reduce the citadel, then defended by Sforza. This he soon accomplished. As his army was now much reduced, he applied to his old confederate Fronsperger to raise a body of German troops to enable him to resume active operations. The able commander consented, and soon raised a considerable corps—not less than twenty thousand men—by his promise that they should be employed on lucrative service. These fierce soldiers, known as *landsknechts*, were as much dreaded for their licentiousness as for their military prowess and daring. Their victorious banners had been seen from the Vistula to the Tagus, and from the straits of Messina to those of Calais. Scott, in a few spirited lines, gives us a fine description of them:—

‘ Behind the English bill and bow,  
The mercenaries, firm and slow,  
Moved on to fight, in dark array  
By Conrad led, of Wolfenstein,  
Who brought the band from distant Rhine,  
And sold their blood for foreign pay.  
The camp their home, their law the sword,  
They knew no country, own’d no lord ;  
They were not arm’d like England’s sons,  
But bore the leven-darting guns ;  
Buff coats, all frounced and ’broider’d o’er,  
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore ;  
All, as they march’d, in rugged tongue  
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.’

Bourbon began his last campaign on February twenty-seventh, 1527. He first threatened Florence, then Bologna ; passed the snow-covered Apennines, suffering great hardships and exposed to constant danger from the mutinous disposition of the famishing and unpaid troops, who were for the most part adventurers acknowledging no law but the sword, men with no home but the camp, who had rallied under the Bourbon’s banner allured by the prospect of booty and the fame of their leader.

Following at a respectful distance came the army of the League, even when the Lord Constable's march on Rome could no longer be doubted. In the seven-hilled city itself, Pope Clement VII. collected several thousand men, whom he placed under the command of Renzo de Ceri, for the defense of Rome. On the evening of May fifth, Bourbon reached the suburbs of the city, his followers singing a Spanish song made in his honor :

‘Calla, calla, Julio Cesar, Hannibal y Scipion,  
Viva la fama de Bourbon!’

He wished to attack at once; but as all his officers were anxious for delay, Bourbon yielded, deferring the assault until the following morning. ‘Behold,’ said he, ‘yonder churches and palaces, the receptacles of the wealth of the Christian world. Repose yourselves to-night, and to-morrow all that affluence shall be your own!’

At dawn the imperial army was drawn up in order of battle, their gallant leader wearing over his armor a white-and-silver overcoat, ‘to be alike conspicuous,’ as he said, ‘to friends and foes.’ About eight o’clock the leading columns of the assailants made a charge against the works of the Vatican suburb. A footing was gained on the ramparts, and two standards planted on the walls; but the defenders rallied, captured the flags, and drove back the assaulting forces. A second attack was led by the Constable himself. While in the act of stepping on a scaling ladder, he was struck to the ground by a musket-ball, that passed entirely through his body. He felt that the wound was mortal, and said to those who were at his side: ‘Throw a cloak over me, conceal my death, and victory is certain.’ With these words the gallant soldier breathed his last.

The news of the Duke of Bourbon’s death spread rapidly through the army and created a fierce desire

for revenge on the part of that motley host, among whom he was greatly beloved:—‘Bourbon, blood and slaughter!’ was the dreadful shout of the infuriated soldiery.

‘When the good Count of Nassau  
Saw Bourbon lie dead,  
By Saint Barbe and Saint Nicholas!  
‘Forward,’ he said.

Mutter never prayer o’er him  
For litter ne’er halt;  
But sound loud the trumpet—  
Sound, sound to assault!

Bring engines, bring ladder  
Yon old walls to scale;  
All Rome, by Saint Peter,  
For Bourbon shall wail!’

The celebrated Benvenuto Cellini claimed the glory of having killed the illustrious leader of the assaulting army. His autograph account of the circumstance runs thus: ‘Having taken aim with my piece, where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I fixed my eye on a person who seemed to be lifted up above the rest; but the misty weather prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cechino, I bade them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy’s once, I softly approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon; he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage, whom I saw raised by the rest.’

The Germans and Spaniards stimulated by the desire for revenge, and the hope of plundering the eternal city, of treasures which had been accumulating

for a thousand years, pressed forward to the assault with the greatest ardor. 'It was in vain,' says an Italian writer, 'that we hurled huge blocks of stone and flaming brands at the assailants; in vain that we poured boiling pitch upon them, and showered arquebuse and petronel balls from every port and rampart; fresh troops constantly replaced those who fell, and the combat was continued with unabated fury.' Rome at length fell: the ferocious soldiery exasperated by the death of their leader and released from the ties of discipline, committed acts of atrocity almost without a parallel in history. 'Never,' writes Michelet, 'was there a scene of greater atrocity, a more shocking carnival of death. Women, pictures, stoles, dragged away, thrown together pell-mell, torn, soiled, violated. Cardinals on the strappado, princesses in the arms of the soldiery; a chaos, a bizarre medley of blood-stained obscenities, hideous comedies. The Germans, who did a vast deal of killing at first, and made St. Bartholomews of images, Saints, Virgins, were gradually swallowed up in the cellars of the city, and there appeased.' The Spaniards were even more cruel than their Lutheran allies. Many of the unfortunate citizens, whose lives were spared by paying the Germans heavy ransoms, would afterwards fall into the hands of the Spaniards only to be plundered and murdered. The world has witnessed few such tragedies. For seven months Rome was the undisputed property of the remorseless and unsparing victors, and it is estimated that during that period four thousand Romans were massacred.

The shot that terminated the Bourbon's career probably prevented the rise of a great empire; it certainly laid low one of the greatest captains of the century. If we can erase the dark stain of his having carried arms against his country—a deed which even his great wrongs and persecutions cannot justify—we are safe in asserting

that, for generosity, courage, genius and energy, few military leaders can claim precedence over the hero of Agnadelle, Marignano and Pavia—the unfortunate Charles of Bourbon. His body was taken to Gaeta, where a fine monument was erected to his memory ; while the French Parliament ordered the threshold of his hotel at Paris to be painted yellow, to make known to posterity that Bourbon had died bearing arms against his native land.





## WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Not yet mature, but matchless ; firm of word ;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;  
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calm'd ;  
His heart and hand both open, and both free.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

**W**ILLIAM OF NASSAU, first Prince of Orange of that name, was one of those generals, who, like Wallenstein and Washington, though very often unsuccessful in war, yet were, in the words of Marshal Marmont, “never destroyed or discouraged, but were always able to oppose a menacing front, and make the enemy pay dear for what he gained.” Of what Motley calls the soldier’s great virtues—constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat, sublime and majestic patience—no man, it is believed, ever possessed a larger share. ‘He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty, and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch.’ His constancy in bearing the whole weight of a struggle, as unequal as that of the American colonies against Great Britain, was the theme of admiration throughout Europe. The rock in the ocean, ‘tranquil amid raging billows,’ was the emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his unshaken firmness. In the world’s bead-roll of fame there are few if any more beautiful characters than the patriot prince.

William of Orange, surnamed 'the Silent,' was born at Dillenburg, in the Duchy of Nassau, April twenty-fifth, 1533. He was the eldest son of William of Nassau Dillenburg, and Juliana of Stolberg, a woman of most exemplary character and unaffected piety. Among the mothers of great men, she deserves an honorable place. At the age of eleven he succeeded to the title and rich domains of his cousin-german René, Prince of Orange, and, though his family had embraced the great principles of the Reformation, he was sent to Brussels to be educated at the Catholic court of Queen Mary of Hungary. Admitted at an early age as a page in the emperor's household, Charles soon recognized the remarkable character of the youthful prince, selecting him for his intimate friend and constant attendant. 'He alone,' says Schiller, 'was permitted to remain in the emperor's presence, when Charles gave audience to foreign ambassadors,'—a proof that, even as a boy, he had already begun to merit the surname of the Silent. Before he was twenty-one, Kaiser Karl appointed him commander-in-chief of the army on the French frontier, and the young soldier acquitted himself in a manner which justified the emperor's confidence in him. It was upon the shoulder of William of Orange that Charles V. leaned at his abdication; the Prince's hand that bore the imperial insignia of the discrowned sovereign to Ferdinand at Augsburg. He was with the army during the hostilities which were soon after resumed in Picardy, and was the secret negotiator of the preliminary arrangement with France, soon afterwards confirmed by a treaty of peace. After the treaty of Cateau-Cambrésis, signed February fifth, 1559, the Prince and the Duke of Alva were selected by Henry II. as hostages for its due execution. One day, during his residence in France, he happened to be left alone with his majesty while hunting in the forest of Vincennes. The king's mind was full of the plot formed by Philip of Spain and himself to extirpate that 'accursed vermin,' the Protes-

tants. This scheme against their subjects had been carried on through the medium of Alva, and Henry imprudently taking for granted that Orange was a party to the conspiracy, opened the whole subject to him without reserve; telling him of the manner in which it was proposed to smite the Protestants, hip and thigh—how the heretics were to be discovered, and massacred *sans* mercy. The prince, horror-struck, listened and kept his countenance, neither by word or look exhibiting the slightest surprise, and thus William of Orange obtained his surname of the Silent. From that hour he resolved to dedicate himself and his great fortune in defence of his country. A few days afterwards he obtained permission to visit the Netherlands, where he exerted all his influence to excite the States to a general opposition to the presence of Spanish troops, of which in conjunction with Egmont he had been appointed commander. Although having as yet no sympathy for the Protestants, he could not, he said, ‘but feel compassion for so many virtuous men and women thus devoted to massacre,’ and he determined that no effort of his should be wanting to save them. He was one of the council appointed by Philip II. upon his departure for Spain to assist the Regent Margaret of Parma, in the government of the Netherlands, and had received from the king particular instructions as Stadtholder of Holland, Friesland, and Utrecht, to enforce rigorously the edicts against Protestantism. In one of his last interviews, Philip had given him the names of several eminent persons suspected of the new religion, and had commanded him to have them executed. These instructions he did not carry out; on the contrary he enabled them to escape, ‘thinking it more necessary to obey God than man.’

The self-dethroned monarch strongly recommended his young *protégé* to his son and successor, but that cold and suspicious sovereign entertained from the first an instinctive

dread of those impenetrable looks, that staid, reflective aspect, all

‘Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.’

As Philip was departing from the Netherlands he bitterly reproached the prince with thwarting his plans by means of his secret intrigues. William replied that he had acted only through the regular and natural movements of the states. Upon this the king angrily exclaimed, ‘*No los estados, ma vos, vos, vos !*’

Anne of Egmont, William’s first wife, having died in 1558, he married, in 1561, Anne, daughter of Maurice of Saxony, a Protestant of high rank. Two years later conjointly with Counts Egmont and Horn, he addressed a letter to the King of Spain, remonstrating against the arbitrary proceedings of Cardinal Granvelle, who had usurped almost the entire administration of the Netherlands. The request was not granted, and the three powerful nobles absented themselves from the council until the regent was forced by the growing opposition to the crafty Cardinal to procure his retirement. At this period of his career the Prince of Orange had not yet become the *pater patriæ*—‘the great man struggling upward and onward against a host of enemies and obstacles almost beyond superhuman strength, and along the dark and dangerous path leading through conflict, privation, and ceaseless labor to no repose but death. On the contrary, his foot was hardly on the first step of that difficult ascent which was to rise before him all his lifetime. He was still among the primrose paths. He was rich, powerful, of sovereign rank. He had only the genius within him of what was thereafter to expand into moral and intellectual greatness. He had small sympathy for the religious reformation, of which he was to be one of the most distinguished champions. He was a Catholic, nominally and in outward observance. With doctrines he troubled himself but little. He carefully



averted his mind from sacred matters. If indeed the seed implanted by his pious parents were really the germ of his future conversion to Protestantism, it must be confessed that it lay dormant a long time. But his mind was in other pursuits. He was disposed for an easy, joyous, luxurious, princely life. Banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase, interspersed with the routine of official duties, civil and military, seemed to fill out his life. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. While the king and the foreign envoys were still in the Netherlands, his house, the splendid Nassau Palace of Brussels, was ever open. He entertained for the monarch, who was, or imagined himself to be, too poor to discharge his own duties in this respect, but he entertained at his own expense. This splendid household was still continued. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family. His establishment was on so extensive a scale that upon one day twenty-eight master-cooks were dismissed, for the purpose of reducing the family expenses, and there was hardly a princely house in Germany which did not send cooks to learn their business in so magnificent a kitchen. The reputation of his table remained undiminished for years. We find at a later period that Philip, in the course of one of his nominal reconciliations, which took place several times between the monarch and William of Orange, wrote that, his head-cook being dead, he begged the Prince to 'make him a present of his chief cook, Master Herman, who was understood to be very skilful.'

Philip of Spain having succeeded in introducing the Inquisition into the Netherlands, the regent Duchess of Parma, wrote to the prince, urging him to enforce the edicts against heretics in his Stadtholderate. This he declined to do. He disapproved of the rash measures of the 'Gueux' or Beggars, but when it became evident that pacific resistance to the Spanish tyrant was unavailing, he proposed to

Counts Egmont and Horn, to unite with him in forcible measures against the proposed occupation of their country by Philip's troops. These two nobles did not however enter into the prince's plans. In 1567, he suppressed a formidable rising of the Calvinists at Antwerp; in April of the same year, advised of the king's designs upon his person, he withdrew to Germany, with many of the principal nobility who were filled with consternation at the news of the approach of the dreaded Duke of Alva, with a Spanish army. The fitting tool of the bigoted Philip had not been ten days in Brussels before he caused the arrest of a number of the principal nobles who had signed remonstrances or supported the Pauper League, *Les Gueux*, and caused them to be tried for high treason, before a court purposely instituted, which soon became known as the Tribunal of Blood. Among its first and most distinguished victims was Count Egmont, the Victor of Gravelines, and it might be said of St. Quentin also, and Count Horn, another gallant soldier.

William of Orange was summoned to appear before the infamous 'blood council,' but wisely refusing to acknowledge its jurisdiction, he saved his life, but not his estates and other property in the Netherlands, which were confiscated. The prince replied to his condemnation in a brief and eloquent 'Justification against the false Blame of his Calumniators,' and at once set about raising money and troops, and, concocting measures with the Protestant princes of Germany, England and France—at once became, as Michelet terms him, the *chef du parti de l'humanité*, and boldly proclaimed to the Netherlands, and to the world, his aim and object. 'We by God's grace Prince of Orange,' said his declaration of August thirty-first, 1586, 'salute all faithful subjects of his majesty. To few people is it unknown that the Spaniards have for a long time sought to govern the land according to their pleasure. Abusing his majesty's goodness, they have persuaded him to decree the intro-

duction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands. They well understood, that in case the Netherlands could be made to tolerate its exercise, they would lose all protection to their liberty, that if they opposed its introduction, they would open those rich provinces as a vast field of plunder. We had hoped that his majesty, taking the matter to heart, would have spared his hereditary provinces from such utter ruin. We have found our hopes futile. We are unable, by reason of our loyal service due to his majesty, and of our true compassion for the faithful lieges, to look with tranquility any longer at such murders, robberies, outrages and agony. We are moreover certain that his majesty has been badly informed upon Netherland matters. We take up arms, therefore, to oppose the violent tyranny of the Spaniards, by the help of the merciful God, who is the enemy of all blood-thirstiness. Cheerfully inclined to wager our life and all our worldly wealth on the cause, we have now, God be thanked, an excellent army of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, raised all at our expense. We summon all loyal subjects of the Netherlands to come and help us. Let them take to heart the uttermost need of the country, the danger of perpetual slavery for themselves and their children, and of the entire overthrow of the Evangelical religion. Only when Alva's blood-thirstiness shall have been at last overpowered, can the provinces hope to recover their pure administration of justice, and a prosperous condition for their commonwealth.'

Late in September, the prince marched to Brabant, at the head of an army of thirty thousand men, and with drums beating, and waving banners, on which were emblazoned 'Pro Lege, Rege, Grege,' his favorite motto, and various patriotic devices, halted within a few thousand yards of the Duke of Alva's strongly entrenched camp near Maastricht, at a place once occupied by Julius Cæsar. The wary Spaniard, having everything to fear from the result of a general action, and the prince everything to hope, would not

be tempted nor taunted into leaving his strong 'coign of vantage.' Unable to bring on an engagement, and too good a soldier to attack Alva in his camp, he was at last forced to retire to French Flanders, and disband his army, without having wiped out the disgrace of the defeat sustained by his brother Louis at Jemmingen in Friesland. In this unsuccessful campaign the prince gained considerable *eclat* by fording the river Meuse with his army. A compact body of cavalry, according to the plan more than once adopted by Cæsar, was placed in the midst of the current, under which shelter the whole army successfully forded the river, the water being as high as the soldiers' necks. The Duke of Alva when informed of this brilliant achievement refused to credit it, saying 'Is the army of the Prince of Orange a flock of wild geese that it can fly over rivers like the Meuse?' With his brothers Henry and Louis, and some twelve hundred soldiers, the prince, in the spring of 1569, joined the Huguenots, under the banner of his future father-in-law, the renowned Admiral Coligny, after having fought under Condé at the battle of Jarnac. In the autumn he returned to Germany, and issued commissions to privateers to prey upon Spanish commerce. These 'beggars of the sea,' soon made themselves dreaded, and laid the foundation of one of the most powerful navies of the world. 'Of their ships,' says an old writer, 'the Hollanders make houses, of their houses schools. Here they are born, here educated, here they learn their profession. Their sailors, flying from one pole to the other, practising their art wherever the sun displays itself to mortals, become so skilful that they can scarcely be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any nation in the civilized world.' In April, 1572, the sea paupers rendered a most important service to the cause of the prince by the capture of Brille and Flushing, followed almost immediately by a revolt throughout the provinces. In June, William of Orange was again at the head of an army, with which he crossed the

Rhine, and captured the city of Roermond. While the Spanish commander inculcated the practice of robbery, rape, and murder, as a duty, issuing orders to butcher 'every mother's son,' in the cities which he captured; the other restrained every excess to his utmost ability. The massacre of St. Bartholemew, which, in his own words, struck him to the earth, as 'with the blow of a sledge hammer,' cut him off from all hope of the promised assistance from France, upon which he had confidently relied for the means of carrying on the campaign, and he was compelled to disband his army, and seek refuge in Holland. Mons surrendered after being most gallantly defended by its captor, Louis of Nassau, and the provinces of Brabant and Flanders again fell under the bloody rule of the remorseless Ferdinand Alvarez of Toledo.

The Estates of Holland had recognized the prince as Stadtholder, with almost unlimited powers, but it is remarkable that in all his official papers he paid apparent reverence to the authority of the Spanish king. 'By a fiction,' says Motley, 'which was not unphilosophical, he assumed that the monarch was incapable of the crimes which he charged upon the viceroy. Thus he did not assume the character of a rebel in arms against his prince, but in his own capacity of sovereign he levied troops, and waged war against a satrap whom he chose to consider false to his master's orders.' Haarlem, after a seven months' siege, which cost the Spaniards twelve thousand men, was forced to surrender in July, 1573, suffering the same horrors that were inflicted on Malines, Zutphen, Naarden and other places. On the other hand, the patriots were successful in their defence of Alkmaar; gained two victories at sea, and captured Middleburg. The close of the year witnessed the departure from the Netherlands of the Duke of Alva, who was succeeded by the Duke of Requesens, a less atrocious and inferior soldier. Spanish writers have asserted that there would have been no Re-



public of Holland, had Alva been properly supported and continued by his suspicious sovereign in command of the Netherlands. The prince, having succeeded by great efforts in collecting an army of six thousand men, sent orders to his brother Louis to join him with such troops as he had been able by aid from France to raise. On the way he fought a battle, April, 1574, on the banks of the Meuse, and was defeated by the Spaniards under Avila. In this unfortunate affair Count Louis and his brother Henry were slain, together with four thousand patriots. The news of the disaster at Mookerhyde was a terrible blow to the prince, but all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune could not daunt or dishearten him. In May, the siege of Leyden, which the Spaniards had interrupted in order to send all their available troops against Louis, was resumed. The prince at this time was lying almost at the point of death. When the fever was subdued, the preparations for the relief of Leyden were begun. He inundated the country by cutting the dykes, and sent Admiral Boisot with a fleet to relieve the place. After the inhabitants had suffered both the horrors of pestilence and famine, the siege was at length raised by the arrival of the ships manned by eight hundred Zealanders. ‘Scarred, hacked, and even maimed,’ says Motley, ‘in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps, with the inscription, ‘Rather Turkish than Popish;’ renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the ‘sea-beggars,’ was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give or take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn to spare neither noble nor simple, neither King, Kaiser, nor Pope, should they fall into their power.’ Of the intense hatred which nerved the arms of these veteran sailors against the cruel oppressors of their country, an instance is related which occurred on their arrival near Leyden.

In a sanguinary action that took place, a Zealander struck down a Spaniard on the dyke, and kneeling on his bleeding enemy, tore his heart from his body, fastened his teeth in it for an instant, and then threw it to a dog, with the exclamation, ‘’Tis too bitter.’

The Prince of Orange having divorced Anne of Saxony, owing to her intemperance and other delinquencies, was married in June, 1575, to the Princess Charlotte of Bourbon, the beautiful daughter of the Duc de Montpensier. She had been forced before the Canonical age to take the religious vows of a nun, in the convent of Joüaars, of which she became Abbess, but always inclined to the Reformed religion, had a few years previous secretly fled from the Cloister, sought refuge in Germany and there avowed herself a Protestant. The war was prosecuted with little energy until the advent of the Duke of Parma, who succeeded Don John of Austria in 1578, as Governor of the Netherlands. He succeeded in detaching the Walloon provinces from their attachment to William, and possessed himself of Maestricht, Mechlin, and Groningen. In January 1579, ‘the Union of Utrecht,’ which is considered as the foundation of the Netherland Republic, was concluded through the influence of ‘Father William,’ as he was now called by his countrymen. This union, which the prince brought about chiefly through the agency of his brother, Count John, consisted of the Friesian provinces, Gelderland, Holland, Utrecht, Zealand and Zutphen. Without professing to abandon their allegiance to Philip, they bound themselves, together with their lives and fortunes, to driving the Spanish tyrants from their soil. Ere long, however, the United Provinces assembled at the Hague, and on July twenty-sixth, 1581, solemnly proclaimed their independence. The Prince of Orange was offered the sovereignty, but declined it in favor of the Duke of Anjou, as he anticipated that great advantages would be derived to his bleeding country, by a connection with France. Holland and Zealand, however, obstinately

refused to accept any other ruler than Orange, so it was at length arranged that, for the present, the prince should assume the government of those provinces. In 1582 another attempt was made to assassinate him by an emissary of Spain. When he supposed he was dying, this humane and generous man said, 'Do not kill him; I forgive him my death.' There are letters of William's extant, in which he intercedes with the magistrate for his assassins, and asks, in case their lives cannot be spared, that they may at least be freed from the atrocious tortures practised by the Spaniards in those days. Michelet commemorates *l'étonnante douceur* of the prince, whom he compares on this account with Henry IV. of France—"clement, both of them, to a degree that made them seem indifferent even to right and wrong. Habitually assassinated (Henry IV. was so, fourteen or fifteen times), they yet found it natural to live among Catholics, among those to whom it was prescribed as a duty to kill them.' And again the same authority says: 'The temptation of this man, a modern genius in advance of his time, was tolerance and humanity. Let us proclaim this great man by the title he deserves, king of an immense people then coming to the birth among the peoples at large,—I mean the friends of tolerance,—the chief of the *party of humanity*. Henry IV., who succeeded in this chieftainship; also touches the heart, but in a less degree, so indifferent does he appear to good and evil. The mildness of the Prince of Orange did not take its rise in indifference. The man, who perhaps suffered more than any other man in that age, was himself; and he it was, too, that kept his heart the stillest, because his was the firmest spirit.'

The prince finally recovered from his dangerous wound, but the assassin found an illustrious victim in the person of his devoted wife, who, exhausted by anxiety, long watching, and the alternations of hope and fear, sank under a violent fever with which she was seized, and

expired three days after the solemn thanksgiving for her eminent husband's recovery. Scarcely a year had elapsed when he married the daughter of the renowned Coligny. At the close of his life, 'William of Orange,' says Michelet, 'instead of taking as his wife some German princess, as so easily he might have done, demanded the hand of Madame de Teligny, who had been left without any fortune save a small property in La Beance, where she lived. This great man, on the eve of his violent death, and compassed about by assassins, seemed to be summoning to himself, in the person of Coligny's daughter, the image of a better world. Scarcely had a year passed over when he perished almost beneath her eyes.' Another French writer, referring to the prince and his illustrious race, remarks, '*cette famille silencieuse et active, race sombre et ferme, qui ne s'était pas alliée sans motif à l'admiral de Coligny, symbole complet des vertus et des talents de la Secte.*' The prince by his four marriages had twelve children, the most illustrious of whom were the celebrated Maurice of Nassau, son of the somewhat crooked and shrewish Anne of Saxony; and Frederick William, son of Charlotte of Bourbon, who succeeded Maurice as Stadtholder of the Republic, in her most palmy days.

The war was continued with little vigor or energy on either side, both leaders being alike crippled by lack of means. The Prince, in his frequent eloquent discourses to the States general, urged and exhorted them to a more liberal expenditure of money, but without success; and so, laboring under even greater difficulties than Washington in the darkest days of the American Republic had to contend with, William made but little headway against the vigilant Duke of Parma. To the Prince of Orange may be ascribed a saying rendered familiar during the war against the Rebellion of 1861. When the Duke of Buckingham urged the inevitable destruction which hung over the united provinces, and asked William whether he did not see that

the Commonwealth was ruined, he replied, ‘There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country’s ruin—*I will die in the last ditch.*’ In the summer of 1584, while residing at Delft, news was brought to the prince of the death of the Duke of Anjou, in France, and before measures could be taken to appoint his successor, the illustrious soldier and statesman was assassinated, being the fifth attempt within two years. This event occurred on Tuesday, July tenth, as the prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by his family, was proceeding to the dining-room. A Burgundian fanatic named Balthazar Gèrard, who had secreted himself in the palace, when within a few feet of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which passed quite through him. The prince exclaimed as he fell, ‘O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!’ In a few minutes he breathed his last, in the arms of his wife and sister.

Thus passed away from the earth one of the purest and noblest men of whom we have any record in history—a prince born to rank and wealth, who in early life unsheathed his sword in defence of the lives and liberties of his native land, never again to restore it to the scabbard; for him there was no more repose until the bullet of Balthazar Gèrard should send him to his eternal rest.

‘The deep damnation of his taking off’ must forever remain as an ineffaceable stigma upon the character of Alexander Farnese and the bigoted king, whose behests he obeyed but too faithfully for his own fair fame. The murderer was executed with the most horrible tortures a few days after the death of the prince, while Philip of Spain raised his parents to a place among the landed aristocracy, they receiving, as the reward of their son’s ‘laudable and generous deed,’ the seignories of Lievermont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in Franche Comté—estates belonging to the murdered prince.



In person William of Orange was above the medium height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. We are further informed by the historian of the Dutch Republic, that 'his eyes, hair, beard and complexion were brown. His head was small and symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness of the soldier, with the capacious brow, furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was therefore in harmony with his organization, which was of antique mould.' Of his intellectual faculties the same authority states that they were 'various and of the highest order,' that he had all the qualities that go to make up the great commander, many asserting that in military genius he was second to no soldier of his age. His eulogists point with pride to his fortification of Phillipville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy—his passage of the Meuse—his unfortunate but well ordered campaign against the Duke of Alva, and especially his sublime plan of relief for the besieged city of Leyden, which, as has already been mentioned, was directed from a sick bed—as historical *monumenta, vere perennia*, of his practical military skill; of the supremacy of his political genius, there can be no question. Motley designates him, and with perfect justness, 'the first statesman of his age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observation. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms.' Of his moral qualities the most prominent was his piety. 'He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours.'

Holland was affrighted and bewildered by the death of

her great son, on whom all had confidently leaned ; that faithful son—

‘In action vigilant, and in council wise,  
Who guarded right, and kept his people free.’

Who for many long, weary years, had, with a calm and abiding faith, borne a people’s sorrows upon his shoulders—that steadfast son, who was the guiding star of a brave people. And now that he lay cold in death, it seemed as if all was lost, as if no other hand could be found to guide the ship of State, whose helm had for twenty years been held in the firm grasp of the *pater patriæ*, William the Silent, Prince of Orange.


The character of ‘Father William,’ says an elegant writer, is one which, in all its respects, is pleasant and profitable to contemplate. The lofty and spacious dome of that forehead concealed a proud intelligence ; but the heart was meek and tender as a woman’s. ‘*There will I make my sepulchre,*’ he said, when for the last time the fugitive and the outlaw returned to the land which he was to save. There he *has* made his sepulchre,—his body is enshrined in its dust, his memory in the hearts of its people. The anointed murderer might thunder the ban against the rebel, might defame his career, and bribe his assassin. But the story was already written. Unnoted by tyrant and bigot, his name had been ‘enrolled in the Capitol.’

*Guilt is my zone*

## THE DUKE OF PARMA.

But who in baitle mocht him see,  
Another countenance had hee.

JOHN BARBOUR.

LEXANDER FARNESE was undoubtedly the greatest captain whom Spain in her palmiest days—the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II.—sent forth to conquer; and his campaigns in the Low Countries and France have at the same time a romantic and a scientific interest. The impulses of chivalry had not then ceased to exist, yet military tactics had made considerable progress. In its purest days, chivalry perhaps shows itself too Quixotic to excite much of our sympathy; but when we behold it running parallel with science, chastened and checked by its severer companion, and brought within the rules of reason, the combined display of both is very inspiring. Alexander was born in the year 1546 in the dukedom of Parma, and was one of the twins by which the union of Margaret with Ottairo Farnese was blessed. He came into the Netherlands, the scene of his military renown, in the year 1578. He had before this greatly distinguished himself under his uncle, Don John of Austria, at the famous battle of Lepanto, and he now took the field in the hope of gathering fresh laurels under his uncle, whom that action had rendered so celebrated.

He was the grandson to the two chief magnates of Europe—the Emperor Charles V. and Pope Paul III., and even in his boyish years exhibited a decided taste for a soldier's life; besides, the age being purely military, he was surrounded in his childhood by martial sights and sounds. 'He was born,' says Strada, 'amid the alarums

of war.' He heard the sound of the trumpet before the songs of his nurse, and the gleam and flashing of arms was the first light that broke upon his sight. He was married in his twentieth year, with much pomp and circumstance, to the Princess of Portugal, a lady so strictly orthodox, that on being compelled by stress of weather to land in England, she declined to hold any intercourse with 'good Queen Bess,' on account of her heresy; and so chaste, that she could neither read the sonnets of Petrarch nor lean on the arm of a gentleman. Before her arrival the bridegroom expressed the charitable wish that the bridal fleet might sink, with Donna Maria, to the bottom of the sea.

During his early married life, his martial spirit, for lack of a loftier field, found delight in the pursuits of the duellist and gladiator. He nightly perambulated the streets of his father's capital, disguised, well armed, alone or with a single attendant. Every person of martial aspect, whom the hereditary prince of the land encountered, was forced to stand and measure swords with an unknown, but most redoubtable foe, and many were the single combats which he thus enjoyed, until on one occasion his incognito was discovered and a termination put to these midnight amusements of the young Alexander. When Don John was appointed to the command of the united troops of Rome, Spain and Venice, alike disdaining the pleadings of his mother and wife, he joined the army in the Levant, just before the famous action of Lepanto. His uncle gave him command of several Genoese galleys, and a position in the very front of the battle. 'Alexander's exploits,' says Motley, 'on that eventful day, seemed like those of a fabulous hero of romance. He laid his galley alongside of the treasure-ship of the Turkish fleet, a vessel on account of its importance doubly manned and armed. Impatient that the crescent was not lowered, after a few broadsides, he sprang on board the enemy alone, waving

an immense two-handed sword—his usual weapon—and mowing a passage right and left through the hostile ranks for the warriors who tardily followed the footsteps of their vehement chief. Mustapha Bey, the treasurer and commander of the ship, fell before his sword, besides many others, whom he hardly saw or counted. The galley was soon his own, as well as another, which came to the rescue of the treasure-ship only to share its defeat.'

In the very first engagement in which Parma was engaged after his arrival in the Netherlands, he gave promise of his future renown. This was at the battle of Gembloux, where the imperial army gained a very decided success over the superior forces of the States. The latter were passing through a narrow defile, so rugged and rocky as to prevent their preserving any order. They believed themselves, however, secure from an attack, owing to the difficulty of traversing the pass to reach its outlet; and from the protection which a steep bank, intersected with small streams of rushing water, apparently impassable for large bodies, interposed between them and the Spanish forces. Parma, however, without consulting with Don John, resolved to undertake this perilous passage, and fall upon them at the outlet, with merely a few squadrons of cavalry. He trusted for success to the disorder of the enemy, and to two simultaneous attacks which should take place at the same time with his—the one in flank and the other in rear—which were practicable higher up the defile. Seizing a lance from his squire, and mounting a fresh horse, he sent this message to his uncle: 'Tell your general, that Alexander, recollecting the ancient Romans, has thrown himself down a precipice, to gain this day a great and glorious victory.'

The most complete success crowned his daring adventure. The enemy found themselves suddenly attacked in front, flank, and rear; and, before they could face this triple shock, confusion and a perfect Bull-Run panic spread



through their ranks, and completed the victory. According to Strada—whose authority as respects numbers we do not deem very reliable—the Royalists only lost twelve men in this action, while the incredible number of six thousand of the enemy were killed and captured, together with their artillery and baggage trains. Farnese followed up his victory by the capture of the towns of Siechen, Diest, Philipville, and Limbourg, which already raised his reputation very high for so youthful a general. Shortly after, Don John of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, died, and was succeeded in the chief command by his nephew, who found himself in a very critical position. Two armies, one from France, under the Duke of Alençon, and another from Germany, under the Palatine John Casimir, had arrived to the succor of the States. Parma, unable to keep the field against the combined force, shut himself in a fortified camp, under the walls of Namur. But the divisions and dissensions which prevailed among the confederate chiefs secured him from an attack, and their armies in a short time disbanding for want of pay, or from the expiration of their terms of service, he found himself free to again assume the offensive.

The siege of Maestricht was the enterprise that he inaugurated. The limits of our sketch will not permit us to give a detailed account of this memorable siege. Suffice it to say, that, after eight months desperate resistance, the place was carried by a combined surprise and assault. Its fall was followed by important results. The Walloons, who had long been cold toward the cause of the Low Countries, were decided by it to a reconciliation with Parma's party. The frank and gallant bearing of the prince had doubtless its influence in inducing them to this step. Quickly following this advantage, which was equivalent to many victories, Farnese induced many towns to return to their obedience to the king. At this time, however, the bigotry of Philip induced him to speak out too plainly at the Cologne conference, and made it appear that nothing but the total



extirpation of heresy and the complete establishment of despotism would satisfy him. This prepared the minds of the patriots for a bold measure, which was the forerunner of a still bolder one—‘The Declaration of the Independence of the United Provinces.’

The first step toward this great act was the ‘Union of Utrecht,’ which the wise and patriotic Prince of Orange now opposed to the successes of the great Italian soldier. Mutual weakness however caused the war to languish on both sides. The Prince of Parma—since the dismissal of his foreign troops, in accordance with stipulations entered into with the Walloons—could undertake nothing of importance; and the States, having so many towns to garrison, had no efficient force to keep in the field. The two leaders were therefore busily employed in spinning webs of intrigue over the land: Farnese in corrupting the garrisons of every town where his agents could get admission, and the Prince of Orange in bringing to a conclusion the treaty which transferred the sovereignty of the Netherlands to the head of the Duke of Anjou. This latter measure was successful, but, when completed, did not produce the happy results it promised.

The duke, who was as impetuous as he was fickle and false, attempted to surprise Antwerp and some other towns, that he might render his power independent. Having disgracefully failed in this base treachery, both he and his French soldiers became objects of the greatest contempt. Hence new troubles and distractions arose. In the mean time, the Prince of Parma had induced the Walloons to petition for a return of his foreign troops, and with a force of nearly seventy thousand he again entered upon an active campaign. His movements were Napoleonic. With the exception of a faint check he met with from the renowned Marshal Biron, the career of his conquests was wonderful. Town after town fell before him. Steinwick, Levres, Breda, Tournay, Dunkirk, Bruges, Ypres,

Ghent, and other fortified places were reduced—some after long and bloody sieges, some by surprise or the fear of famine, and some by treachery. To increase the consternation of the States, a blow was struck by the assassin Gérard, more irreparable than all their other calamities. This was the murder, at the public instigation of the cruel and despotic Philip, of the Prince of Orange, on the eve of his inauguration to the sovereignty, vacant by the death of the Duke of Anjou. The annals of liberty present us with few brighter and nobler characters than this murdered Prince of Orange, surnamed ‘William the Silent.’

The course of Parma’s successes now brought him to the greatest of all his great achievements—the siege of Antwerp. In the month of July, 1584, the Duke of Parma concentrated in the neighborhood of Antwerp all the forces under his disposal, amounting to about twelve thousand veteran troops. The city contained at the period in question about eighty-five thousand inhabitants; and the hopes of the Spanish general to compel its surrender, rested chiefly on the slow operations of famine. The defenses of the city were superintended by the burgomaster St. Aldegonde; but dissensions prevailing among the authorities, his admirable plans were not fully carried into effect. Farnese determined to bridge the river Scheld, at a point near Antwerp, where the stream was two thousand feet wide and sixty feet deep, an undertaking regarded as impossible by the people of Antwerp, who made it as much an object of ridicule as the Rebels did the construction of the Red River Dam during the American war. The work was diligently pushed forward and completed in the following spring. Fifteen hundred men and ninety-seven pieces of artillery were especially assigned for its defence, together with a fleet of forty armed vessels. On the nights of April fourth and fifth, the Antwerpens made an attempt to destroy the bridge by means of five ships and

vessels filled with powder and projectiles; eight hundred Spaniards perished, and the Duke of Parma narrowly escaped with his life; but the bridge being only partially destroyed was soon repaired. Other attempts were afterwards made by the Hollanders, but were not attended with success. Abandoning the design of destroying the bridge, they next directed their efforts to the destruction of the dykes between Stabrock and Antwerp. In this they were only partially successful, Parma having constructed five redoubts along the line. Failing to receive assistance from England; the Zealand fleet under command of Count Hohenlohe being unable to reach the city with provisions; having been defeated in several bloody contests with the Spaniards, the besieged at last lost heart and hope, aggravated by the information that the neighboring city of Mechlin had been taken by the enemy, and their want of food,—scarcely a loaf of bread being left in the city,—and on August seventeenth, 1585, Antwerp was surrendered by St. Aldegonde to the Duke of Parma. ‘It redounds,’ says Motley, ‘to the eternal honor of Alexander Farnese—when the fate of Naarden and Haarlem and Maestricht, in the days of Alva, and of Antwerp itself in the horrible ‘Spanish fury,’ are remembered—that there were no scenes of violence and outrage in the populous and wealthy city, which was at length at his mercy, after having defied him so long. Civil and religious liberty were trampled in the dust, commerce and manufactures were destroyed, the most valuable portion of the citizens were sent into hopeless exile, but the remaining inhabitants were not butchered in cold blood.’ The King of Spain awarded the highest praise to Parma for this great achievement, but censured him affectionately for so rashly exposing himself at the bridge, as well as upon other occasions during the memorable siege. ‘I have no words,’ he said, ‘to render the thanks which are merited for all you have been doing. I recommend you earnestly however to have a care for your per

son, for that is of more consequence than all the rest.' Soon after the surrender of Antwerp, Alexander Farnese exchanged, by the death of his father, the title of Prince for the superior one of Duke of Parma, but did not even visit his dominions.

About a mile distant from the city of Zutphen stands the small village of Warnsfeld, with a solitary church spire shooting up above a cluster of neat one-storied houses. Here was fought on October second, 1586, a battle between three thousand Spaniards and less than six hundred English under the Earl of Leicester; 'the most notable encounter,' says one who was there, 'that hath been in our age, and it will remain to our posterity famous;' for on that day was wounded unto death that gallant soldier *sans peur et sans reproche*, Sir Philip Sidney—one of the most beautiful characters in history, to whom, as to Bayard, we may fitly apply Chaucer's line:

'He was a very perfect gentle knight.'

As he was borne off the field mortally wounded, his attendants brought him a cup of water to quench his intolerable thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier 'who had eaten his last at the same feast,' looked up wistfully in his face, when Sidney instantly handed him the cup, saying, 'Thy necessity is even greater than mine.' He made his will, leaving bequests, remembrances, and rings to his friends; then asked for music, appearing to be particularly pleased with a song of his own composition entitled 'La Cuisse rompue;' took leave of those who stood around his dying bed, and then said to his brother Robert, 'Love my memory, cherish my friends. Above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator: in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities.' And so his gentle spirit passed away to that land where his glory could not follow him.

Parma's principal exploit during the year 1587 was the

siege of Sluys, which was surrendered to him after two months of furious cannonading and bloody assaults. In 1588, he was put in command of the Armada, which Philip of Spain sent against England; but being shut up with his army in Antwerp by the Dutch flotilla, he was, fortunately for himself, only a spectator of its disastrous failure.

We must pass over many of his successes in the Low Countries, for, although marked by his usual energy and rapidity, they are too much involved in political matters to be rendered intelligible in a brief sketch, and we will therefore refer the reader who may feel desirous of fuller information, to Prescott's history of the Reign of Philip II., and to those charming volumes by Motley, '*The Dutch Republic*,' and '*History of the United Netherlands*.' In 1590, the duke was summoned to France to oppose the Huguenots, who held Paris closely invested and on the point of surrendering. He had now to meet a foeman worthy of his fame—no less a person than King Henry IV. of Navarre, who had just won the famous victories of Arques and Ivry—the same gallant soldier of whom Macaulay sings :

‘Hurrah! hurrah! a single field  
Hath turned the chance of war;  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry  
And Henry of Navarre!’

The eyes of all Europe were now bent on the spectacle of a contest between the two greatest captains of the age, very much as we looked upon the campaign of 1864 between Grant and Lee. The hostile armies met at Chelles, about four miles from Paris, on the high road to which he was encamped. There was no other road except on the opposite side of the River Marne, which was defended by the strong fortress of Lagny. King Henry, believing it to be impossible that the enemy should quit his camp, where he lay strongly entrenched, cross the river, and take Lagny in presence of an equal force, looked upon a



battle as inevitable. But Parma had resolved to avoid an engagement, and, after remaining inactive for several days, and communicating his plans to no one, gave out that he designed to give battle to the French. His van, composed of a strong force of cavalry, immediately occupied a hill which separated the armies, the Marquis de Reut, who commanded it, being ordered to maintain his ground, but on no provocation to descend the hill. The infantry, who were advancing, were now turned back by Parma, who said to the Duke of Mayonne, in command of the main body, 'My dear duke, we shall soon be at Paris, but for this purpose it is necessary to turn back and direct our march to another quarter.' This movement was successfully concealed by the cavalry which covered the hill. King Henry, full of confidence, drew up his army in line of battle, expecting every hour an engagement, but resolved to wait until the enemy should descend the hill, that he might meet them on more equal terms. During this time the Duke of Parma had moved his army towards the Marne, strongly fortified his position, and planted his batteries against the town. The cavalry continued to amuse the French until night, when they began to file off toward the main body, and it was not until the morning dawned that Henry discovered the manœuvre that had been so skilfully executed by his antagonist. He was completely checkmated. Should he attempt to relieve Lagny, he left the direct road to Paris open. Should he attack Parma in his entrenchments, he was exposed, from the strong and advantageous position of the enemy, to almost certain destruction. He was completely out-generalled, and was condemned to the bitter mortification of watching in inactivity the successful operations of Parma—of seeing the river crossed—of witnessing the assault and capture of Lagny, and of seeing the Spanish army marching triumphantly on Paris. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant achievement in the career of the Duke of Parma, unless it was surpassed by the boldness



and skill of a movement made during his second invasion of France.

In 1592, he was sent into Normandy to the relief of Rouen, then besieged by Marshal Biron, and advanced into the peninsula of Caux, to take the fortress of Caudebec; but he neglected to secure the entrance behind him. Henry of Navarre, seeing his adversary's blunder, and delighted at the prospect of out-generalling his great rival, promptly seized upon all the passes, and Parma found himself completely hemmed in by the Rivers Seine and Eu, and the French forces. But the great captain, although suffering from a wound received at the siege of Caudebec, and from a fever, did not lose heart or hope. There appeared no means of escape, and Henry impatiently awaited the surrender of the whole Spanish army. What, then, was his astonishment, one morning, after he had been amused the previous day with a sharp cavalry engagement, the seeming prelude to a general action, to behold the army of his adversary on the other side of the river! Parma had collected a large number of boats, constructed rafts for transporting artillery and baggage, thrown re-inforcements into the besieged town, and cleared the Seine of several Dutch ships-of-war by making their anchorage too hot for them. All this had been done with such characteristic rapidity and secrecy, that his design was not discovered until the whole movement had been successfully consummated under cover of night and a heavy mist, and the disappointed French king beheld the arms of his supposed captives glittering in the sun on the opposite banks of the Seine. To increase his chagrin, Farnese sent him the same day a message, inquiring what he thought of his last manœuvre! His army now returned unmolested to the Netherlands, but he was unable to proceed further than Arras where he died from the effect of his wound, December third, 1592, in the forty-seventh year of his age. By his marriage with Mary of Portugal he left a daughter and two sons, the eldest of whom, Ranuzio, was

his successor. A noble bronze equestrian statue of him, by John of Bologna, one of the finest we saw in Italy, adorns the principal public square of Placenza.

The Duke of Parma was a man of consummate military and diplomatic genius, and certainly had no superior, if indeed, he had an equal, among the great captains of the sixteenth century ; and if posterity can forgive him the fault of being the potent and active instrument of such a character as Philip II. of Spain in his most iniquitous designs, as well as pardon his arbitrary principles in consideration of his age and birth, his moral character will merit our admiration no less than his military. In his essay on Heroic Virtue, Sir William Temple ranks Alexander, Duke of Parma, among the seven chiefs who deserved, without wearing, a crown ; and there is much in the life of the distinguished soldier to merit the flattering opinion of the eminent English writer.

## PRINCE WALLENSTEIN.

ARNOLD.                      And can it  
Be, that the man who shook the Earth is gone,  
And left no footstep?

STRANGER. There you err. His substance  
Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame  
More than enough to track his memory.

BYRON.

**A**LBRECHT EUSEBIUS WENZESLAUS of Waldstein, known in history under the name of Wallenstein, was born in his father's castle of Hermanic, Bohemia, September fifteenth, 1583. He was the third and youngest son of John Waldstein of Hermanic, and of Margaret of Smiricky, a lady of ancient and noble family, who brought to her husband nearly all the moderate fortune he possessed. As his parents were both Protestants, the young Albrecht received the first rudiments of religious instruction in the same faith. As a boy he evinced the fierce, haughty and self-willed disposition which formed so marked a characteristic of his after life. Being one day rebuked for speaking in an imperious manner,—more in the tone of a prince than a poor gentleman's son,—he replied, with great fire and quickness, 'If I am not a prince, I shall live to become one;' and when chastised for some fault indignantly said, 'Why am I not a prince? Nobody should punish me then.' The family of Waldstein is, as the name implies, of German origin; and ever since the gallant Lord Waldstein of Dux joined King Ottaker's army, in the thirteenth century, at the head of his four-and-twenty sons, all mail-clad men, they seem to have acted a prominent part in the history of that country. But, though noble and numer-

ous, they appear to have been poor; and, as the father of Wallenstein was the youngest of six brothers, the subject of this sketch was not born to great expectations. During his boyhood he was educated at a school in Koschumberg, and after the death of his parents, being befriended by a maternal uncle, Lord Kavca of Ricam, a zealous friend of the Jesuits, the orphan was placed at the College of Nobles, which the Society of Jesus had established at Olmutz. The followers of Loyola soon discovered the talent of their pupil, and he was ere long converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

Most of Wallenstein's biographers have asserted that he afterwards studied at the University of Altorf, near Nuremberg, and was there distinguished for extravagance and punished for misconduct. Forster, however, proves on good authority, that he never studied there, but that on leaving Olmutz, through the exertions of his tutor and friend Father Pacht, an arrangement was made, which enabled him to join a wealthy young nobleman then setting out on his travels. In company with this gentleman, Wallenstein visited a great part of France, Holland, Germany, England, Spain and Italy. Peter Verdungus, the mathematician and astrologer, afterwards well known as the friend of Kepler, accompanied the young travellers during part of their tour; and it is more than probable that he was the first who initiated our hero into the mysteries and speculative science of astrology. In his travels he carefully studied the nature of the military institutions and armies of the countries he visited; examined into the causes of their external and internal strength, and inspected fortresses with professional accuracy. Italy was the country in which he made the longest sojourn, in order to pursue the study of astrology, to which he had seriously devoted himself as well as to military science. He remained for some time at Padua, under the tuition of Argoli, who by the aid of his art discerned that great mar-

tial fame, and a brilliant destiny, awaited his pupil. Wallenstein did not require this prediction to spur his ambition; but the prophecy seems to have fired his imagination; and already fancying himself the peer of Alexander, he left Padua and entered the army of the Emperor Rudolph, then fighting in Hungary against the Turks. Here he soon distinguished himself, and on the walls of the conquered fortress of Gran, he was made a Captain by his commander, the celebrated General George Basta.

Peace being concluded, Wallenstein returned with this rank to Bohemia, and entered upon the moderate legacy bequeathed to him by his father. Without money or patrons, his prospects were unpromising; and we find his brother-in-law, Count Zevotin, the friend and companion-in-arms of Henry IV., exerting himself to obtain for the young soldier an appointment as Chamberlain to the Archduke Mathias, in order, as the writer very frankly avows, 'that his kinsman may have a ladder by which to ascend to fortune.' Zevotin, whose letters are preserved, speaks in high terms of the captain's talents, and says, 'He is extremely reserved, and entertains the most ardent predilection for the profession of arms.' The result of this application is not known, but was probably unsuccessful. Failing in his attempt to rise at court, and unsuccessful in obtaining rank in the army (as commissions were sold at that day, as they were until very recently in the British service, and our hero had no money to expend in that way), he determined to enter upon another career. Love, though not exactly 'love divine,' smiled upon the young soldier, and he was soon married to a wealthy widow, the Lady Lucretia Nikessin of Landeck. The lady was advanced in years, and was actually engaged to another person, but the aspiring Wallenstein acted so well his part, that he gained her hand and heart, and, what was more to the purpose, her very large fortune also. How



they lived together we are not informed: such, however was his wife's attachment to him, that it nearly occasioned his death, for the good woman doubting the power of her own charms, and anxious to preserve her husband's affections, administered to him, as Nydia did to Glaucus, a love-draught, that brought on a dangerous illness from which he only recovered after long and severe suffering. By her death in 1614, he became the possessor of a large estate in Moravia, and as he also inherited fourteen estates from his uncle, he became one of the richest noblemen in Bohemia and Moravia. How long, or how deeply, Wallenstein lamented the death of his wife, we have no means of ascertaining, as from his twenty-third to his thirty-third year, we almost completely lose sight of him.

In 1617, when Ferdinand of Gratz declared war against Venice, the Captain raised at his own expense a body of two hundred horsemen, and hastened to offer his services to his future sovereign. It is from this time that Wallenstein's brilliant career is to be dated. By relieving the fortress of Granitza, which had for some time been blockaded by the enemy, he gained considerable renown. His fame attracting the attention of Ferdinand, he was at the close of the campaign invited to court, and raised to the rank of count, receiving at the same time command of the Moravian militia, a post that appears to have been deemed of great trust and importance. The same year he married his second wife, Isabella Catherine, Countess of Harrach, daughter of one of the imperial ministers; a lady who not only brought him an accession of fortune, but largely increased his influence at the court. An old chronicler, who knew her personally, assures us that she was a person of great merit and virtue—'*Dama veramente modesta, e di una grandissima purità*;' but as nothing is said of her beauty, she probably had none to record. His magnificent style of living, which had attracted so much attention during the Friuli campaign, was continued



at court, where he dispensed the most princely hospitality to the rank and beauty of Vienna.

On the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War, the Bohemian insurgents vainly endeavored to gain Wallenstein over to their cause ; but he refused and declared his intention of adhering to the emperor, at the same time endeavoring to maintain the Moravians in their allegiance. On his refusal to accept the proffered command, his estates were confiscated. He saved the military chest, and delivered it to the emperor on his arrival at Vienna ; raised a regiment at his own cost, and with the rank of major-general, greatly distinguished himself in the campaign of 1619, against Count Thurn and the Prince of Transylvania. When the battle of the White Mountain, near Prague, annihilated the hopes of the Bohemian insurgents, who had chosen the Elector Palatinate their king, their estates were confiscated and divided among the adherents of the emperor. Many were sold for a small sum to Ferdinand's friends, and Wallenstein for about seven million gulden received, as his share, sixty three lordships. In 1623, he was still further rewarded by the title of Prince of Friedland, with the right of striking coin and granting patents of nobility. Soon after, we find him writing to his agent, who is termed 'landhauptman,' or captain of the district, to 'coin away as fast as you can.' He is also very particular about the die, and does not know what could have put '*Dominus protector meus*,' into the landhauptman's head, as his, Wallenstein's, motto is, '*Invita invidia*.' He at this time possessed a fortune of thirty million gulden, and was constantly increasing it, by the excellent management of his estate and the collection of taxes.

In 1625, the situation of the emperor, notwithstanding his past successes, was alarming. The States of Lower Saxony had met on March twenty-fifth, at Segeberg, and entered into a confederacy for the preservation of their religion and their liberties. Christian IV., king of Den-

mark, had been elected head of the league, and had joined his forces to those of the confederacy, Count Mansfield and Prince Christian of Brunswick were rapidly assembling an army on the side of France and the Netherlands. The hereditary dominions of the House of Austria were in a disturbed state, and there was no money in the treasury to raise or equip an army. At this crisis the Duke of Friedland came forward, and offered to levy, equip and maintain an army of fifty thousand men. The emperor confiding in the energy and genius of his subject, and the extraordinary situation of his affairs rendering it necessary to resort to extraordinary measures, granted him permission to raise an army and to nominate his own officers. The princely liberality shown by Wallenstein to his soldiers during previous campaigns, the prospect of advancement, the certainty of reward, and the hope of booty, soon drew to the standard of the general, adventurers from all parts of Germany. In a few months, he left the Austrian frontier with twenty thousand men; his march to the border of Lower Saxony increased his force to thirty thousand, and in a short time it exceeded the promised number. This army, however, if we credit the report of an officer who saw it, bore at first no inconsiderable resemblance to Sir John Falstaff's celebrated corps. The men are described as being mostly in rags, greatly dissatisfied for want of pay, the cavalry wretchedly mounted and almost destitute of arms. They must have made good use of their time and opportunities, for we soon afterwards find them distinguished for all the splendor that characterized the soldiers of the seventeenth century. If Wallenstein's troops were not at first over-well equipped, it is evident that he knew how to render them useful; for at Gottingen he already defeated the corps sent against him by the Duke of Brunswick. He was ordered to unite his army with the troops of the league under the Bavarian general, Tilly, and the two were then together to attack the King of Denmark. But the

imperial general had no intention to play a subsidiary part, or to contribute by his aid to the glory of a rival; and first advancing as if to join the Bavarian army, he turned toward the Elbe, plundered the wealthy and as yet uninhabited districts of Grubenhagen, Halberstadt and Madgeburg, and entrenched himself at Dessau. What were the reasons that prevented Wallenstein and Tilly from uniting, in order at once to crush the King of Denmark by the superiority of their combined forces, we have no means of knowing, unless we ascribe it to jealousy between them, or to the difficulty of finding, in the line of march, supplies for such numerous armies. Certain it is, that they kept at a distance from each other; for at the opening of the next campaign, we find Wallenstein on the banks of the Elbe, and Tilly occupying the banks of the Weser.

The Danish king, finding himself threatened on both sides, sent Count Mansfield to keep the army of Wallenstein in check. He attacked the duke at the bridge of Dessau, without success, on the first and eleventh of April, and again advanced to renew the assault on the twenty-fifth. He was repulsed and driven back, and is said to have lost nine thousand men in the action. Retreating into Brandenburg the indefatigable Mansfield soon recovered from his defeat, and re-assembling his forces, broke suddenly into Silesia, and from there into Hungary to unite with Bethlen Gabor, in order to carry the war into the heart of the Austrian Empire. It was a bold plan; and was no sooner known at Vienna, than orders were dispatched to Wallenstein to hasten after the Condottieri. He obeyed most reluctantly, and sustained, as he had foreseen, great losses in his rapid march across the Carpathian mountains, where few supplies could be found, and where none could follow. A truce with Gabor, and the death of Mansfield, relieving the Empire from any danger, Wallenstein placed his diminished army in winter-quarters along the banks of the Danube, and proceeded to Vienna

to make preparations for the ensuing campaign. He equipped and reformed his army in so rapid a manner that it appeared like magic, compared to the dilatory mode of proceeding then in vogue. The contrast has been admirably drawn by Schiller, in a speech which he puts in the mouth of Count Isolau, one of Wallenstein's generals :—

‘ I never shall forget—seven years ago,  
When to Vienna I was sent, to obtain  
Remounts of horses for our cavalry,  
How from one ante-chamber to another,  
They turned me round and round, and left me standing  
Beneath the threshold, ay, for hours together.  
At last a capuchin was sent to me ;  
I thought, God wot, it must be for my sins.  
Not so—but this, sir, was the man with whom  
I was to drive a bargain for my horses.  
I was compelled to go with nothing done :  
And in three days the Duke procured for me  
What in Vienna thirty failed to gain.’

Wallenstein opened the campaign of 1627, with a well-equipped army of forty thousand men. His efforts were first directed against Silesia ; and the Danish troops every where gave way before him. His army next poured like a torrent over Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, Holstein, and Schleswig, and the conquered provinces soon felt in all its bitterness, the plan of making war self-supporting. The duke declared that ‘ the time for dispensing altogether with electors had arrived ; and that Germany, like France and Spain, should be governed by a single and absolute monarch.’ Too haughty to share with another the honor of victory, he caused Tilly to be sent across the Elbe to watch the frontiers of Holland, while he himself followed up the Danes ; defeated their armies in a series of actions near Heiligenhausen ; overran the whole peninsula of Jutland before the end of the campaign, and forced the unfortunate king to seek shelter, with the wreck of his

army, in the islands beyond the Belt. Meanwhile the imperial army, supported by the plunder of the suffering lands, had been increased to nearly one hundred thousand men. The duke lived in kingly state, spending vast sums on his followers, and giving away vast sums to increase his influence at Court.

Early in 1628, the Duke of Mecklenburg was put under the ban of the empire, and his territory was transferred to Wallenstein, who was soon after created generalissimo by land and sea, and assumed the title of 'Admiral on the Ocean and the Baltic.' He now determined to carry out the design of the emperor and make himself master of the Baltic. Wismer was captured and made his principal naval station; ships were demanded from Poland and from the Hanse towns, and every effort made to destroy the naval supremacy of Denmark. For this purpose it was necessary, however, to take Stralsund, situated on the Baltic, opposite the isle of Rugen; but the common danger had caused Christian IV. and Gustavus Adolphus to lay aside their mutual jealousies, and take measures for the defense of the city. Assault after assault was made by Wallenstein, who declared that he would take Stralsund 'were it fastened with chains to heaven.' But here his pride was destined to receive a check. The garrison, consisting of Danes, Swedes, and several regiments of gallant Scots, defied all his efforts by land, and the fleets of Denmark and Sweden held the undisputed control of the ocean. At length, after the loss of nearly twelve thousand men, Wallenstein was compelled by the heavy rains, which filled his trenches and produced sickness in his army, to abandon the siege. The power of the King of Denmark, however, had been crushed in the war, and the peace of Lubeck, May, 1629, left the emperor at liberty to prosecute his cherished design of exterminating the Protestants. 'Wallenstein was now absolute master in Germany,' says his biographer, 'and without an equal



in greatness; his spirit seemed to hover like a storm-charged cloud over the land, crushing to the earth every hope of liberty and successful resistance. Mansfield and Christian of Brunswick had disappeared from the scene; Frederick V. had retired into obscurity. Tilly and Poppenheim, his former rivals, now condescended to receive favors, and to solicit pensions and rewards through the medium of his intercession. Even Maximilian of Bavaria, was second in greatness to the all-dreaded Duke of Friedland; Europe held no uncrowned head that was his equal in fame, and no crowned head that surpassed him in power.'

A general Diet was convoked by the emperor to meet at Ratisbon early in 1630. The leaders of the Catholic league, especially the powerful Maximilian of Bavaria, second prince of the empire, were not disposed to yield to the design and wishes of Ferdinand. Disgusted with the haughty and consummate commander, the call for his removal was loud and universal, and the complaints and threats received additional weight from the outcry of the provinces which had groaned under his exactions. On the other hand there were not wanting persons about the emperor, who represented the danger of dismissing the haughty Wallenstein, at the very time when a new storm was gathering in the north. 'It was,' they said, 'an act as ungrateful as it was impolitic, to remove from the command, an officer who had rendered such eminent services to the House of Austria. Where was Wallenstein's equal in reputation, and who could replace a chief, the idol of the soldiers? As the general,' they continued, 'did not receive from the emperor the sums necessary for the support of the troops, how were the soldiers to be paid and maintained unless at the expense of the countries in which the war was carried on?' At length, however, the feeble sovereign yielded to the electors, and sent two of Wallenstein's friends, Counts Werdenberg and Ques-

tenberg, to inform him of his dismissal, with every assurance of his respect and regard. Always well-informed of everything that occurred at the court, the official announcement of his removal from command did not take the duke by surprise. He received the deputies with great politeness, and, to the surprise of friends and foes, at once obeyed. Laying before them an astronomical calculation, he said: 'You may observe by the planets, that the spirit of Maximilian predominates over the spirit of Ferdinand; I can attach no blame to the emperor therefore, though I regret that he should have given me up so easily; but I shall obey.' The imperial messengers were amazed to find themselves sumptuously treated during their stay at headquarters, and loaded with presents when they took their departure. They were also charged with a letter, in which Wallenstein thanked the emperor for all his former favors, and only requested that, 'his majesty would not lend an ear to the evil reports that malevolence might spread to his disadvantage.' The army was indignant when his removal became known; and when he laid down command and left Memmingen, October third, many of the best officers forsook the imperial service. Large numbers followed Wallenstein to his estates, and others he supported by pensions. At his principal residence in Prague, where he built a magnificent palace, he maintained the pomp of a king. Six gates led to his palace, and more than one hundred houses were levelled in order to enlarge its avenues and approaches. Gentlemen of the noblest families courted the honor of serving him; and an imperial chamberlain resigned office at Vienna to fill the same situation in Wallenstein's regal establishment. 'Wallenstein's palace,' writes Carlyle in his *Life of Frederick*, 'did your majesty look at that? A thing worth glancing at on the score of History, and even of Natural History. That rugged son of steel and gunpowder could not endure the least noise in his sleeping-room or even sitting,—a

difficulty in the soldiering way of life,—and had, if I remember, one hundred and thirty houses torn away in Prag, and sentries posted all round in the distance, to secure silence for his much meditating, indignant soul.' A correspondence, extending over all Europe, was carried on by Wallenstein; and a great many of the letters were written with his own hand, in order that he might be as independent as possible of the fidelity of others. Sovereigns and princes were among his correspondents; we find Charles I. of England, writing to him on the most friendly terms, soliciting his intercession in favor of his brother-in-law Frederick V. The king styles Wallenstein, '*Illustrissime et celsissime princeps amice et consanguine carissime*;' and says, that he is 'well aware of Wallenstein's great and deserved influence with the emperor, and how much he is therefore capable of effecting.'

Schiller, in the history of the Thirty Years' War, says, 'In this ostentatious retirement, Wallenstein awaited quietly, but not inactively, the hour of glory and the day destined to vengeance. Seni, an Italian astrologer, had read in the stars, that the brilliant career of Friedland was not yet ended; and it was easy to foresee without the aid of astrology, that an adversary like Gustavus Adolphus would soon render the services of a general like Wallenstein indispensable. Not one of all his lofty projects had been abandoned; the ingratitude of the emperor had, on the contrary, released him from a galling and oppressive curb. The dazzling brilliancy of his retirement announced the full altitude of his ambitious projects; and, liberal as a monarch, he seemed to look upon his coveted possessions as already within his grasp, and fully at his disposal.' From the moment of Wallenstein's dismissal, defeat and disaster had overtaken the Austrian armies everywhere. Tilly had been beaten on the plains of Leipsic, and had died in consequence of a wound received in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent the Swedish army

from crossing the Lech. Gustavus, having reduced all northern Germany either into submission or alliance, had marched into the territories of the Catholic league, and now began to threaten the integrity of the hereditary states. Bohemia fell into the hands of the Elector of Saxony, and with the fall of Prague, which Wallenstein made no effort to defend, the road lay open to Vienna. 'The Lion of the North' was master from the Baltic to the Rhine, and to the mountains of the Tyrol. The imperial army was almost destroyed. It was under such circumstances that the spirit of the emperor was at last broken, and he wrote with his own hand to Wallenstein; and the proud monarch entreated the discarded general 'not to forsake him in the hour of adversity.' The duke felt disposed to yield till he found that the King of Hungary was to be joined with him in authority. At this his pride instantly took fire; 'Never,' he exclaimed, 'will I accept a divided command, were God himself to be my coadjutor! No! I must command alone or not at all.' The point was of course conceded, and Wallenstein consented to raise an army as he had done previously, but would not promise to retain the command for a longer period than three months. Never was the magical power of a name made more apparent, not even in the case of Gonsalvo, the Great Captain of Spain. It is not in mere poetical license that Schiller makes Wallenstein exclaim—

'Once already have I  
Proved myself worth an army to you—I alone!  
Before the Swedish strength your troops had melted;  
Beside the Lech sank Tilly your last hope;  
Into Batavia, like a winter torrent,  
Did that Gustavus pour, and at Vienna  
In his own palace, did the Emperor tremble.  
Soldiers were scarce, for still the multitude  
Follow the luck; all eyes were turn'd on me,  
Their helper in distress; the Emperor's pride  
Bow'd itself down before the man he had injured.'

Men rushed to his standard from all parts of Germany, and at the end of the three months he was at the head of a well-appointed army of forty thousand men. Wallenstein had fulfilled his promise; the army was formed; but the three months for which he had taken the command had expired, and he now declared his intention to retire from the scene. The emperor and the King of Hungary, alarmed at the rapid approach of Gustavus towards the Danube, wrote him almost supplicating letters, and the Minister of War, who visited him at his headquarters, stated that he was authorized to retain his services at almost any price. Wallenstein was made commander-in-chief of all the forces of the empire, both Austrian and Spanish, with supreme authority; officers to be nominated and rewarded and punished by him; no pardon or safe-conduct, even if signed by the emperor, to be valid unless confirmed by him; neither the emperor nor his son was to enter his camp; whatever might be conquered and confiscated was to be appropriated at the sole will and pleasure of the general, without the interference of any other authority; he was to be rewarded with two provinces, and confirmed in the possession of the Duchy of Mecklenburg; and he recommended that on the re-conquest of Bohemia the King of Hungary should reside in Prague, in order to gain the affection of the people, and to secure the fidelity of the army; strong proof that Wallenstein never entertained the project so often ascribed to him, of seizing the crown of that country.

Friedland's appointment to the supreme command, electrified at once all the imperial forces; from the shores of the Danube to the Adriatic, the influence of his genius was instantly felt; a new spirit was infused into the hearts of the soldiers, and a new era commenced. Setting his army in motion, Wallenstein drove the Saxons out of Bohemia, and after witnessing, with secret pleasure, the devastation committed on the territory of his enemy, Maxi-



milian of Bavaria, he marched to Eger as soon as the King of Sweden threatened to enter the Austrian States. By a series of masterly feints, he forced Gustavus to act on the defensive, and uniting his forces with those of the Elector of Bavaria, he marched at the head of an army of sixty thousand men against Gustavus, intrenched with one-third the number at Nuremberg, situated almost in the centre of Germany; covering his conquests on the Rhine, the Danube, and the Maine; and leaving him in communication with his allies and possessions in the north. Confident of success, he boasted that a short time would show whether he or the King of Sweden was to be master. But the presence of the greatest general of the seventeenth century, awed even the spirit of the proud Duke of Friedland. For eight weeks he remained in his strongly intrenched camp, without daring to attack the inferior forces of the foe, contenting himself with sending out Croats and light troops, to cut off the Swedish supplies, and to harass the Swedish foragers.

When Wallenstein first made his appearance before Nuremberg, Gustavus had summoned to his aid all the Swedish and allied troops that were acting in different parts of Germany. From Bavaria and the frontiers of the Tyrol, from Alsace, from the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe and the Oder, troops of all nations flocked in to the standard of the young Swedish king. Oxenstiern assembled all these reinforcements and entered Nuremberg unmolested with thirty-six thousand men, sixty pieces of artillery, and four thousand wagons. The two armies being now evenly matched in numbers, the King of Sweden defiantly offered battle, but Wallenstein would not risk a general engagement with raw troops, against the well-drilled and disciplined veterans of the north, and so on August twenty-fourth, 1632, Gustavus led his legions to the assault of the wary Austrian. After a battle, which Wallenstein

declared was the most desperate that he had ever witnessed, the Swedish army was repulsed, and retired unpursued to a position in front of Furth, close to the field of battle. The letter in which the duke renders an account of this affair to the emperor, concludes with the following words: 'The king has blunted his honors a good deal in this *impresa*; and the result has shown, that he can no longer claim the title of *invictissimi*, which must henceforth belong to your majesty alone.' He acknowledges the loss of about five hundred men; and estimates at two thousand the loss sustained by the Swedes. As these are almost the exact numbers stated by the Scandinavians themselves, it shows that the commanders of the seventeenth century had not learned the system of exaggeration through which so many of the generals of our day tried to forge a little fame in the late American civil war. For two weeks longer the armies stood facing one another, when the king, seeing that he could not overcome the constancy of Wallenstein, left a garrison of five thousand men in the city, and with drums beating and colors flying, passed slowly along the front of the imperial entrenchments, with the vain hope of drawing the wary duke from his 'coigne of vantage,' and proceeded undisturbed to Neustadt. However painful to Wallenstein, he was wise enough not to rush to certain destruction by attacking tried and experienced troops, with a newly-raised army. He knew his game, and played it resolutely in defiance of all taunts and attempts to shake his purpose; and his firmness alone proved him far superior to Count Tilly at Leipsic.

Gustavus now pursued his conquests in Bavaria, while the imperial general prepared to over-run Saxony, and thus detach that powerful state from the Swedish alliance. At Nuremberg he united his forces with those of General Poppenheim, but the rapid march of the northern

hero thwarted him from consummating his design of preventing a junction of the Saxon and Swedish armies. Gustavus came up with the imperial forces at Lutzen, midway between Leipsic and Weissenfels. The morning of November sixth broke dark and dimly on the plains of Lutzen; the sun was obscured, and the ground everywhere covered by a thick mist. About noon the haze cleared away, and the Swedes advanced to the onset, deeming themselves marching to assured victory. The battle was continued with the greatest ardor and fierceness, and with varying success, until night put a stop to the carnage. Wallenstein was constantly in the midst of fire directing the terrible combat; wherever danger was greatest there was he to be seen inspiring the troops by his presence. All his aides were struck down by his side; a cannon shot tore the spur from his heel, and several musket balls lodged in the folds of his buff coat; but he escaped unharmed. Under cover of darkness Wallenstein withdrew his armies towards Leipsic, leaving his baggage and artillery as well as the field of battle in possession of the enemy; but they paid dearly for their victory, with the death of their gallant young leader. The imperial army had to lament the loss of Poppenheim, a general of dauntless courage, who is still one of the most popular of German heroes.

Wallenstein now abandoned Saxony, falling back to Bohemia. He spent the winter in preparation for the ensuing campaign, which, notwithstanding the death of Gustavus,—of whose death the duke said, ‘It is well for him and me that he is gone; there was not room in Germany for both our heads,’—threatened to be an active one. The victorious Swedish army still remained, and the Duke of Weimar and other commanders trained in the school of Gustavus, would not yield their conquests without a stout strugg’e. Friedland opened his last campaign with a well

equipped army of forty thousand. An eye-witness thus describes his departure from Prague, May fifth, 1633: 'The train announced the man who, in power and splendor, vied even with the emperor himself. The procession consisted of fourteen carriages, each drawn by six horses; twenty cavaliers of rank attended on Wallenstein's own person; and a hundred and twenty livery servants followed in his suite. All the court attendants were dressed in new scarlet and blue uniforms; and ten trumpeters sounding their silver-gilt trumpets opened the way. All the baggage-wagons were covered with gilt leather; the greatest order prevailed in the establishment, and every person knew exactly what was his place, and what were his duties. The duke himself was dressed in a horseman's buff coat; and the entire scene resembled more a victor's triumph, than the march of a lately baffled commander.' After delaying the enemy by negotiations and armistices, he marched to the frontiers of Silesia, and by a series of skilful movements obtained the possession of a number of important fortresses in that province, and in Brandenburg and Lusatia. In October, he surprised a body of five thousand Swedes under Count Thurn, and captured the whole corps, with seventeen pieces of artillery. He now determined to break the power of Sweden by carrying the imperial arms to the shores of the Baltic, but the intrigues of his enemies, and his own imprudent conduct in privately carrying on negotiations with Arnheim of Saxony, Oxenstiern of Sweden, and Richelieu of France, hastened his downfall. The emperor submitted impatiently to the hard conditions which had been imposed upon him in his day of adversity, and countenanced, if indeed he did not connive at, evasions of his promises, in order to reduce the power conferred upon the duke as commander-in-chief of the imperial armies. In the meantime the Swedes under the Duke of Weimar offered battle, which he declined, on account, says his biographer, of ill-health, which is not a valid excuse, for if his

gout rendered him unequal to command his army, he should have resigned, which he might have done with credit after the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, as Marshal Montecucoli did after the death of Turenne. 'A man,' said he, 'who has had the honor of commanding against Condé, Mahomet Kupeogli, and Turenne, must not risk his reputation in contending against inexperienced and chance-favored generals.' The duke closed this his last and least glorious campaign, by placing the army in winter-quarters in Bohemia and Moravia.

Great influence was now brought to bear on the emperor by the King of Hungary, Maximilian of Bavaria and the infamous Marquis de Grana, to induce him to displace Wallenstein. But it was unsafe to abruptly dismiss a general at the head of a powerful army, formed by himself, and devoted to his fortunes. He might like a Great Captain of ancient days, overturn the State, and say:—

—What am I doing worse  
Than did famed Cæsar at the Rubicon,  
When he the legions led against his country,  
The which his country had deliver'd to him?  
Had he thrown down the sword, he had been lost,  
As I were, if I but disarm'd myself.'

An effort was therefore made to weaken his power by depriving him of a portion of his forces, and the duke, who had hitherto treated with silent contempt the intrigues of his enemies at the Court of Vienna and elsewhere, now at last realized his danger. He hastened to Pilsen, and there summoned the principal officers of his army, to whom he spoke of his services and wrongs. 'For my part,' said Wallenstein, 'I am determined to resign my command before I am dismissed, and only feel for the fate of my brave and worthy soldiers, the companions of my victories and the sharers of my dangers, who are going to be separated from each other, and ordered to march, in the midst of a severe winter, from their comfortable quarters which I



have provided for them. I regret still more that I cannot confer upon them the rewards of their valor, which they so eminently deserve, and I promised to bestow—promises which I hoped to have fulfilled in the next campaign.’ Under the influence of this address, fifty of the principal officers of the imperial army signed a memorial imploring their commander not to resign, and promised to sustain him, and shed the last drop of their blood in his service. Gallas, the second in rank, and several other generals, aware of the dark web that was weaving around Wallenstein, refused to appear at the meeting; and Piccolomini, an officer of high rank who signed the memorial, hastened to Vienna and misrepresented the dissatisfaction, as a rebellion of the army. Ferdinand sent, January twenty-fourth, 1634, a secret commission to Gallas and Piccolomini, both Italians, depriving Wallenstein of his command, and directing officers and soldiers to obey only those two generals. The document concludes by declaring the Duke of Friedland an outlaw, and commanding him to be taken ‘dead or alive.’ It has been supposed as an explanation of this extraordinary order, that the weak and perfidious emperor was willing enough to cancel by a single blow, not merely a debt of gratitude to the saviour of his empire, but a debt of twenty millions of florins also. His blind fear, his ready credulity, and his haste to condemn unheard a subject of the highest rank and favor, more than expose him to this suspicion. General Mitchell, from whom we quote, further adds, that, ‘In order to deceive his intended victim, and to render the blow more certain, he (the emperor) remained in constant and confidential correspondence with Wallenstein for twenty days after the betrayed general had been outlawed as a rebel. True it is, that he afterwards caused three thousand masses to be said for the souls of the slain, and courtiers and confessors may, by such means, have silenced the feeble voice of the royal conscience. But the voice of history will not be

silenced ; and the name of Frederick II. will be handed down to latest posterity as the name of a sovereign, in whose callous heart not even imperial sway could raise one spark of noble fire ; who, while crawling in the dust before images and relics, remained deaf to the duties of Christianity, and repaid the greatest service ever rendered to a prince, by one of the foulest deeds of treason and murder recorded in the dark annals of human crime.'

The Duke of Friedland, at length made aware of his danger, determined to fly to Eger, and to throw himself into the arms of the allies. He left Pilsen on the morning of February the twenty-second, escorted by seven companies of infantry and two hundred dragoons, the latter commanded by Colonel Butler, an Irish officer. They halted the first night at Miess and arrived on the following evening at Eger, a strong fortress in which he was confident of maintaining himself until the arrival of the Saxons and Swedes under the Duke of Weimar. John Gordon, a Scotchman of the Dugald Dalgetty school, held the post with the regiment of Terzka, of which he was lieut-colonel, and another infamous Scot, named Leslie, was major. These two men with Butler, pretending to be devoted to his cause, formed a plan of assassinating Wallenstein and his immediate friends, with the object of gaining rewards from the emperor, whose proclamation they had seen. The villains having pledged themselves to the murder with an oath, Butler induced seven other officers to join the conspiracy, these were Geraldine, Devereux, Burke, Macdonald, Birch, Lerda and Pestaluzi ; the first five, Irishmen belonging to his own command, the others Spaniards, captains in Terzka's regiment ; and fixed the time for February twenty-fifth. On that evening, several of Wallenstein's principal adherents were invited to an entertainment given by Gordon at the castle, and were there massacred by the conspirators. The first act of the tragedy being successfully concluded, Butler, followed by Devereux and six dragoons,

proceeded to Wallenstein's apartments ; and as it was not unusual for officers to call upon the general at late hours, the guard allowed them to enter. It was nearly midnight, he had just retired, and the servant, who had undressed him, was descending the stairs when he met the murderers and desired them to make no noise, as the duke was going to sleep : but this is a time for noise, shouted Devereux, as he passed on. Finding the door of the chamber locked, he burst it open, and entered, followed by his soldiers. Friedland was standing at the window ; startled by the screams of the ladies Terzka and Kinsky, who lodged in the house opposite, and who had just learned of the assassination of their husbands, he had opened the casement, and was inquiring of a sentinel what was the matter, at the moment Devereux dashed into the room. 'Thou must die,' he exclaimed ; and Wallenstein, disdaining to parley with a murderer and dignified to the last, threw open his arms to the blow, sinking, without a word or a groan, beneath the traitor's sword, which pierced his heart. The heroic part of the 'Thirty Years' War was at an end.

Thus fell a man who, as Gualdo says, 'Was one of the greatest commanders, most generous princes, and most enlightened ministers of his own or any preceding time.' The author of 'Last Fruit off an Old Tree,' does not omit, in his address to Ingratitude, Imperial Austrian in particular, to cite among a plurality of cases that of Ferdinand towards the saviour of his empire.

'When Wallenstein no more enlarged  
The lands he rescued, he was charged  
With treason.'

Richelieu, in a passage that recalls Shakespeare, says of 'that *glorieux* generalissimo of the empire, who was assassinated by his master's orders' that, 'Those blamed him after he was dead, I would have praised him had he lived ; we readily accuse those who are not in a condi-

tion to defend themselves. When once the tree is fallen, all run at the branches to finish the work of demolition: whether a man's reputation shall be good or bad, depends on the closing stage of his existence; the good and the bad pass on to posterity, and the malice of men secures a readier belief in the bad than the good.'

In his person the Duke of Friedland, Mecklenburg, Glogau and Sagan, a man who

'Paced with rapid steps the way of greatness,  
Was Count, and Prince, Duke-regent, and Dictator,'

was tall and muscular; his countenance was sallow; small piercing black eyes; forehead high and commanding, and quasi-reddish hair, short and bristling. His restless searching eyes in particular, and his muscular development in general, remind us of the description of one of the celebrated characters in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 'Ligurge himself, the grete King of Trace:'

The cercles of his eyen in his heed  
They gloweden bytwixe yolw and reed,  
And ilk a griffoun lokèd he aboute,  
With kempè herès on his browès stowte;  
His limès greet, his brawnès hard and stronge,  
His schuldres brood, his armès rounde and longe.





## GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

What render'd this Gustavus  
Resistless, and unconquer'd upon earth?  
This—that he was the monarch in his army!  
A monarch, one who is indeed a monarch,  
Was never yet subdued but by his equal.

SCHILLER.

**G**USTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 'The Lion of the Mid-night,' as, with a play on the word in German which at once means 'midnight,' and 'north,' he has been sometimes called, was the grandson of Gustavus Vasa (whose marvellous escapes in Dalecarlia, hunted as he was by the murderers of all his kin and the usurper of the Swedish throne, are familiar to all readers of history), and son of Charles IX., King of Sweden, youngest son of Gustavus Vasa, who had been called to the throne on the exclusion of his nephew Sigismund, King of Poland, the rightful heir, but who had given offense by professing the Roman Catholic religion. He was born at Stockholm, Dec. ninth, 1594. That he was well taught, and that he proved an apt scholar, we learn from the fact that at the age of twelve, he spoke Latin, French, German, Italian and Dutch, and also possessed some knowledge of Polish and Russian. From his earliest boyhood he displayed strong proclivities towards the profession of arms, and it is recorded of him that he was never weary questioning the eminent soldiers of the time who appeared at the Swedish court, concerning the famous battles and sieges in which they had borne a part—soldiers who had fought under the Duke of Parma, the heroic Henry of Navarre, or the gallant Maurice of Nassau, in those Low Countries which had been so long, and

which continued to be until Waterloo, the cockpit of Europe, 'the dancing place of Mars.'

Gustavus Adolphus, on whom friends and foes confirmed with one accord the name of 'Great,' ascended the throne of Sweden when only seventeen years of age. Unlike most young kings, he began his reign by giving peace to his country, then involved in war with Denmark, Poland and Russia. Securing the assistance of his nobles by confirming their privileges, he made some concessions to the Danes, his nearest and most formidable adversaries; and then turning his arms against the Russians, drove them from Ingria, Karelia, and part of Livonia, while his admirals defeated them on the Baltic. Wisely rejecting the advice of some of his generals to usurp the crown of Russia, he availed himself with moderation of his victories, retaining by treaty with the Czar at Stolbova in 1617 much of the conquered territory. Having by his painful sacrifices to the Danes, and advantages—which more than counterbalanced them—over the Russians, obtained free hands, he directed his attention to the internal affairs of his kingdom, and concentrated all its military efforts against his cousin and most inveterate foe, Sigismund, King of Poland. He over-ran the Baltic coast from Riga to Dantzic, made himself master of a large part of Polish Prussia, defeated the Poles in several engagements, and drew upon himself the eyes of the suffering members of the Protestant religion in Germany, who turned in hope to the young King of Sweden, as it became daily more evident, that deliverance must come from without, that Germany could not produce the hero whom the crisis demanded. The German princes had been defeated, their power annihilated; and the King of Denmark, driven from his continental possessions, had been forced to seek shelter in the Danish islands. The Protestant religion, long threatened, was almost proscribed by the Edict of Restitution, and an Austrian army was be-

sieging Stralsund, and fortifying other ports of the Baltic Sea.

For many years Gustavus had watched the contest between the Reformed faith and the old religion, not without a presentiment that he would be drawn into the struggle,—that he would become the champion of Protestantism against the persecutions of the powers of the Catholic league,—that he would enter the bloody arena and challenge the powers of Austria and Spain, whose armies were commanded by two of the most renowned soldiers of the age—Tilly and Wallenstein. The latter had assumed the title of Imperial Admiral of the Seas, and was endeavoring to build a navy which could only be destined to act against Sweden and Denmark. To this cause of apprehension insults had been added: Swedish couriers had been intercepted on their way into Transylvania, and Swedish ships had been plundered in the German ports occupied by imperial troops. The Duke of Friedland had haughtily refused to admit his ambassadors to the Congress of Lubeck; and the emperor continued to withhold from Gustavus the title of king. He had also sent Wallenstein into Pomerania, with an army of ten thousand men. By the mediation of France and England, a truce for six years was concluded with Poland, September fifteenth, 1629, on terms highly favorable to Sweden. The hostile disposition of the Emperor Ferdinand II., having been sufficiently manifested, and led on by his own gallant and daring spirit, Gustavus at length formed the resolution and obtained the consent of the Estates to appear in the character of the protector of the Protestant religion, and when the die was cast, exclaimed—‘For me there remains henceforth no more rest, but the eternal.’ In his admirable and affecting farewell address to the Senate of Sweden, he said, alluding to his proposed expedition, ‘The object of this enterprise is to set bounds to the increasing power of a dangerous empire, before all resistance becomes

impossible. Your children will not bless your memory, if, instead of civil and religious freedom, you bequeath to them the superstition of the monks, and the double tyranny of popes and emperors. We must prevent the subjugation of the continent before we are reduced to depend upon a narrow sea as the only safeguard of our liberty ; for it is a mere delusion to suppose, that a mighty empire will be unable to raise fleets wherewith to attack us, if it is once firmly established along the shores of the ocean.'

Leaving the care of his kingdom to the Chancellor Oxenstiern, and having presented to the states assembled at Stockholm his daughter Christina, as the heiress of his throne, Gustavus sailed from Elfsuaden with a fleet of two hundred transports, escorted by sixty ships of war, landing on the little island of Usedom, at the mouth of the river Oder, on Midsummer Day, 1630 ; exactly one hundred years after the presentation of the Confession of Augsburg. 'So we have got another kingling on our hands,' the Emperor Ferdinand scornfully exclaimed when the news reached Vienna, but Wallenstein, a better judge of character, said, 'Gustavus Adolphus is a dangerous guest, who cannot be too closely watched.' Gustavus was the first to leap upon the shore, and falling upon his knees returned thanks to God for their safe passage ; and then as the *laborare* and the *orare* went hand in hand with him, he was the first to seize the spade. As fast as his twenty thousand troops landed, he raised, with one-half, intrenchments, while the others stood in battle array ready to repel the imperialists, of whom there were then some forty thousand in Pomerania, commanded by one of Wallenstein's brigand chiefs. The genius of the Swedish leader however rendered his small army more than a match for that led by Torquato Conti. By his vigorous and decisive measures, he soon gained several victories over the enemy ; extending himself, like Alexander, along the coast before he penetrated

the interior of the country. He began by taking Wolgast, then Canim; cleared the island of Wollin, and advanced towards Stettin, where he forced the Duke of Pomerania to accept his proffered alliance. 'Who is not with us is against us,' said Gustavus—a rule which northern generals should have acted upon in the late American war. He soon over-ran and possessed himself of the whole of Pomerania, driving before him superior numbers of the imperialists in every encounter. When winter arrived, it arrested not the progress of the Scandinavian host. The Austrians indeed proposed a cessation of arms in order that the troops might be placed in winter-quarters, but Gustavus would enter into no such arrangement. 'The imperialists may do as they please,' was the king's answer, 'but the Swedes are soldiers in winter as well as in summer,' an assertion he immediately made good by gaining several victories, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. The emperor, who at first talked with contempt of the movements of this 'king of snow,' now awoke to a sense of danger, and proposed a truce on terms exceedingly favorable to Sweden; but Gustavus would enter into no treaties, preferring to follow up his successes, and in eight months from the time of his landing on German soil, he had taken no less than eighty fortresses.

Wallenstein, the foremost leader among the imperialists, having been retired from the command of the Austrian armies, it became necessary to appoint a new general-in-chief, in order to unite all the scattered forces of the empire and the league, and arrest the progress of the fiery Swede. The choice fell upon Tilly, a general who could boast that he had never lost one of the six and thirty actions in which he had commanded. Under his leadership, it was believed the further progress of the king of Sweden would be arrested. Some slight successes were gained by Tilly and Poppenheim, but many Austrian magazines and fortresses continued to



fall before 'The Lion of the Midnight.' The Bavarian general had no sooner withdrawn from the Oder, than Gustavus broke up his camp and advanced towards Frankfort, which was carried by assault, although garrisoned by eight thousand troops. Tilly was already returning to the relief of Frankfort, when he heard of its capture, and so pushed on to Magdeburg, to which he laid siege.

The King of Sweden sent Colonel Falkenberg, an experienced engineer, to assist them, but no persuasion could arouse the inhabitants sufficiently to a sense of their danger, to induce them to advance money for the purpose of raising troops to defend the city. The garrison consisting of less than three thousand men was unable to defend the place, and it fell an easy prey to the imperialists, who carried it by storm. The gallant Falkenberg was among the first killed, the city was soon in possession of the enemy, and the unhappy citizens driven to their houses, there to await their fate, by cannon pointed along the principal streets. 'They were not,' says Schiller, 'left long in suspense. A general endowed with humanity would vainly have recommended mercy to troops like those which Tilly commanded; but the imperial leader did not even make the attempt; and the soldiers, thus rendered absolute masters of the lives and fortunes of the people of Magdeburg, marched into the houses and gave way to every low and vile desire. Suppliant innocence found mercy before many a German ear; none from Poppenheim's infuriated Walloons. Scarcely had the scene of blood commenced, when all the gates of the city were thrown open, and the entire of the cavalry, followed by the whole swarm of murdering Croats, were let loose upon the unhappy town. And now began a scene of death and crime for which writing has no language and poetry no pencil. Not guiltless infancy, not helpless age; neither youth, sex, beauty, nor station,

could disarm the fury of these ruthless conquerors. Wives were dishonored in the arms of their husbands, daughters at the feet of their parents, and the defenseless sex had only the privilege of serving as victims to twofold fury. No place however secluded, however sacred, offered an asylum; and fifty-three women were found beheaded in one church alone. Croats took a pleasure in throwing children into the flames; Poppenheim's Walloons in fixing infants with spears to the breasts of their mothers.'

For three days these horrors continued, and the imperial general rode through the streets to report, from ocular evidence, that since the fall of Troy and Jerusalem, no such conquest had been achieved; and it is asserted that he quoted the well known lines of Virgil on the occasion,

*'Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus  
Dardanix. Fuimus Troes: fuit Ilium et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum.'*

Magdeburg's appalling fate, worse even than that visited upon Rome by Bourbon's army, spread terror and dismay throughout Protestant Germany. The frightful event fell heavily on the spirits of the King of Sweden. The voice of Europe accused him of pusillanimity for neglecting to strike a blow in favor of his allies. Never was there made a more unfair accusation, and he easily justified himself. The Electors of Saxony and Brandenburg, instead of aiding him, had thrown obstacles in his way when he was proceeding to aid the beleaguered city. Carlyle thus speaks of Brandenburg and of his shuffling 'peace at any price' policy, which he continued through the whole war: 'Poor man! it was his hard fate to stand in the range of these huge collisions, where the Titans were hurling rocks at one another, and he hoped by dexterous

skipping to escape share of the game.' It is probable, however, that the many garrisons which Gustavus had left in the conquered fortresses, had so reduced his numbers, that he was unable to cope with Tilly in the open field, and therefore unable to give battle for the relief of the besieged. It is also well known, that the king had resolved not to hazard a general engagement until he had found some powerful allies in Germany. In 1631, Tilly was sent to compel the Elector of Saxony to carry the Edict of Restitution into effect; to disband the Saxon army, and to admit the imperial troops into his dominions. This brought about the consummation so long desired by the illustrious Swede. John of Saxony hastened to conclude a treaty of alliance with Gustavus; the day following the king crossed the Elbe at Wittenberg, joining the Saxons at Derben, and now at the head of the combined armies, and for the first time strong enough in number to cope with Tilly, marched toward Leipsic to give him battle. The imperialists occupied a strong position near Leipsic, but the eagerness of the army for a conflict with the new allies, together with the hints thrown out that the veteran was afraid to meet the high-hearted Swede, overcame Tilly's better judgment, and, contrary to his own convictions, he decided on battle.

The great conflict which decided the fate of Germany, and of the Protestant religion, took place at Breitenfeld, near Leipsic, December seventh, 1631. The combined forces of the Swedes and Saxons amounted on this important occasion to about thirty-five thousand men, the imperialists were estimated at the same number. Armies in those days were not the immense machines which we have seen employed in the wars of the nineteenth century, so that the forces under the command of Gustavus and Tilly were looked upon as enormous. The great battle was begun by the

Swedes at nine o'clock, and waged with varying success during the day; but before night-fall had put an end to the carnage, the imperialists were driven from the field with the loss of nearly one-third of their army, thirty pieces of artillery, one hundred standards, and all their baggage. To these losses must be added the fame in arms and the spell of invincibility which was broken forever. The Saxon and Swedish loss was less than three thousand men. No Captain of modern times has manœuvred with more skill, courage and impetuosity, than was displayed on this memorable occasion by the illustrious Christian hero. This signal victory, gained over a general never vanquished before, at once established his reputation as a great soldier. The Protestant States which had hitherto hesitated whether to regard him as their leader, now welcomed him with an enthusiasm little short of adoration; those who had before only wished him success, now prepared to aid him; and his enemies were, in an equal degree, dismayed and depressed. At Vienna the news was not believed; no one would credit, 'that,' as they expressed it, 'God Almighty had turned Protestant.'

This success poured a rich harvest into the hands of the king. Borne on the wings of victory, *cum Deo et victricibus armis*—for that was the characteristic legend on his medals at this time, he marched into Franconia and Bavaria, defeating Tilly again at Wurzburg, and wintered for two months at Mayence, where he was joined by the Queen of Sweden, Oxenstiern, and the chief officers of his court. Early in March, the king was again on the war-path, crossing the Danube, and advancing against Tilly, who occupied a strong position behind the river Lech, between Augsburg and Raine. Under the fire of seventy-two pieces of artillery, a bridge was constructed and brigades of infantry crossed, while the cavalry passed over by a ford, which

had been discovered a little higher up the river. Tilly made a gallant onslaught on the Swedes, but in vain. It was his last battle; a ball shattered his knee, and fainting from pain, he was carried to the rear. His troops everywhere gave way before the impetuous Gustavus, and under cover of night fled to Ingoldstadt, the defence of which the veteran Tilly had recommended with his last breath. It is related that as an Austrian duke was hurrying from the field, a peasant gave his horse a sharp cut with a whip, calling out at the same time 'Quick, quick, Sir Duke; those must fly fast who fly before the great King of Sweden.' This crossing of the river Lech in the face of an enemy commanded by one of the most successful and experienced captains of Europe, is justly pronounced by military critics, the most signal exploit that the illustrious Swede at any time accomplished.

Munich surrendered in May; almost the whole of Bavaria fell into the hands of the Swedes, and the Elector of Bavaria was forced to take refuge in Ratisbon. The Lutheran peasants of Upper Austria took up arms; the Swiss granted permission to the king to raise troops in their territories, and the Swedish standards were carried triumphantly to Lake Constance and the Tyrolese mountains. The King of Sweden was master from the Baltic to the Rhine: the imperial army was destroyed, and the name of Gustavus alone filled the trumpet of fame. The French king, although he was the ally of the Swedish general, became alarmed at the extent of his victories, and notwithstanding his delight at every humiliation which befell the House of Austria, is reported to have exclaimed: 'This Goth must be stopped.' Even Richelieu was alarmed by the wonderful successes of Gustavus, and trembled at the spirit he had evoked. He tried to throw obstacles in the way of the king's further progress, and to fetter his hands by absurd conditions. But the 'Lion of the Midnight' had not learned humility from victory, and as before, the



firmness of the soldier easily overcame the arts of the minister.

Such was the condition of things when Wallenstein, clothed with almost imperial powers, was called to the field. As if by magic he raised an army of forty thousand men; drove the Saxons from Bohemia; entered Prague May fourth; effected a junction with the Elector of Bavaria at Eger, and from there advanced towards Nuremberg, where he found Gustavus intrenched with an army of about twenty thousand men, while the imperial and Bavarian forces amounted, after their junction, to three times that number; forming the most numerous body of troops which had appeared in Europe since the time of Charles V. But even the proud spirit of Wallenstein felt the presence of the foremost captain of all the world, and he hesitated to attack him in his intrenchments, protected by three hundred cannon, and soldiers who looked upon the day of battle as a day of certain victory. He resolved, therefore, to subdue by famine those whom he could not otherwise conquer, and with good judgment took up a position about five miles from Nuremberg, where he also intrenched himself. Gaunt famine was now to do the work of Friedland, and on this occasion it vanquished the hitherto unconquered Gustavus. The hostile armies remained in sight of each other for three months, each endeavoring to conquer by famine and disease, constant skirmishing going on between detached parties of both armies. During the month of August, Oxenstiern arrived with reinforcements, consisting of thirty-six thousand men, sixty guns, and four thousand wagons. The two most formidable armies which had appeared during the 'Thirty Years' War, the largest, the most terrible which has visited modern Europe—in which 'Germany was tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked, brayed as in a mortar under the iron mace of war;' now stood opposed to each other.

At the expiration of three months, during which time

both armies suffered a loss of one-fourth their number by famine, disease and skirmishing, the King of Sweden determined to break up his camp. Having placed a garrison of five thousand Swedes in Nuremberg, he left his lines September eighth, and with drums beating and colors flying passed slowly along the front of the imperial intrenchments, on his way to Neustadt. The wily Wallenstein, regardless of the bold defiance, remained unmoved behind his strong works, and so far from impeding the march of Gustavus ordered his outposts to withdraw on his approach, not desiring yet to hazard a battle with the best disciplined troops of Europe, commanded by 'the greatest general in the world,' as Friedland considered the King of Sweden. The imperial commander by his failure to accept the challenge to combat on an open field, exposed himself to the taunts of both friends and foes; but it did not alter his purpose.

From Neustadt, Gustavus, after giving his armies some rest, marched into Bavaria to complete the conquest of that country. At the siege of Ingoldstadt, his horse was killed under him by a cannon ball fired from the walls; and the king, hurled to the ground, was also supposed to be slain. He rose however unhurt; only saying to those about him, 'The apple is not ripe yet.' From this day he seemed to have a presentiment that his end was not far distant. A sufficient force having been left to hold his Bavarian conquests, Gustavus proceeded by forced marches to Erfurth, where he was joined by the Duke of Weimar, who had made an irruption into Saxony. On this, his last march, the king was everywhere received with the greatest demonstrations of joy. The people came from all directions to behold their champion, they kneeled before him as he passed, vied with each other for an opportunity to kiss, or merely to touch the hem of his garment, or the horse on which he rode. 'Rise up, rise up, or God will punish me for being the cause of this idolatry,' he repeat-

edly exclaimed; and only three days before his death, he said to his chaplain, 'They make a God of me, God will punish me for this.' These demonstrations of love, gratitude and admiration for their saviour and liberator, however foolishly expressed, throw a halo of glory round the closing scene of his brief, but most glorious career.

On November fifteenth, 1632, the two armies met on the plains of Lutzen, the same field where Napoleon achieved, nearly two centuries later, one of his last victories. Here the two foremost captains of all the world, who had looked one another in the face and had come to some partial hand-strokes near Nuremberg, were to measure themselves in a most fierce and bloody encounter—an encounter in which the noble king was to breathe out his soul, in the moment of victory, as did the heroic Wolfe on the Canadian Plains of Abraham. Gustavus, notwithstanding his presentiments of death, went forth to his last battle, with more than his usual cheerfulness, as one who

'Called upon to face  
Some awful moment, to which heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover, and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.'

The Austrian army has been variously estimated as exceeding the Swedes in numbers by from ten to twenty thousand men; but the latter had great tactical advantages, were accustomed to act together, and entertained boundless confidence in themselves and their bold-hearted leader. The king's army, like Cromwell's, was animated with a deep religious sentiment, and it may be said of them, that they 'through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, put to flight the armies of the aliens.'

The biographer of Gustavus says: 'Every regiment had two chaplains, who received their forty pounds apiece

in our present money. They were governed by a consistory of their own order, and being men judiciously chosen, were respected by the principal commanders and beloved by the soldiers; yet their authority was such that they discountenanced and suppressed all profane swearing and drunkenness; nor was the camp filled with vagrants, thieves and prostitutes, as usually happened in the imperial service. Thus, by a habit of discipline, morality and piety, adjoining thereto a constant experience in matters of war, the Swedish army in Gustavus's days was rendered next to invincible, and became the most respectable body of troops then in Europe; for not long before Gustavus' death the Swedes possessed near three hundred strong towns and fortresses in the Empire,—and it was possible to dine in one of them and sleep in another,—from the middle of Silesia to the western banks of the Rhine, and from the lake of Constance to the Baltic ocean.'

No hostilities took place on the fifteenth, which was devoted to preparations for the approaching struggle. The Swedes, having formed their line of battle, remained all night under arms. The morning of the sixth broke dark and dimly on the plain of Lutzen, the sun was obscured, and the ground everywhere covered by a thick and impenetrable mist. The fog enabled the Swedes to advance unmolested to within a thousand yards of the enemy. A severe wound which Gustavus had received in one of his early campaigns made the wearing of his armor very painful to him. When it was brought to him, and he was urged by his officers to put it on, he declined, saying, 'God is my armor,' and then commanded prayers to be said in every regiment. The army then sang Luther's hymn *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and a psalm composed by the king. Service over, the kneeling soldiers rose in their ranks, while Gustavus addressed them. His speeches have been variously reported; certain it is that

he said to some regiments, 'Fight as usual, brave comrades, and you will this day make me the first king in the world.' A little after eleven o'clock the fog cleared away, and the unconquerable host moved forward in obedience to the king's order, who, placing himself at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, and exclaiming, 'Now, Lord Jesus, give us aid; we are going to fight for the honor of thy holy name,' led the onset. A terrible fire of artillery and musketry greeted them as they approached, but did not for one instant check the steady march of those heroic Scandinavians, who, on level ground, had no equal foes. The right, commanded by the king in person, carried everything before it, the centre met with the same success; and the Swedes, masters of a great part of the field, shouted victory, and thought the day already gained. But on the left they had been less fortunate. The Duke of Weimar, exposed to a galling fire from the imperialists posted behind the garden walls and enclosures of Lutzen, as well as to the fire of seventeen guns, had been repulsed.

Gustavus, informed of the ill success of Weimar, hurried to his assistance. He reformed the troops, drove back the imperialists, and having, with head uncovered, returned thanks for the victory he deemed already won, rode forward accompanied by a small escort, to see how the advantage could best be followed up. At this moment a musket ball shattered his left arm, and finding himself growing faint from pain and loss of blood, he requested to be led out of the battle. As he was being taken back, in attempting to clear the front of their own men, they came too near a party of the enemy, and the king received another wound in the back. The foe dashed forward; the Duke of Lauenberg and the rest of his escort fled, and falling from his horse, the dying hero was abandoned. All fled save only a young German aide-de-camp, who remained with the dying monarch. He leaped from his horse, and offered it to the king, but he was too feeble to mount, and the young



officer was unable to lift the stalwart soldier. A party of imperialists now rode up and demanded to know the name of the wounded officer. The aide, a son of Baron Lubelfing of Nuremberg, refusing to answer, received several shots, of which he died five days after, but was able to give this account of the last moments of Gustavus. 'I am the King of Sweden,' feebly exclaimed the Christian warrior; when the foe replied with a pistol shot through the head, and several thrusts through the body. His hat blackened with the powder and pierced with the ball, as well as his bloody coat, is still to be seen in the arsenal at Vienna. Thus perished the heroic Swedish leader. His horse flying riderless, with blood-stained housings, along their lines, gave the first intimation of his death, and the army, roused to fury and led by Bernhard of Weimar, rushed forward with an impetuosity that nothing could resist; Poppenheim, the Prince Rupert of the Austrian cavalry, fell mortally wounded, and under cover of darkness, Wallenstein withdrew his beaten army towards Leipsic, leaving his artillery and baggage in the hands of the victors.

When the battle was ended the body of the king, with the faithful Lobelfing by his side, was found, both stripped to the skin, trodden under the hoofs of horses, and trampled in the mire. The surgeon who embalmed the corpse, that it might be sent to Sweden, found upon it four shot and five sabre wounds. Oxenstiern, in an official letter written after his burial in the church of the Ridderholms at Stockholm, says of the king's death, 'I had long foreseen the misfortune, and often requested his majesty not thus to expose himself. But God had endowed this prince with a degree of courage, which made him disregard all danger; so that we can only speak of his death as an event that tends to enhance his fame.'

Gustavus inherited the commanding presence, eloquence and accomplishments of his grandfather. In his mien and bearing he was 'every inch a king,' and it may

almost be said of him as the old Scandinavian chronicler, in his simple language, has recorded of one of the ancient heroic figures of Norse land, ‘that his countenance was so beautiful, that, when sitting among his friends, the spirits of all were exhilarated by it; that when he spoke, all were persuaded; that when he went out to meet his enemies, none could withstand him.’ He effected great changes in the system of warfare, but he owed much of his wonderful success in battle to strict discipline and the ardor with which his personal character inspired his soldiers. No other commander ever possessed greater magnetism over his troops—not even his heroic successor Charles XII., nor the hero of Austerlitz and Marengo. His magnanimity, clemency to the vanquished, and respect for the religious opinions of others, challenged the esteem of his enemies. Though eminently a warlike king, he devoted much time to the internal affairs of Sweden; he organized the classes of nobility, encouraged commerce and manufactures and mining; abolished trial by single combat, and endowed the famous University of Upsala. Michelet, the most picturesque of French historians, remarks that the illustrious strategist Turenne, Condé, ‘qui, par moments, eut l’illumination des batailles;’ the brilliant Prince Eugene, and the redoubtable Duke of Marlborough, ‘would have thought you were laughing at them, had you compared them to the Great Gustavus. At the name of the *King of Sweden* they uncovered. The word was frequent on their lips, *The King of Sweden* himself would not have succeeded in this. \* \* The grand shadow of that renown brooded over their every thought.’ We may apply to

‘Gustavus the Swede,  
Whose camp was a church, where prayer was said  
At morning réveille and evening tattoo;’

what Southey wrote of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar: ‘Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of

honors, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory.'

Gustavus was succeeded on the throne of Sweden by Christina, his daughter by Maria Eleanor of Brandenburg, whose court he had visited in disguise for the purpose of choosing a wife, and to whom he was married in 1620. At Breitenfeld, near Leipsic, the scene of his great victory over Tilly, a monument has been raised by the people to the 'Great King,' as he is called in Germany, and till within a few years, they assembled there on the anniversary of the battle to return thanks for the victory which liberated their country, and gave freedom to their religion. At Wurtsberg, Gustavus shares tradition with Frederick Barbarossa, the most illustrious of the Swabian emperors; while at Lutzen, the spot, marked only by a rude stone,—surrounded with a few trees,—where fell the foremost soldier of the seventeenth century, is merely pointed out as a place 'where somebody was killed!' Such is worldly fame.

Earl Stanhope in one of his delightful essays, alluding to Macaulay's sketch of Frederick the Great, in which the English historian calls his Prussian majesty, 'the greatest king that has in modern times succeeded by right of birth to a throne,' says: 'With very sincere respect for Mr. Macaulay's critical authority, we must here however dissent from his conclusion. Several royal and legitimate names occur to us as deserving to stand higher on the rolls of fame. Thus, upon the whole, and not without a knowledge of many blemishes and errors in our hero, we should prefer to Frederick, the Fourth Henry of France. But without any doubt or hesitation we should assign the palm over both to Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. As with Frederick, his grandfather was the first king of his race; to that king, like Frederick, he was lineal and

peaceful heir. Succeeding to the throne at a far earlier age than the Prussian monarch, he fell in the field of glory when only thirty-seven,—that age so often fatal to genius,—yet within that narrow space, during those few and youthful years, how much had he already achieved for immortality! As a statesman he may be held to have surpassed, as a warrior to have equalled Frederick. And if lofty principles and a thought of things beyond this earth be admitted as an element of greatness (as undoubtedly they should be), how much will the balance then incline to the side of Frederick? The victory gained by the Prussian king at Rossbach was, we allow, fully equal to the victory gained by the Swedish king at Leipsic, on nearly the same ground one hundred and twenty-seven years before. The two monarchs were alike in the action; but how striking the contrast between them in the evening of the well fought day! Gustavus kneeling down at the head of all his troops to give God the glory! Frederick seated alone in his tent, and composing his loathsome Ode!’

6\*

*Gustavus Adolphus*






## OLIVER CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hath plough'd,  
And on the neck of crown'd fortune proud,  
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field, resound thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains  
To conquer still : peace hath her victories  
No less renown'd than war ; new foes arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains ;  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

MILTON.

 HE family of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the English commonwealth, belonged to the class of gentry, and his social position was well described by himself when he said, 'I was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity.' In the register of burials of the Parish Church of Felstead, the entry of the interment of Cromwell's eldest son, who died in 1639, the Puritan squire is spoken of as a man to be honored ; and as this entry was made by the vicar before the heroic Englishman had risen to eminence, the fact is important, as showing the consideration in which he was held by those who knew him best. The Cromwells were connected with the St. Johns, the Hampdens, and the royal House of Stuart. The great-grandfather of Oliver was Sir Richard Cromwell, a nephew of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, one of the most zealous spoilers of Romish churches and monasteries, after Protestantism

had been established by Henry VIII. It is to him that Cardinal Wolsey says, when sent to prison by the English Caligula :—

‘Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition ;  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to my enemies.’

His grandfather, Sir Henry Cromwell, was known in the county by the name of the ‘Golden Knight,’ in allusion to the great riches he possessed, and was famous for his princely charities. He lived in Lincolnshire on the domain of Hinchbrook. His second son Robert married a widow lady named Lynne, descended from the house of Stuart. This Mrs. Cromwell was eighth cousin to King Charles, whom her son afterward immolated. King James I., when passing through Lincolnshire to take possession of his English crown, visited the Cromwells, when the future Protector was four years old, and in after years he might easily remember having seen under his family’s roof this king, father of the unfortunate monarch whom he beheaded.

Robert Cromwell, father of the future ruler of England, resided on an estate called Ely, on the banks of the river Ouse, where Oliver was born April twenty-fifth, 1599. He was a justice of the peace, sat in one of Elizabeth’s parliaments, and had an income of nearly four hundred pounds, deemed in those days a large sum. Oliver was the fifth child of his father, who died before he attained his majority. Many curious anecdotes are related of his childhood, as seems to be invariably the case with men who achieve distinction. A monkey snatched him from the cradle and carried him to the housetop ; a curate saved him from drowning, and lived to tell him that he repented the deed when he was warring against his church ; he had a fight with Prince Charles and thrashed

him soundly,—as he did again later in life,—when the royal family was on a visit to his Uncle at Hinchbrook ; and other similar stories, all probably coined after he had risen to be ruler over Great Britain. Sent to the University of Cambridge, he received his education at Sidney Sussex College ; and returned home after the death of his father, to be the support of his mother and a second parent to his sisters. He conducted with sagacity beyond his years the family estate, and at twenty-one he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir James Bouchier. She was his first and only love.

Cromwell continued to reside with his widowed mother, and occupied his time with the rural employments of a gentleman farmer. Soon after his marriage, his mind took that serious turn which had such great effect on his future life. His family and friends, revolutionists in religion and politics, mutually encouraged each other in their solitude by the prevailing passion of the times which was so deeply agitating England and Scotland. Among the number was his cousin, the celebrated John Hampden, a Puritan like himself, who was destined to give the signal for a revolution, by refusing to pay the impost of twenty shillings to the crown. He assisted, assiduously at the preachings of those itinerant Puritan divines who came to stir up polemical ardor and antipathies ; became distinguished as an ardent and active religious man, and was ever ready to render assistance to those brother Puritans of his neighborhood who needed aid. In a confidential letter written to one of his own sect in 1638, he says, ‘I wish you to remit forty shillings (then a considerable sum) to a poor farmer who is struggling to bring up an increasing family, to remunerate the doctor for his cure of this man Benson. If our friends, when we come to settle accounts, do not agree to this disposal of the money, keep this note, and I will repay you out of my private purse.’

The public career of Oliver Cromwell began with his election as a member of Parliament, March twenty-seventh, 1627. During the eleven years that followed the dissolution of the Parliament which met in 1628, and while Charles I. was endeavoring to establish a despotism over England, Cromwell resided at Ely, and on the estate of St. Ives, which he purchased in 1635. The opposition which he made, not to the draining of the fens, but to government interference with the work, was successful, and won him great fame, and from the people the title of 'Lord of the Fens,' while it showed to the country that he was a man of immovable resolution. Cromwell's house is still to be seen near the little hamlet of St. Ives, bearing the appearance of a ruined cloister: 'The shadows of the trees planted like hedges on the borders of his fields in the marshes, intercept all extent of view from the windows. A lowering and misty sky weighs as heavily on the imagination as on the roofs of the houses. Tradition still points out an oratory, supported by broken arches,—built of brick by the devout Puritan,—behind his house, adjoining the family sitting-room, where Cromwell assembled the peasants of the neighborhood to listen to the word of God from the mouths of the missionaries, and where he often prayed and preached himself when the spirit moved him. Long and deep lines of old trees, the habitations of ill-omened crows, bound the view on all sides. These trees hide even the course of the river Ouse, whose black waters, confined between muddy banks, look like the refuse from a manufactory or mill. Above them appears only the smoke of the wood-fires of the little town of St. Ives, which continually taints the sky in the sombre valley. Such a spot is calculated either to confine the minds of its inhabitants to the vulgar ideas of traffic, industry or

gazing, or to cause them to raise their thoughts above the earth in the ecstasy of pious contemplation.'

In the year 1640, Oliver Cromwell was chosen to the short parliament; and when the second parliament of that year was called, Hampden, then at the height of his popularity from resistance to the royal prerogative, wishing to strengthen the Republican party by the accession of his cousin, procured his return to Parliament as member for Cambridge, defeating the poet Cleaveland, a zealous royalist. This new election of Cromwell by a more important county, did not distract his thoughts from the great aim of his life. 'Send me,' he writes to a friend in London, 'the Scottish arguments for the maintenance of uniformity in religion as expressed in their proclamations. I wish to read them before we enter upon the debate, which will soon commence in the House of Commons.' Cromwell made his maiden speech soon after the meeting of Parliament, defending those bitter writers against Church and State,—chief among whom was John Milton, who has given immortality to the fleeting passions of the time,—whose pamphlets were delivered by the king and the bishops from time to time, to be burned by the hands of the executioner. 'It was in November, 1640,' says Sir Philip Warwick in his memoirs, 'that I, who was also a member, and vain enough to think myself a model of elegance and nobility,—for we young courtiers pride ourselves on our attire,—beheld on entering the house, a person speaking. I knew him not; he was dressed in the most ordinary manner, in a plain cloth suit which appeared to have been cut by some village tailor. His linen, too, was coarse and soiled. I recollect also observing a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band; his stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side;



his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable; and his eloquence full of fervor, for the subject-matter would not bear of much reason, it being in behalf of a libeler in the hands of the executioner. I must avow that the attention bestowed by the assembly on the discourse of this gentleman, has much diminished my respect for the House of Commons.'

So little was Cromwell known to his contemporaries that on the day he made the speech referred to in the foregoing extract, Lord Digby asked John Hampden who the sloven was, and received for answer, that if ever there should be a breach with King Charles, that sloven would be the greatest man in England. He was not much given to speech-making, but he was an active party man, and labored with great zeal and industry in the common cause. 'It has been ascertained,' says Sanford, 'that within the first ten months of the long parliament, and before the recess which began on September ninth, 1641, Cromwell was specially appointed to eighteen committees, exclusive of various appointments among the knights and burgesses generally of the eastern counties.' The most important matters fell within the province of several of these committees. He supported the grand remonstrance, and all the other measures that were meant to curb the power of the faithless and unfortunate king, and when it was felt that war was inevitable, Cromwell was among the first to prepare for it. He contributed liberally for the purchase of arms, and took possession, as a member of Parliament, of the castle at Cambridge, confiscating the University plate which was to have been sent to Charles. He animated the people of his district by his religious ardor, and converted sectarians into soldiers, thus forming the nucleus of his cavalry regiment which became the finest body of troops in the world. They never were beaten, and, says Forster, 'had his history closed with the raising and dis-

ciplining of these men, it would have left a sufficient warrant of his greatness to posterity.' He intercepted the royalists on their way to join the king, and everywhere disarmed the partisans of the crown. His uncle, Sir Oliver of Hinchbrook, a stout old royalist, he treated with great respect, but took from him everything with which he could assist the king. 'I shall not harm you,' said Cromwell to a gentleman who remonstrated against the invasion of their homes, 'for, on the contrary, I wish to save the country from being more torn to pieces. Behave with integrity and fear nothing: but if you should act badly, then you must forgive the rigor which my duty toward the people will force me to exercise.'

Cromwell was present at the battle of Edgehill, the first engagement which took place between the Royalists and Republicans. The Earl of Essex, an able but temporizing general, and more experienced in regular war than civil commotion, advanced at the head of fifteen thousand men against the king, whose forces amounted to but ten thousand. Nearly one-fifth of the whole number engaged fell on this bloody field. The cavaliers were victorious, but too much weakened by their heavy loss to advance against London, which was trembling for its safety. Colonel Cromwell, who showed himself to be an able cavalry leader, saw that the parliament could not contend with the king's trained soldiers, unless it should have in its service men capable of meeting the royalists on some ground of principle; and against the chivalrous spirit which actuated the better portion of the latter, he proposed to direct the religious enthusiasm of the Puritans. Hampden, who became a convert to this principle, soon after said in the House of Commons, 'Let our enemies fight for their ancient honor; we combat for our religion.' Cromwell recruited his regiment to one thousand men, which he drilled and exhorted until it became the best cavalry in England, and was the seed of that army which won the

parliament's cause, and then overthrew the parliament itself. This regiment, which was called 'Ironsides,' in allusion to their imperturbable confidence in God, was composed of freeholders or the sons of freeholders, and was recruited from Cromwell's neighbors. Friends and foes alike give the fullest evidence as to the discipline, valor, skill, freedom from military vices, and religious zeal of these resistless and God-fearing soldiers. 'My soldiers do not make an idol of me,' said he in a letter to his cousin St. John, President of the Parliament, 'I can say truly that it is not upon me, but on you that their eyes are fixed, ready to fight and die for your cause. They are attached to their faith, not to their leader. We seek only the glory of the Most High. The Lord is our strength. Pray for us and ask our friends to do so also.'

The early military successes of Cromwell were important, and were soon followed by others of a more brilliant character. He surprised a party of loyalists in Suffolk, and near Grantham totally routed a body of cavalry that were endeavoring to obtain control of Lincolnshire. His next action was the relief of Gainsborough. The enemy were advancing upon the town with three times his numbers, when Cromwell threw himself in their front and immediately charged upon them. Some of the royalists fled, but Cromwell, then exhibiting for the first time that mode of action which gave him so many victories, did not pursue, but reformed his troops and fell upon those who stood, routing and driving them into a bog where they were nearly all killed. 'Our soldiers,' he wrote to his wife on the day succeeding his victory, 'were in a state of exhaustion and lassitude such as I never before beheld, but it pleased God to turn the balance in favor of this handful of men. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, we rushed horse against horse, and fought with sword and pistol for a considerable time. We obliged the enemy to retreat and pursued them. I put their commander to flight as far as

the borders of a marsh, when his cavalry fell into the mire and my lieutenant killed the young nobleman himself by a sword thrust in his short ribs. We owe this day's victory more to God than to any human power. May he still be with us in what remains to do !'

This victory raised Cromwell's reputation, and the more so that the other parliamentary leaders were often beaten. It was the beginning of his successful military career. He continued his services in the field, and parliament ordered that two thousand men should be added to his command, to be disciplined after his fashion. In October, 1643, he was joined by Lord Fairfax, and soon after met Sir John Henderson with a superior force of cavalry at Winceby field near Horncastle. Cromwell led the van, which advanced to the attack singing psalms. His horse was killed under him in the first charge. A terrible battle followed, in which the cavaliers were defeated, although their army was three times as numerous as that of the parliament. Early in 1644, Cromwell was appointed one of the committee of both kingdoms, which was then constituted the executive authority for the conduct of the war, and affairs generally. The victory of Marston Moor, July third, resulting in the total overthrow of the royalists, was chiefly due to the military genius of Cromwell. He next accompanied the Earl of Manchester to the south, where the royalists had been victorious, being placed in command of the cavalry. The second battle of Newbury was fought October twenty-seventh, the king being with his army. The cavaliers retreated during the night, and Cromwell, who had greatly distinguished himself in the action, vainly entreated the earl who was in command to pursue. So little energy had that general that he allowed the king to return, assume the offensive, and carry off the artillery and military stores that were in Dunington castle.

Cromwell and his friends, disgusted with the manner in which the Presbyterians, who did not desire to push matters

to extremity with the king, were conducting the war, decided that the army should pass under the influence of the Independents. In this he was sustained by the best men of the parliamentary party. From his place in parliament Cromwell accused Manchester of backwardness and of not desiring victory over the king. He described all that had happened at Newbury, and bore hard upon the various commanders who belonged to the Presbyterians. On December ninth he openly urged the necessity of remodelling the army. The 'self-denying ordinance,' discharging members of parliament from military offices and permitting enlistment without the signing of the covenant, was finally passed April third, 1645. Meantime the 'new model' was also passed, and the raising of troops proceeded with activity. The three armies then existing were formed into one, Fairfax was made lord-general and Skippon major-general, the office of lieutenant-general being left vacant, with a view of appointing Cromwell to it, notwithstanding the self-denying ordinance passed by the parliament. The army was entirely reorganized, and many worthless and incompetent officers dismissed. The wisdom of these changes was proved in the triumphant result of the next campaign. Ere long Lord Fairfax sent a petition to the Commons requesting that Cromwell might command the cavalry of his army. He accordingly received a dispensation from the self-denying ordinance, and in June he joined Fairfax at Northampton, becoming at once the real commander of the army.

Causing his son-in-law Ireton to ascertain the position of the royalists, who were encamped some six miles distant, he declared for action the next day. On June fourteenth was fought the famous battle of Naseby. Portions of each army were successful, and it was left for Cromwell with his Ironsides, after routing their cavalry, to assail the royalist infantry, which he also defeated. All their artillery, colors and eight thousand prisoners were captured.



Cromwell led the pursuit to Harborough, following up the decisive victory with wonderful success. Leicester was retaken, Taunton relieved, Goring beaten, and Bridgewater stormed. After taking Sherburne castle, Fairfax and Cromwell besieged Bristol, which was occupied by the gallant *sabreur* Prince Rupert, with five thousand cavaliers. Cromwell was for attacking the place at once, being ever an advocate for bold measures. The assault failed, but was made with so much spirit that Rupert surrendered. Cromwell next stormed Devizes, which fell before him, Berkeley Castle shared the same fate, followed by the surrender of Winchester. He soon after defeated Lord Wentworth at Bovey Tracy, inflicting a heavy loss upon him. Many other victories followed, armies, towers and towns, going down before him and his resistless soldiers, who looked upon the day of battle as a day of certain victory. Finally Sir Jacob Astley, at the head of three thousand horse was routed at Stow-on-the-Wold, March twenty-first, 1646, which was the last action of the civil war. The Puritan warrior had done his work well. In less than a year from the time he joined Fairfax, he had subdued a good portion of England. As Sir Jacob Astley said when taken to his head-quarters, 'my masters, you have done your work, and may go play; unless you choose to fall out among yourselves.'

Of the irresistible army with which Cromwell had so unrelentingly pursued the king's adherents during the four years' civil war, an old chronicler gives us the following description: 'The Puritan soldiers of Cromwell are armed with all kinds of weapons, clothed in all colors and sometimes in rags. Pikes, halberds and long straight swords are ranged side by side with pistols and muskets. Often he causes his troops to halt that he may preach to them, and frequently they sing psalms while performing their exercise. The captains are heard to cry '*Present, fire! in the name of the Lord!*' After calling over the muster-

roll, the officers read a portion of the New or Old Testament. Their colors are covered with symbolical paintings and verses from the Scriptures. They march to the Psalms of David, while the Royalists advance singing loose bacchanalian songs.' Although Cromwell had not yet assumed the actual title of lord-general-in-chief of the parliamentary army, he possessed all the authority of the office which public opinion could bestow upon him. Had he died in 1646, he would have been entitled to a high place in the list of great captains. In original genius for war, few soldiers ever surpassed him. Parliament, recognizing his eminent services, heaped rewards on the hero. Lands of the value of two thousand five hundred pounds were conferred on him, taken from those of the Somersets and Herberts.

The escape of King Charles from Hampton Court, in 1647, and his flight to Carisbrooke Castle, followed by the resolution of the House of Commons not to hold any more treaties with him, led to great excitement and some fighting. Cromwell proceeded to Wales, where he quickly suppressed a royalist rising, and then entered upon his Scottish campaign, called the commencement of the second civil war. The majority of the Scotch were in favor of restoring the king again, and invaded England with a large army, which was joined by many English cavaliers. Cromwell hastened to the north, and effected a junction with General Lambert, their united forces numbering less than ten thousand, while the enemy were estimated at upwards of twenty thousand. In none of Cromwell's battles did he display greater military genius than on the field of Preston, August seventeenth, 1648. The enemy lost several thousand men, and the Duke of Hamilton, their commander, was among the slain. Following up his victory with great vigor, Cromwell completed the ruin of the Scottish army, which was entirely destroyed. 'This is a glorious day,' he said after the battle, 'God grant that

England may prove worthy of, and grateful for, His mercies.' Cromwell pushed on to Edinburgh where he was welcomed by the extreme anti-Stuart party, headed by the Duke of Argyll.

When the council of state was constituted, for performing the executive duties of government, after the trial and execution of the unfortunate Charles, Cromwell was appointed one of its members. He was made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and proceeded to that country at the head of an army of twelve thousand men. He embarked at Milford Haven, 'followed,' as Milton tells us, 'by the well wishes of the people, and the prayers of all good men.' He reached Dublin, August fifteenth, 1649, and immediately inaugurated a campaign as brilliant as it was merciless in its character. Drogheda was stormed, and the entire garrison either put to the sword or sold into slavery; at Wexford the horrors of Drogheda were repeated, the conqueror converting his victories into massacres; and pacified Ireland through a deluge of blood. Recalled to England after nine months of battles and sieges, by the commotions in Scotland, Cromwell appointed his son-in-law Ireton lord-deputy, and hastened to London, where he was received with great enthusiasm. Charles II. had landed in Scotland, and been made a covenanted king by the Scotch parliament, composed of fanatical Presbyterians, as hostile to the faith of the Independents, as to Papacy itself. They intended to invade England and force the young king on that country. Cromwell was made general-in-chief by the commonwealth; placed himself immediately at the head of his army, and entered Scotland, July twenty-third, 1650. General Lesley, an able soldier, held a strong position between Edinburgh and Leith, and while he refused battle, harassed the English and destroyed all sources of supply, in accordance with the Scottish manner of resisting English invasion. Cromwell retreated to Dunbar, but again advanced with the intention of cutting the

communication between the western counties and the Scottish capital. Lesley, with the prescience of a true soldier, saw his object, and taking up another strong position again baffled Cromwell and compelled him a second time to fall back to Dunbar. On the morning of September third, Lesley was forced by the influence of the preachers in his camp to descend from the hills, where his position was impregnable, and give battle to the English in the plain. For a time the result was doubtful, but victory finally declared for Cromwell, the Scotch losing upwards of twelve thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners, all their artillery, and two hundred colors.

An eye-witness of this battle relates that when the English cavalry had charged and shaken the Scots, 'the general himself comes in the rear of our regiment, and commands to incline to the left, that is, to take more ground, to be clear of all bodies; and we did so; and horse and foot were engaged all over the field, and the Scots all in confusion. And the Sun appearing upon the sea, I heard Knoll say, 'now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered;' and he following us as we slowly marched, I heard him say, 'I profess they run,' and there was the Scots army all in disorder and running, both right wing and left, and main battle.' There is something exceedingly poetical in the employment of such language, at a moment so critical, and that it had its full effect upon the enthusiasts whom Cromwell commanded, admits not of a doubt. The English commander advancing for the third time into Scotland, occupied Edinburgh, whose castle held out for nearly four months. After the capture of this famous fortress, Cromwell carried on military operations in different districts of the country, defeating the Scotch in Fifeshire and various other districts.

In the summer of 1651, soon after Cromwell's recovery from a severe attack of ague, Charles II. marched into England and advanced into the heart of the kingdom. He

obtained possession of Worcester and there rallied round the royal standard supporters from every quarter. Cromwell, surprised but indefatigable, by his prompt and skilful measures soon brought an army of nearly forty thousand to the vicinity of Worcester, while the king's forces did not exceed fourteen thousand. On September third, the anniversary of Dunbar, the battle of Worcester was fought, the royalists being almost annihilated, the king attended by only a few followers, escaping under cover of the darkness. For this victory, which Cromwell called 'a crowning mercy,' an estate of four thousand pounds a year was conferred upon him; Hampton Court was prepared for his abode, and he was made Chancellor of the University of Oxford. With this battle terminated the military career of the great Puritan leader, who was never defeated in any general engagement, or repulsed in any of his numerous sieges. The events of his subsequent life became identified with the history of Great Britain.

It may be doubted whether the world has ever seen troops whose exploits have equalled Cromwell's. It must be borne in mind that they fought their own countrymen as well as the Irish and Scotch, often opposed against greater numbers, and yet were always victorious. 'That which chiefly distinguished it from other armies,' says Macaulay, 'was the austere morality and fear of God which pervaded all ranks. It is acknowledged by the most zealous royalists that, in that singular camp, no oath was heard, nor drunkenness, nor gambling was seen, and that during the long dominion of the soldiery, the property of the peaceful citizen and the honor of woman were held sacred. In war, this strange force was irresistible. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against three-fold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break to pieces whatever force was opposed to them.'



The pomp and enthusiasm which greeted Cromwell on his return to London from the double conquest of Ireland and Scotland, and the final overthrow of the royalist cause at Worcester, was abundantly gratifying to his vanity, but did not for a moment dazzle him, or affect the cool judgment of the great soldier and statesman. 'You see that crowd, you hear those shouts,' he whispered in the ear of a friend who attended him in the procession, 'both would be still greater if I was on my way to the gallows.' His correspondence attests the humble thoughts of a sincere Christian, not blinded by worldly fame or popularity. To his wife he writes a letter bearing the superscription, 'For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell. You scold me in your letter, because by my silence I appear to forget you and our children. Truly it is I who ought to complain, for I love you too much. Thou art dearer to me than all the world; let that suffice. The Lord has shown us an extreme mercy. I have been miraculously sustained within. Notwithstanding that I strive, I grow old, and feel the infirmities of advancing years rapidly pressing on me. May God grant that my propensities to sin may diminish in the same proportion with physical powers. Pray for me that I may receive this grace.' To an old friend, the father-in-law of his son Richard, he writes, 'I am very anxious to learn how the little fellow goes on. I could readily scold both father and mother for their negligence toward me. I know that Richard is idle, but I had a better opinion of Dorothy. I fear her husband spoils her: tell them so from me. If Dorothy is again in the family way, I forgive her, but not otherwise. May the Lord bless her! I hope you give good advice to my son Richard; he is at a dangerous period of life, and this world is full of vanity. How good it is to approach the Lord early! we should never lose sight of this. I hope you continue to remember our ancient friendship. You see how I am occupied: I require your pity. I know what I suffer in my own heart. An ex

alted station, a high employment in the world, are not worth seeking for. I should have no inward consolation in my labors if my hope and rest were not in the presence of the Lord. I have never desired this earthly grandeur. Truly the Lord himself has called me to it. In this conviction alone I trust that He will bestow upon his poor worm, his feeble servant, the force to do his will, and reach the end for which he was created. To this effect I demand your prayers. Remember me to the love of my dear sister, to my son, to our daughter Dorothy, and to my cousin Anna.'

Everything succeeded with the Puritan leader, and he attributed all the glory of the republic to God. 'There is no evidence, either public or private, which betrays any desire on his part to establish his fortune and power by a change in his title of general, or in the voluntary submission of the parliament, the army and the people. History, which ultimately knows and reveals everything, has discovered nothing in Cromwell at this epoch, but an extreme reluctance against elevating himself to a higher position. It is evident from his expressions that he sought God in his will, and the oracle of God in events. Neither were sufficiently explained to him. Equally ready to descend or rise, he waited for the command or the inspiration. Both came from the natural irritability of the people, and the ambitious impatience of the army.'

As the military biographer of Oliver Cromwell, we must pass over the many complicated political affairs which exercised the remaining years of his life. On the twelfth of December, 1653, the Bare-bones Parliament—so named in consequence of a leather dealer in Fleet Street, London, called Praise God Barbone, which was scurrilously changed into Bare-bone—broke up; and on the sixteenth, Cromwell was solemnly inaugurated in Westminster Hall as 'Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland.' According to the new arrangement the power

of legislation was committed conjointly to the parliament and protector—the executive being lodged absolutely with the latter and his council. For nearly five years he wielded the destinies of the British Empire with a degree of rigor unparalleled in history. When the persecuted Protestants in the valleys of Piedmont appealed to him for succor, they did not appeal in vain. The stern voice of Cromwell, more potent than Bismarck's, went forth to every ruler of Europe, bidding them know that he meant to make the cause of the suffering Christians his own :—

‘ When Alpine vales threw forth a suppliant cry,  
The majesty of England interposed  
And the sword stopped ; the bleeding wounds were closed,  
And faith preserved her ancient purity.’

The spokesman of Oliver Cromwell was John Milton, Foreign or Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and there seems to be a Miltonic tone of imagination in the very address of some of the dispatches :—‘ Oliver, Protector of the Commonwealth of England to the Emperor of all Russia and all the northern climes,’ or to ‘ the King of the Swedes, Goths, and Vandals ;’ calling to their remembrance how the rivers and streams of Piedmont were red with the blood of miserable victims slain by the sword of the persecutor, how from the hills and valleys went forth the shrieks and groans of famishing women and children. The spirit of Milton was so aroused by the sufferings of the Waldenses that he felt the need of more even than high-toned mandates to earthly monarchs, and there came up from the depth of his great heart the fervid imprecation :—

‘ Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;—  
E’en them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.  
Forget not ; in thy book record their groans  
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
The vales redoubled to the hills; and they  
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple tyrant; that from them may grow  
A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,  
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.'

After some previous illness, Cromwell was compelled to confine himself to his room, August twenty-fourth, 1658, from a tertian fever, and on September third, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester, he died at four o'clock in the afternoon, having in a voice scarcely audible named his son as his successor. As if nature herself had taken an interest in the fate of the great Englishman, he breathed not his last as other men do. A furious tempest swept over the land; large trees were torn up by the roots, houses were unroofed and blown over. Both friends and enemies connected this terrible storm with his death, but with very different associations. Cromwell's condition of body at his decease was not such as to permit his being laid out in state; but a waxen image, made to represent him, received all the honors usually bestowed upon the kings of Great Britain. His funeral, likewise, was performed amid a greater display of pageantry, and at an expense far exceeding that lavished upon the obsequies of any monarch. Evelyn tells us 'that he was carried from Somerset House on a velvet bed of state, drawn by six horses, harnessed with the same; the pall was held up by his new lords; Oliver lying in effigie in royall robes, and crowned with a crown, sceptre and globe, like a king. The pendants and guerdons were carried by officers of the army; the imperial banners, achievements, etc., by the heraulds in their coates; a rich caparisoned horse, embroidered all over with gold; a knight of honour armed *cap-à-pie*; and after all, his guards and soldiers, and innumer-

able mourners.' The remains of Cromwell were deposited for a season in Henry VII.'s chapel, amid the dust of the English kings. Cromwell's wife survived him, as did six of his children. His dying wish was immediately carried into effect, and Richard, the elder of his surviving sons, held for a brief period the position of Lord Protector.


It may be doubted if the equal of Oliver Cromwell—the Mahomet of the north—ever sat on the throne of Great Britain. With the exception of Marlborough and Wellington, she has produced no man, who as a soldier and statesman was his superior. He belonged to that limited number of great commanders of whom it may with justice be said, that they come from the hands of nature ready-made soldiers. He won three of the greatest battles of his age, displaying the most heroic valor and consummate generalship. Neither those who fought with him or against him—the Earl of Essex, Lord Fairfax, the *beau sabreur* Prince Rupert, the veteran Lesley, or Charles himself—will bear comparison with the great Puritan Captain. He raised the glory of England to a height it had never before attained, and has not since surpassed. The name of the greatest man of his own age, and one of the noblest of any age, has been for two centuries associated with all the infamy that could be heaped upon it by royalists,—with all the infamy that belongs to a life-long career of unmitigated and insatiable ambition. Truth however at length prevails, and Cromwell's own prophetic hope is fulfilled, 'I know that God has been above all ill reports, and will in his own time vindicate me.'





## MARSHAL TURENNE.

‘That in the midst of camps his manly breast  
Retained its youthful virtue : that he walk’d  
Through blood and evil uncontaminate ;  
And that the stern necessity of war  
But nurtured with its painful discipline  
Thoughtful compassion in his gentle soul,  
And feelings such as man should cherish still  
For all of women born.’

 APOLEON said that Henry de la Tour d’Auvergne, Vicomte de Turenne, was the only example of a general who grew bolder as he grew older. He was born September eleventh, 1611, at Sedan in the department of Ardennes,—the scene of the second French Waterloo,—and was a son of Henry Duke de Bouillon, and of Elizabeth of Nassau, daughter of William the Silent. His constitution showed symptoms of weakness, till he attained his twelfth year. As early as 1621, he expressed a desire to be a soldier ; and it is possible that the opposition at first offered to his embracing arms as a profession, owing to his indifferent health, may have confirmed him in his resolution of following in the footsteps of his father, who was one of the ablest soldiers bred in the school of Henry IV. Many anecdotes are related of his early boyhood. His father having observed in his hearing that he was too delicate to endure the hardships of a soldier’s life, Henry, when ten years of age, to prove the contrary, made his way one evening to the ramparts, where he spent part of a winter’s night,—one of the coldest of the season,—sleeping on a gun carriage, until found by the Chevalier de Vassignac and carried back to the castle. The following year he challenged one of his father’s officers to fight a duel, for

speaking disrespectfully of Quintius Curtius, his favorite author, by saying, that he was no better than a writer of romances. The officer, to amuse the duchess, who was pleased to see this exhibition of courage on the part of her son, accepted the challenge, and at the appointed time the young viscount was on the ground, where he found a large breakfast party assembled, including the duchess, when peace was concluded and the duel changed into a hunting-party. Turenne was not an apt scholar, on the contrary, he learned slowly and with great difficulty; he rebelled against punishment and restraint; but when his ambition was appealed to, he made dogged perseverance a substitute for quick apprehension. He evinced a taste for athletic exercises, which doubtless contributed materially to strengthen his naturally weak condition. His father being the leader of the Huguenot party, he was educated in the principles of Calvinism under Tilenus, who confirmed him in a natural benevolence and sincerity of disposition, and taught him to subject his strong and excitable passions to the dictates of reason by his still more powerful will.

On the death of the Duke de Bouillon in 1623, Turenne was sent by his mother to Holland, to learn the rudiments of war under his uncle, the celebrated Prince Maurice of Nassau, and after the death of that distinguished soldier, he found a friend equally affectionate and judicious in the brother and successor of his deceased uncle—Prince Frederick Henry. At the age of fifteen, having carried a musket as a volunteer, and rendered himself practically familiar with the duties of a private soldier and subaltern officer, he obtained a company of infantry. He distinguished himself by learning thoroughly the theory of war, and his company became the best disciplined of any in the Dutch service. His duties were performed with unfailing regularity, and his leisure hours were spent in taking part in every enterprise where experience was to be acquired. During the six years sojourn with his

uncle, he saw much active service, obtaining an intimate knowledge of the kind of war then being carried on in Holland—a succession of sieges. In 1630, the dowager Duchess of Bouillon sent the young captain to the court of Louis XIII., as hostage for the parole she had given to the King of France never to separate her interests from his. He was kindly received, and although only nineteen, he was appointed by Richelieu to the command of an infantry regiment. The first opportunity that the young colonel had of distinguishing himself after entering the service of France, was in Lorraine under Marshal de la Force. His gallantry and good conduct in the campaign obtained for him, in his twenty-third year, the rank of major-general.

In 1635, an army was sent to co-operate with the Swedes in Germany, Turenne accompanying the expedition as *maréchal du camp*. La Valette, the French commander, joined the Duke of Weimar at Bingen on the Rhine in August, and the combined forces compelled the imperialists to raise the siege of Mayence. The enemy succeeded by a movement from Worms in cutting off their communication with France, and the allies, stationed in a country exhausted by war, were thus exposed to famine. In the disastrous retreat which ensued, while discipline was almost entirely lost and the baggage thrown away by the rest of the army, Turenne retained his troops in their accustomed order, and abandoned only so much of his baggage as enabled him to procure wagons for those of his soldiers who from sickness or wounds were unable to keep up with the column. In protecting the army in its retreat, which arduous duty devolved mainly upon him, he exhibited the greatest skill, seizing with admirable judgment the most defensible positions, and maintaining them most stoutly, as long as the safety of the retreating army required.

That the campaigns of 1636 on the upper Rhine, and

in Flanders in 1637, made by La Valette were successful, was chiefly owing to Turenne. The latter was a campaign of sieges, and devolved almost exclusively upon Turenne, who greatly distinguished himself in the capture of the Chateau de Soire in Hènault. In 1638, Richelieu sent reinforcements to the Duke of Weimar on the upper Rhine, under Turenne and Guébriant, who were designated as lieutenant-generals, the first of that title in the French army. In this campaign Turenne captured several fortresses, including Brisac, and on his return to Paris after the death of Bernard of Weimar, Richelieu, with the prescience of genius, foreseeing the future greatness of the young soldier, offered him one of his nieces in marriage. Turenne's attachment to the reformed religion led him to decline the alliance, as he believed difficulties might arise on the subject of their different faiths. The motive which induced him to refuse the offer was one which met the cardinal's approval, and consequently did not disturb their friendly relations.

The following year he was sent to Italy as second in command to the Compte d'Harcourt, who, following Turenne's advice in opposition to all the rest of his generals, laid siege to Turin, May tenth, 1640, and received its surrender on the seventeenth of September, with a garrison of twelve thousand men. The command of the army soon after devolved upon Turenne by the return of d'Harcourt to France; but the relations in which his brother the Duke de Bouillon stood to Louis XIII. rendered it unadvisable in the eyes of the wily Richelieu to intrust him with so important a position, and d'Harcourt was ordered to resume command of the Italian army. During the remainder of the reign of the son of Henry IV., the political conduct of his brother kept Turenne in the background; but one of the first acts of the Queen-Regent, Anne of Austria, was to appoint him to the command in Italy. He was not, however, destined to distinguish himself there.

The Duke de Bouillon, who had quarrelled with the new court, had taken refuge in Rome, and Mazarin, deeming it unsafe to leave the brother of this disaffected prince in command of an army so near him, appointed Turenne commander-in-chief of the army in Germany. He devoted the winters of 1643-4 with characteristic assiduity to reorganizing the army, restoring its discipline, and, by raising money on his own credit, re-equipping it. 'He gave an army to his country,' it was said, so completely had he metamorphosed the disorganized, badly armed, ragged and undisciplined mob, to which he was assigned the command in December, 1643.

Turenne crossed the Rhine and defeated the Bavarians; acted in concert with Condé in the three days battle of Friburg, forcing the enemy under Mercy to retreat with great loss; and concluded the campaign of 1644 in such a manner as to very greatly enhance his reputation as a soldier—second only to the victor of Rocroy. In May, 1645, Turenne experienced the inconstancy of fortune, having the ill-luck to incur a defeat at Mariendal, but it was fully avenged at Auersheim, near Nordlingen, three months later. In this terrible battle, fought in conjunction with Condé, his old rival General Mercy was killed, and he himself was wounded. In the following year he made a junction with the Swedish army under Wrangel, after a rapid and skilful march of one hundred and fifty leagues, conquered the Bavarians at Laringen and Zusmarshausen, compelling the Duke of Bavaria to solicit peace. When that prince afterwards broke the treaty, Turenne again defeated him, and drove him entirely out of his dominions.

The peace of Westphalia, signed in 1648, which released France from foreign wars, was the signal for the commencement of civil broils. The insurrection of the Fronde broke out early in 1649, and Turenne espoused the cause of the party opposed to Mazarin, being induced to do so through the beautiful Duchess de Longueville, the example of her



brother Condé, and the appeals of the Duke de Bouillon. At the head of a Spanish army which was sent to support the Frondeurs, he was defeated near Rèthel by Marshal Praslin in 1650. When asked how he lost this battle, he replied, 'By my own fault; for when a man commits no faults in war, it is because he has not been long engaged in it.' A hollow truce was entered into between the contending factions, and Turenne returned to his residence. A quarrel between Cardinal Mazarin and Condé led soon after to the arrest of the latter, when Turenne, throwing himself into Stenai, prevented its being taken by the royal troops. He alone rallied the dispirited friends of the prince, and by calling the Spaniards across the frontier procured his release, the exile of Mazarin, and the conclusion of a peace with Spain. In May, 1651, Turenne, having obtaining a pardon from the French government, returned to Paris, and henceforth proved himself a loyal supporter of the king. In the following year he was appointed general of the royal army. The favoritism of the court, at the moment that Spanish armies in Catalonia and Flanders were threatening France, and Cardinal Mazarin was the object of popular execration, offered to Turenne the insult of proposing to divide the campaign between him and an officer ten years his junior. With a noble minded patriotism, and knowing that time must do him justice, he submitted, but his genius maintained the ascendant, and the plan and execution of the campaign were entirely his. By the close of the year Condé was compelled to leave France; the king was crowned at Rheims, entered Paris, and consigned the Cardinal de Retz, the only remnant of the Fronde, to a dungeon in Vincennes.

From 1653 till the close of 1659, Turenne's military genius found ample scope in the wars of the French and Austrian Netherlands. During the whole of this protracted struggle he had to contend against Condé, the most

brilliant soldier of his age. It was on the side of Turenne, 'intense but regulated energy, sound judgment and sleepless observation, opposed to an almost miraculous quickness of perception on the part of his adversary, and impetuosity of execution, to which an ardent imagination would have lent irresistible force, could the effort have been made continuous. The treaty of the Pyrenees put an end to a struggle more persevering and destructive than any Europe had previously witnessed, and yet indicative of that growing equality of European states, the full sense of which can alone guarantee permanent peace.'

When the war with Spain was renewed in 1667, under pretence of vindicating the hereditary rights of Marie Theresa the wife of the *Grand Monarque*, Turenne, now honored with the title of *Maréchal-Général* of the French armies, entered Flanders at the head of the French forces. He was accompanied by the king, who told him he wished to learn the art of war from his greatest soldier. In less than three months he achieved the conquest of Flanders, which was followed by that of Franche-Comte. Several of the cities taken by Turenne were secured to France by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, May second, 1668. But a few years elapsed before the war was renewed. Louis XIV. detested the Dutch, whom he considered as mercantile plebeians, heretics and republicans, 'a body formed of too many heads, which cannot be warmed by the fire of noble passions,' as he remarks in his 'Instructions pour le Dauphin.' The hatred of Napoleon against England, which he designated as a nation of shop-keepers, was not unlike that of Louis against the Dutch.

In 1672, war was declared against Holland, and Turenne was appointed to command the army, to which the king attached himself. The campaign was one continued course of victories. When the European powers came to the rescue of the sorely oppressed

Dutch, Turenne entered Germany, advanced to the Elbe, and pursued the Elector of Brandenburg to the gates of Berlin, obliging him to sue for peace. When at this time it was proposed to the marshal to gain four hundred thousand dollars without the knowledge of the court, he thanked the general officer who made the proposal, and told him, that as he had often declined such advantages, he did not intend to alter his conduct at his age. On another occasion, a considerable city offered him one hundred thousand crowns for not passing through its territory; and his reply to the deputies was, 'as your city is not in my proposed line of march, I cannot in conscience take your money.' In a campaign which is considered a masterpiece of strategy, he passed the Rhine at Philippsburg, forced the town of Sinzheim, and attacked the imperial army commanded by Caprera and the Duke of Lorraine, which he defeated and drove to the Main. He then turned on the Prince of Bournonville, who was coming with fresh troops, defeated him, and prevented his junction with the other army. The emperor, assembling a force of nearly seventy thousand men, entered Alsace, and blockaded Brisac and Philippsburg. Turenne had less than twenty-five thousand, but with this force marched over mountains covered with snow, and was in the midst of the enemy's quarters in upper Alsace when they supposed him to be in Lorraine. After a variety of skilful manœuvres, he succeeded in dispersing the great force opposed to him, without any considerable engagement; saved Alsace, and compelled the Germans to re-pass the Rhine, after being beaten at Mulhausen, Colmar and Turckheim.

The glory acquired by Turenne in this campaign was the more solid, as he had acted in accordance with his own good judgment, and in direct violation to the repeated orders of the Marquis de Louvois, given in the name of the

king. It was however tarnished by the cruel destruction by fire, of thirty towns in the Palatinate, in which he obeyed, it is to be hoped unwillingly, the mandates of the prime minister Louvois. The frightful devastation was even more terrible than Sheridan's destruction of property in the Valley of the Shenandoah, during the American war. Voltaire has justly reprobated this cruel vandalism, observing that Turenne 'rather chose to be called the father of his soldiers that were intrusted to him, than of the people, who, according to the laws of war, are always made the sacrifice.' Turenne now expressed a desire to retire from active service, but was prevailed upon by the king to retain command of the army, and undertake one more campaign,—the campaign of 1675, in which his career of glory was suddenly terminated.

The extraordinary success of the French marshal induced the cabinet of Vienna to call their ablest general to oppose him, and Montecuculi, one who like himself had passed through every grade of service, was sent to arrest his victorious progress. In him Turenne found a worthy opponent. During four months after the opening of the campaign of 1675, the manœuvres and strategic operations of the renowned soldiers were subjects of general admiration. All Europe awaited in suspense the issue of the struggle: an unforeseen event decided it. Turenne finally forced his celebrated rival into a position near Salzbach, where he was constrained to fight at a disadvantage, and the French commander consequently had another victory in prospect. On Saturday, July twenty-seventh, the successful soldier, then sixty-four years of age, prepared to inspect a site chosen for the erection of a battery, as he expected to give battle the next day. Previous to mounting his horse, he ordered his chaplain to be informed that he would receive the communion before the action; he then rode off, followed by his staff. When within about thirty yards of the battery ground, which was

on a height, he ordered his attendants to wait for him, and advanced alone. 'They are firing from the side to which you are going, Marshal,' said one of his staff, following him, 'come this way.' 'You are right,' said Turenne, laughing, 'I should not wish to be killed to-day.' Scarcely had he turned his horse, when St. Hilaire advanced towards him hat in hand, 'Marshal,' said he, 'will you look at that battery which I have just placed there?' The words were scarcely uttered when a cannon-ball carried off the arm that was stretched towards the battery, and struck Turenne full in the breast. Falling forward, his face lay upon the saddle-bow, and in this position his horse carried him back to the place where he had left his staff; then the horse stopped, and the illustrious soldier, having twice opened his eyes, fell dead in the arms of his servants. The French soldiers cried 'Our father is dead,' and demanded to be led against the enemy, that they might avenge his death; and the Count de Montecuculi declared, that 'a man had fallen who did honor to human nature.' With Turenne's death terminated the success of the French, and the army fell back beyond the Rhine.

Never was a personal loss more lamented in France; all classes of society wept and mourned for him. Madame de Sevigné says, 'Every one seeks the other to speak of Monsieur de Turenne, they crowd together. Yesterday all were in tears in the streets:' and in another letter she remarks, 'The news arrived at Versailles on Monday. The king was afflicted as one ought to be on the death of the greatest captain and most excellent man in the world. Never was man regretted so sincerely. All the quarter where he lived, the whole of Paris, the whole people, were in trouble and emotion. Every one spoke and crowded but to regret the hero.' Honors were paid to him that had never been awarded to others than members of the royal family of France, if we except those



rendered to the remains of Bertrand Du Guesclin in the year 1380. His body was interred at St. Denis, among the royal tombs. When these were broken open during the Revolution his corpse was found in a perfect state of preservation, and taken to a collection of antiquities where it remained until 1801, when Napoleon had it transferred to the Church of the Invalides. A superb trophy was erected on the spot where he fell, by Cardinal de Rohan, and a bronze statue of the renowned soldier adorns the market-place of his native town.

The Viscount Turenne was married in 1653 to Charlotte, only daughter and heiress of the Marshal Duc de la Force, a zealous Protestant. Regard for her feelings appears to have kept him longer from the Catholic faith than his own inclinations, which, through the influence of Bosuet, were towards the Romish church. The death of the viscountess, who died in 1666, without issue, removed the last tie that bound Turenne to the Protestants, and he was soon after received into the bosom of the Catholic church by the Archbishop of Paris. The ceremony was conducted in a private manner: the change of his creed could not exalt him higher in the state than he already stood, having been raised to the rank of field-marshal of France, general of Upper and Lower Limousin, and a counselor of state. His confidential letters for years previous show that his mind was in a state to be easily determined to such a step, and his whole subsequent conduct indicates sincerity in his adopted faith. One of his biographers tells us, that beneath an unprepossessing exterior he concealed strong passions under the complete control of a stronger will; and his domestic life was eminently pure. In his deportment he was modest and unassuming. When at the treaty of the Pyrenees, the Kings of Spain and France introduced to each other the chief persons of their court, Turenne was found concealed among the crowd; and when presented to the Spanish monarch, Philip observed to his sister, Anne

of Austria, 'That is the man who has made me pass so many sleepless nights.' Another writer says, 'Turenne's victories, his state papers, and his private letters, all bear the impress of a truly great mind. In him, clear and comprehensive views were contrived with energy in action; both in politics and religion he was superior to the harsh and narrow feelings of the partisan.'

Turenne was not always successful in war, and committed faults which, unlike some other great commanders, he had the magnanimity to acknowledge; but as Voltaire says, 'by always repairing them, and doing much with small means, he passed for the ablest general in Europe, at a time when the art of war was more studied than ever before. Though he was reproached for his defection in the war of the Fronde; though at the age of near sixty, love caused him to reveal a state secret; though he exercised cruelties in the Palatinate, which seemed unnecessary; he preserved the reputation of a man of worth, wise and moderate, because his virtues and great talents, which were his own, covered weaknesses and faults which were common to him with so many other men.'

The history of his revealing the state secret to which Voltaire makes allusion, is as follows: During the time that Louis XIV., abandoned by his allies, had to struggle alone against the united powers of Europe, Turenne was employed to carry on a secret negotiation with Charles II. of England, for the purpose of detaching that monarch from the famous triple alliance. This transaction was conducted through the intervention of the Princess Henrietta of England, who had married the Duke of Orleans. In the suite of that Princess was a lady with whom Turenne was enamoured, and in a moment of weakness he revealed to her the object of his negotiations with her mistress. The lady, of course, in turn imparted the secret of her venerable lover to a younger one, and he, the Chevalier de Lorraine, confided it to the Duke of Orleans, from

whom it had been studiously concealed. The duke reproached his brother the king with want of confidence; and Louis, who had only entrusted the plan to Turenne and Louvois, doubting the discretion of the minister, but firmly confident in the general, complained bitterly to Turenne of the supposed misconduct of Louvois. The viscount, always true and always generous, even in the midst of his weakness, justified Louvois and confessed his own fault. This candor charmed the king; and he redoubled his confidence in a man that chose rather to discern his own shame, than ruin a minister whom he might well be allowed not to love. Turenne broke off all correspondence with the young marchioness, would see her no more, and all the rest of his life is said to have blushed at the remembrance of the affair. The chevalier referring to it some years after, Turenne exclaimed, '*Let me first put out the light.*'

The life of this illustrious soldier has been written by Sandras, Ragueneau and Ramsay. He left *mémoires* of his campaigns from 1613 to 1658, to be found in Ramsay's Biography, from which work we select the following anecdote, as an illustration of Turenne's strict performance of a promise. Being attacked one night by robbers near Paris, and stripped of his money, watch and rings, he engaged to give them one hundred louis d'ors, if they would return him a ring of no great worth, but which he highly valued. The highwaymen complied; and one of them had the boldness to go to his house the succeeding day, and in the midst of a large company to demand in a whisper the performance of his promise. The viscount gave orders for the money to be paid, and suffered the villain to escape before he related the adventure, adding 'that a promise ought to be kept inviolably, and that an honest man should never break his word though given to knaves.'

'I know of nothing,' says Cousin, 'more noble than

the dispatches of Condé to the court, announcing his different victories. He speaks little of himself and much of others. In this respect Turenne resembles Condé. 'That which jars considerably in Cæsar's Commentaries, is the eager and perpetual pre-occupation with himself, which permits him to see no one but himself, attributes all to himself, acknowledges no faults, magnifies the smallest actions, praises only men of moderate abilities, detracts from those which are eminent.' Brialmont in his *Life of Wellington*, alluding to Napoleon's neglect to do justice to his marshals, and his constant attempts to appropriate all the glory to himself, remarks:—'Greater than Napoleon in this respect, the Prince of Condé added to the brilliant qualities of a soldier the magnanimity which is inherent in a man well born and well educated, who, instead of giving honor exclusively to success, reserves it for those who have faithfully done their duty. He specially delighted in ranking Gassion and Sirot after Rocroy, Turenne after Fribourg and Nordlingen, and Chatillon after Lens. When he was living quietly at Chantilly, some of his friends besought him to write his own memoirs; but he refused, saying, that if he did so he should be obliged to censure some estimable officers, and to speak well of himself. Free from egotism, devoid of envy, he rendered justice to all and to each, rejecting for himself the praises which he freely bestowed upon others. In this respect the character of Turenne resembled that of Condé, and Wellington resembles Turenne.'



## THE GREAT CONDÉ.

Sweet in manners, fair in favor,  
Mild in temper, fierce in fight,  
Warrior nobler, gentler, braver,  
Never shall behold the light.

M. G. LEWIS.



ANTHONY DE BOURBON, King of Navarre, and father of Henry IV., had two brothers, Francis Count d'Enghien, and Louis, first Prince of Condé. These titles had been brought into their family by the marriage of their grandfather with Marie of Enghien and Condé, only daughter of Peter of Luxembourg. Francis, Count d'Enghien, at the age of twenty-five, gained the battle of Cerisoles over the Spaniards, but died the following year. His brother, the Prince of Condé, became one of the heads of Calvinism. He was a prominent actor in the religious wars of France, and was killed in 1569 at the battle of Jarnac. His son Henry, second Prince of Condé, became, at the age of seventeen, the head of his branch, and formed an intimate friendship with his cousin the King of Navarre, afterwards the celebrated Henry IV. The prince died in 1588, and his wife was delivered of a posthumous child, Henry, third Prince of Condé. He married Charlotte Margaret de Montmorency, the handsomest woman in Europe, who became the mother of our hero, Louis, Duke d'Enghien. He was born at Paris September seventh, 1621, and educated at the college of Bourges, where he applied himself to his studies as well as to his sports and pleasures, with the ardor that characterized his whole career. He lived in the finest house in the town, built by Jacques Cœur, the celebrated Minister of Finance



to King Charles VII. This edifice, a superb monument of ancient days, is still intact, and in a stone balustrade, carved in open work, may be seen the motto of Cœur in large characters :

‘A cœur vaillant rien impossible.’

The eyes of the young student must have often rested upon these words, which, only a few years later, he confirmed by his deeds.

When he had completed his studies he was introduced at the dim and faded court of Louis XII., where he found the splendor, as well as the weight of authority, transferred from the feeble monarch to the hands of the crafty and powerful Richelieu. Before he had attained his nineteenth year, he was sent by his father the Prince of Condé, then the Governor of Burgundy, to supply his place in that province, and in the following spring he made his first campaign under the celebrated Marshal de la Milleraie, and soon signalized himself by unusual intrepidity. He saw the siege and taking of Arras—a siege which lasted ten months, and during which he gave proofs of that extraordinary genius for war, which his whole life so strongly developed. D’Enghien returned to Paris with a reputation already established, but many disappointments awaited the haughty young hero. The nobility of France had fallen completely under the iron sway of Cardinal Richelieu, and even the king and the princes of the blood royal succumbed to the ambitious prelate. The Prince de Condé had already made many sacrifices to the pride of the French Wolsey, but on the return of his son from the campaign in Flanders, a new concession was demanded of him, and he made it, by marrying the young duke to Claire Clémance de Maille Brezé, the cardinal’s niece.

There was a magnificent ball given in Richelieu’s palace

on the evening of February seventh, 1641, and among those present was Anne of Austria and her enfeebled husband Louis XIII.; the beautiful Geneviève de Bourbon, afterwards Duchess de Longueville; the swarthy Italian Mazarin; the Prince de Condé, and many others distinguished in the annals of that period. The magnificent fête was given in celebration of the betrothal of the first prince of the blood, with the niece of the parvenu minister. The young girl sitting near the queen with the pale face, though extremely fair, with large blue eyes and rich brown hair, is Mademoiselle Brezé; and the haughty looking young man with piercing eyes like the eagle's, aquiline nose, and severe mouth, standing in the centre of a group of courtiers at the other end of the saloon, is Louis Duke d'Enghien, afterwards the Prince de Condé. Discontented with a marriage, in which neither his pride of birth nor his inclinations were consulted, Bourbon absented himself from a court, the rule of whose ambitious minister his proud spirit could ill brook, and spent the greater part of his time amongst those great and stirring scenes for which he was born. Richelieu's death occurring soon after d'Enghien's marriage, enabled the Prince de Condé to resume the place to which his birth and character entitled him from the first; and our hero was appointed general-in-chief of the armies of Champagne and Picardy. What boldness to confide the welfare of the state to a warrior of twenty-one! This command was, however, bestowed upon him merely as a mark of consideration for his rank and family; and old Marshal de l'Hopital was joined with him, as our hero's military genius was not yet justly appreciated by either the court or country. It was not, long, however, before D'Enghien took his place among the great captains of the seventeenth century.

The Spanish army, under Don Francisco de Melo, had advanced into the province of Champagne and laid siege to Rocroy. Our hero having the power, resolved to use it

on his own responsibility, taking at once the determination to relieve Rocroy, and give battle to the Spaniards, contrary to the advice of his cautious coadjutor de l'Hopital. On the morning of May nineteenth, 1643, having made all his dispositions, D'Enghien, placing himself at the head of the right wing, began the battle by the attack of a wood lined by Spanish musketeers, which defended the flank of the enemy's cavalry. The wood was instantly carried; and General Gassion, sweeping round it with a heavy body of cavalry, attacked the Spanish horse in rear and flank, while Condé himself charged them in front, driving them in disorder over the hill. The German and Italian infantry, forming the strength of the enemy's left wing, were now exposed to the attack of the French general, and soon shared the fate of the cavalry, giving way in every direction before the fierce impetuosity of the young hero. Wherever he appeared, victory followed; and the left wing of the Spanish army was soon routed and driven from the field. On their right, where De Melo fought in person, the Spaniards not only repelled the efforts of the Marshal de l'Hopital, but forced him from his position, captured his artillery, and drove him back in confusion on the reserve of the French army. Such were the tidings which reached the victorious Condé, while in pursuit of the flying and panic-stricken enemy. Calling together his cavalry he boldly passed behind the whole line of Spanish infantry, and thundered down upon the rear of De Melo's horse, who were pursuing their advantage against the French left wing. Nothing could withstand the impetuosity of his onset—everything gave way before him, and the victorious division of the Spanish army, now conquered in their turn, were soon dispersed and flying before D'Enghien's troops:

'The horsemen dashed amid the rout,  
As deer break through the broom,  
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,  
They soon make lightsome room.'

Notwithstanding the defeat of both wings of the Spanish army, a formidable body still remained to be vanquished, consisting of the renowned Castilian infantry, which had carried the victorious standards of Spain over the greater part of Europe. The celebrated phalanx, almost as renowned, says Voltaire, as that of ancient Greece, had never been broken. Such a renown is doubly terrible—from the confidence with which it inspires those who possess it, and from the dread with which it affects their enemies. Condé led in person to the charge, but the twice victorious French cavalry failed to break the invincible infantry. The veteran soldiers of Castile received, undismayed and unbroken, his fiery assaults, discharging *fusilados* of musketry, or, opening their ranks, poured forth from their cannon, which occupied the centre of each hollow square, a murderous fire upon the French. Our hero at length ordered up his whole army, and the gallant old Count of Fuentes and his heroic companions deeming further resistance hopeless, signified their willingness to surrender. At this moment Condé advanced towards them to receive their submission, but when he was within a short distance the Spaniards mistook his intention; they imagined he was ordering a fresh attack, and they discharged a tremendous fire. It was considered a perfect miracle, that the duke being so near them had not been killed, as many of the French fell around him. His troops, taking the error of the Spaniards for an act of perfidy, charged them in every direction, and they were massacred by thousands. In vain did their leader call upon him to spare the vanquished; and it was not without infinite difficulty that Condé was able to stop the fury of his exasperated soldiery. Many officers of the conquered army were seen clinging to his knees and to his charger, as their only means of safety. In this great victory the French lost upwards of ten thousand men, while the Spaniards probably lost five times that number; and their

infantry, which since the battle of Pavia had been deemed invincible, was destroyed rather than conquered. Such was the pride of these troops, that a French officer having the next day asked a Spaniard what was their number before the battle, 'You have only,' replied he 'to count the dead and the prisoners.' The Count de Fuentes was found, pierced with many wounds, expiring by the side of his broken litter. 'Ah!' exclaimed D'Enghien, 'so would I have wished to die had I not conquered.' The duke received three shots during the battle—two on his breast-plate, and another in his leg; and his horse was wounded with two musket-balls. As he was about to march in order to face the corps commanded by General Beck, news was brought to him that the fugitive cavalry of the Spanish army had fallen in with the division of the Germans coming to their aid; and instead of attempting to rally, had communicated their panic to their allies, who, joining in the flight, had abandoned a portion of their artillery, and retreated with precipitation.

Condé's success was thus complete, and in this brilliant victory he won his first full harvest of glory. It would be impossible to describe with what transports of joy the news was received at court and throughout the country; being akin to the effect produced on the North by the intelligence of the victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg, or the fall of Richmond and surrender of Lee's army. It was considered, and with reason, to be the greatest battle the French had won since that of Bouvines, four centuries before. Neither Gaston de Foix, 'the thunderbolt of Italy;' the Chevalier Bayard, nor the Constable Bourbon, had achieved such a signal victory. In this manner did Condé commence that career of glory which distinguished the reign of the *Grande Monarque*, and which ended only with the rise of the energetic Eugene and magnificent Marlborough; and if it was with good reason that Louis XIV. assumed the sun as his device,—Rocroy



may be said to have been its dawn, as Blenheim was its setting.

D'Enghien next undertook the siege of Thionville, being animated to attempt its reduction in order to avenge a disgraceful defeat which the French army had sustained four years previously under its walls. It was at that time thought to be one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. In spite of the frequent sallies of the besieged, he established his lines, erected bridges, raised redoubts, and opened a double line of trenches; and notwithstanding the overflowing of the Moselle, the vigorous resistance of the Spaniards, and various other protracting circumstances, before two months had elapsed his engineers had succeeded in completely mining the walls. The young commander, wishing to spare bloodshed, sent a flag of truce to the governor, and allowed him, with a safe conduct, to visit his works. This inspection convinced the Spaniards of the impossibility of defending the fortress any longer, and they immediately surrendered; and thus the laurels that Condé acquired by its bloodless capture were, from the generous humanity he displayed,—so rare in the seventeenth century,—of the purest that ever wreathed the brow of a victorious general. By this conquest he became master of the whole course of the Tréves. Sierck alone ventured to resist him, and was reduced in twenty-four hours. Then disposing his army in winter-quarters D'Enghien returned to Paris, where he was received with the wildest enthusiasm, and the queen, in gratitude for his great services, granted to him the government of Champagne. On his arrival, he found his family rejoicing over the birth of a son, who received the name of Henry Julius, and the title of Duke d'Albret, till the death of the Prince of Condé. D'Enghien embraced the child with tenderness, but even this happy event failed to change his cruel and cold indifference towards his gentle and uncomplaining wife. In less than a month the queen's orders compelled

him to conduct a reinforcing corps to the army of Marshal Guebriant, who was then encamped near Sarrebourg. D'Enghien joined him with six thousand men and great convoys, and afterwards visited the fortified towns on the frontier, furnishing them with troops and provisions, and thus terminating the most glorious campaign ever made by a commander of twenty-two.

In the campaign of 1644, Condé was ordered to join Turenne, who was falling back before the superior forces of General Mercy. One of the great captains of that age, Mercy had already forced the French to re-tread almost every step they had taken in Germany; and on Condé's arrival at Brissac, he found Fribourg in the hands of the enemy, and their commander intrenched in an almost impregnable position at a little distance from the city. The Bavarian army was superior to his own, the nature of the country presented every difficulty to an attacking force; and the German camp was fortified with a double line of intrenchments and redoubts. But the object to be gained in taking it was immense,—no less than the command of the whole course of the Rhine,—and remembering his Bourges motto, ‘à cœur vaillant rien impossible,’ he determined, in opposition to the advice of the cautious Turenne, Count d'Erlach, and Marshal Grammont, to force the position of his adversary. Two simultaneous attacks upon a weak spot to the left of Mercy's line, and one in front, were ordered. The three days' battle began on the third of August; at dawn of day Turenne was sent to assault the left, while Condé fell upon the front rank of the enemy at the hour he expected his coadjutor would commence the assault. A descendant of our hero, whose exploits in the field of glory, as well as in literature, mark him as the true blood of the Condés, says: ‘The Duke d'Enghien gave his orders; the troops immediately moved on, climbed the mountains through the vines, under the fire of the enemy, arrived at the *abattis*, attacked them,

overcame them notwithstanding the greatest resistance, and forced the Bavarians to retire into their last intrenchment. So many obstacles overcome had exhausted the strength of the soldiers, and seemed to have put a stop to their career. They remained immovable under the fire of the enemy, their courage was far from yielding the victory, but their reason well nigh despaired of it. The Duke D'Enghien arrived with the Maréchal de Grammont, and perceiving the astonishment which had seized the troops, he did not hesitate a moment in adopting the only means of bringing back their confidence. He dismounted, placed himself at the head of the regiment of Conti, approached the intrenchments, and threw beyond them his marshal's baton. This daring action was the signal for victory. The ardor and anxiety to snatch from the enemy this precious trophy, decided the soldiers to risk a thousand deaths, rather than desert a hero who would command none but a conquering army. All rushed on at the same time; they attacked, forced the line, and the most vigorous resistance at last gave way before the obstinacy of the French and their chief.' Mercy though driven back was not defeated. Turenne on his side had not been more successful than our hero, and the next morning found the two armies still confronting each other, and saw the attack renewed on one of the heights of the Black Forest. After fighting all day, a part of the night even was consumed in continuing the combat, without bringing it to a decisive close. For the third time, the fearful struggle was renewed, when the Count de Mercy was at length compelled to seek safety by a hasty retreat in which he was obliged to abandon his artillery and baggage.

Such was the threefold battle of Fribourg—a battle gained by our hero over the most renowned general of Europe, full of experience and grown gray in the tented field; over superior numbers of veteran troops; under the most disadvantageous circumstances; and in opposition to

the advice of his ablest and most experienced officers. Napoleon in criticising the battle says: 'The Prince of Condé infringed one of the maxims of mountain warfare; *never to attack troops which occupy good positions in the mountains, but to dislodge them by occupying camps on their flanks or in their rear.* Had he taken up a position commanding the Val de Saint Pierre, Mercy would have been immediately compelled to take the offensive, which he could not have done.

\* \* He would, therefore, have been obliged to pass the Black Mountains to regain Wirtemberg, and to abandon the fortress of Fribourg, which would have been left to itself. The French army succeeded, on the first day, in forcing the first position by unparalleled efforts of courage; but it failed on the next day but one, because amongst mountains, when one position is lost another of equal strength is immediately found to stop the enemy. As the Prince de Condé meant to attack, he should have attacked on the fourth, in the hope that Mercy would not have had time enough to secure his new position.' The consequences of this great battle, in which torrents of blood were shed, more fully demonstrate D'Enghien's success than even the field of victory. Philippsburg fell after an eleven days' siege, followed in rapid succession by Worms, Oppenheim, Mayence and Landau. The city of Mayence, proud of its strength, yet willing to surrender itself to France, refused to yield its keys to Turenne, who had been sent against it, and demanded the presence of the young hero of Rocroy and Fribourg. In accordance with this demand, the duke presented himself, when the gates were thrown open, and the various learned bodies of the city harangued him in Latin. To their inexpressible astonishment the great captain of twenty-three, who had passed so many summers in the tented field, and who they little dreamed was able either to comprehend or to answer an address in a classic language, instantly replied in the Roman tongue, with a fluency and elegance which entirely overshadowed the stiff

forms of their labored oration. Condé on this occasion proved himself to be an accomplished scholar, as well as a great soldier. Our hero returned to Paris, leaving the whole course of the Rhine covered by the banners of *la belle France*.

The campaign of 1645 commenced in Germany very inauspiciously for the French. Marshal Turenne had been surprised and defeated by Mercy at Mariendal, with the loss of half his army. While falling back upon the Rhine, and collecting the wreck of his forces, Condé joined Turenne by order of the court, and brought back victory to the French banners. In the words of Lord Stanhope: 'How can I interest the reader with such constant triumphs, which from their number weary the attention, and from their brilliancy dazzle the sight? Neither the eyes nor the minds of common men can bear too strong a light. Let us, therefore, pass lightly over the exploits of the Duke d'Enghien in this year. Let us not pause to detail either his skilful manœuvres on the Rhine, or his daring march towards the Danube to the very walls of Donauwerth. Let us not pause to paint him while giving battle to Mercy on the plains of Nordlingen, and deciding that battle by the sudden inspiration of genius. Let us pass in silence the prodigies of his valor, nor say that he saw nearly all his aides-de-camp fall at his feet either dead or wounded; that he himself had two horses killed under him, three wounded, a severe contusion in the thigh, a pistol shot in the elbow, and more than twenty cuts and blows on his armor and his equipments. Feeble historian as I am, I sink beneath the weight of my hero's laurels.' As at Rocroy and Fribourg, Condé fought the battle of Nordlingen under disadvantageous circumstances, and in opposition to the judgment of his ablest officers, including Turenne. Our hero however saw nothing but victory before him; and it is a curious fact which has been observed of D'Enghien and Turenne that, with equal courage and talents, they never judged



alike on the probable issue of any great undertaking Turenne was not timid, but perhaps over cautious, always guarding against defeat, while Condé was bold and impetuous—so bold indeed that success was the only proof that he was not rash. Under Condé commanded Marshal Turenne and Grammont; under Mercy, Glene and the famous Jean de Wert; so that six of the ablest generals of the day took part in the sanguinary battle of Nordlingen. The French lost four thousand, including many officers of reputation; the enemy lost six thousand, nearly all their artillery, and forty standards. Amongst the dead was found their chief, the gallant Count de Mercy, who was buried on the field of battle; and the following inscription was engraven on his tomb, '*Sta viator; heroim calcas.*'—Hold, passer-by; you trample on a hero. The duke hastened to profit by his victory, but his wound and the fatigues of the campaign brought on a dangerous illness as he was laying siege to Heilbroun, which soon grew so serious as to threaten his life. He was removed to Philippsburg in a litter, escorted by a thousand cavalry commanded by the Maréchal de Grammont, where several skilful physicians who had been sent by the queen were awaiting him. Owing to their skill, or to his youth and strong constitution, he soon recovered sufficiently to return to Paris, where he was received with great demonstration of joy by all classes of society.

In the campaign of 1646 Turenne commanded on the Rhine, while the weak-minded Gaston, Duke of Orleans, was at the head of the French forces in Flanders. Though it was evident to all that the genius of Condé was required to avert loss and disgrace to the last-mentioned army, no one dared to propose to our hero a subordinate station; but, with that greatness of mind which is one of the noblest parts of heroism, he voluntarily offered to serve under his cousin of Orleans. Though opposed in all his greater schemes, and harassed by the timid councils of the weak

and incapable men with whom he was joined, the presence of Condé brought victory with it. Courtray and Mardyck soon capitulated, and Dunkirk—the Duke of Orleans having returned to Paris—was laid siege to by Condé. After an obstinate defense, and a thousand difficulties overcome, the town was obliged to surrender. This conquest added still more to the renown of the young captain. ‘I think,’ writes Voiture to him, ‘that if you had undertaken it, you would catch the moon with your teeth.’ Soon after the capture of Dunkirk, Henry de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, fell ill, and died at Paris December twenty-fifth, 1646; the Duke d’Enghien succeeded to the title of Prince of Condé, and the court granted him all the appointments and governments which had been held by his father. The first time he appeared at the council of regency, it was to protect the unfortunate generals against the tyranny of Cardinal Mazarin, who, without affording them the requisite means of success, now punished them for the want of it in their Catalonian campaigns. Condé spoke strongly in their favor, saying, ‘that a Captain, however great and valiant he might be, ought not to be blamed for being sometimes unfortunate.’ He little thought he should soon have occasion for indulgence himself, but so it was. He accepted command of the army in Catalonia, Mazarin furnishing abundant supplies of men and munitions, and prepared to depart early in the spring.

On his arrival at Barcelona he found everything wanting which could contribute to his success. This state of things has been attributed by some historians to the jealousy of the cardinal towards Condé. It appears, however, more just to remember on this occasion the difficulties of transportation and the extreme poverty of the country. According to a saying of Henry IV., ‘Spain is a country which it is impossible to conquer; a little army is beaten there—and a large one starved!’ Our hero hoped with great activity to repair all this. He at first thought of the

siege of Tarragona, but afterwards decided to attack Lerida, formerly so celebrated under the name of Ilerda, where Cæsar gained a great victory. It is situated on the river Segre, thirty leagues from Barcelona, and possesses not only a thick wall flanked with bastions, but also a strong citadel. Its defence had been confided to Don Gregorio Brice, an officer of great valor, and its garrison consisted of four thousand men, inured rather than weakened by a six months' siege in the preceding campaign. The prince established himself in the lines formerly occupied by the Count d'Harcourt, which the indolence of the Spaniards had suffered to remain standing; he only constructed a few new forts, to render them more secure, and opened the trenches to the sound of violins; for which he has since been often accused of bravado, while other writers maintain that it was a custom in Spain. His descendant Louis Joseph, Prince of Condé, candidly remarks, 'Had even the siege been more fortunate, the violins are *de trop* in his history, as they were *de trop* in the trenches.' Says the amusing biographer of de Grammont: 'The prince besieged Lerida; the place was nothing; but Don Gregorio Brice was not a little. He was one of those chip-of-the-old-block Spaniards, as brave as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans together, and as gallant as the whole Abencerrages of Granada.

'He suffered us to make the first approaches, without showing the least sign of life. The Maréchal de Grammont—whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great noise, and burns his suburbs that he may defend his town like a lion, generally defends it like a rat—did not at all like the civility of Don Gregorio Brice. The prince, however, proud of Rocroy, of Fribourg, and of Nordlingen, to tease the fortress and its governor, opened the trenches with his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty violins, as if we had been at a wedding. Night came, and we all set about to amuse

ourselves as best we might. Our violins were full of tender airs, and good cheer reigned throughout. Heaven only knows what dirt was thrown at the poor little governor and his ruff, both of which we fancied we should have in our hands within four-and-twenty hours. All this passed at the trenches, when we suddenly heard a cry of bad augury from the rampart, repeated twice or thrice, "Alert to the wall!" which cry was followed by a salvo of cannon and musketry, and the salvo by a sortie, which, having swept our trench, drove us back fighting to the very camp.

'The next morning Gregorio Brice sent a present of ice and fruit to our commander, begging him most humbly to excuse his not having violins ready to return his serenade, but assuring him, that if the music which he had sent out the night before had been found agreeable, he would endeavor to keep it up as long as the prince did him the honor of remaining before Lerida.' The stout old governor kept his word, and the siege, which was begun May twelfth, was abandoned June seventeenth. This check, the first the young general had sustained, somewhat diminished his renown in France and throughout Europe; but without just cause, as he did all that it was possible to do with his insufficient army. Condé thought to have his revenge by gaining a victory over the Spanish forces, but the commander persisted in remaining intrenched under the guns of Lerida. It is said that Philip IV. never wrote at that time to his general without adding these words as a postscript, 'Above all, take good care never to engage in battle with that presumptuous youth.' Condé was therefore compelled to be content with the capture of Ager, which he took after a short siege of three days. He soon after returned to Paris, and reproached Mazarin for the negligence he had shown in not supporting him properly during his Catalonian campaign. The cardinal confessed his fault, and begged the prince to choose whatever com

mand he preferred for the ensuing campaign. Condé chose the army of Flanders.

In the month of May, 1647, Condé was seen upon the banks of the Scheldt, instead of those of the Segre. A Spanish army superior to his own, commanded by the Archduke Leopold, was opposed to him, notwithstanding which he succeeded after several skilful manœuvres in taking Ypres—a success which was balanced by the surprise of Courtray by the archduke. Courtray was then nearly stripped of troops, the Cardinal Mazarin having, without giving notice to Condé, sent orders to Count Palluan, the governor, to take a great part of the garrison to the siege of Ypres ; and this order caused the loss of his own town—an example of the danger of a minister directing the operation after he has appointed generals ! It is not an original remark, but a most true one, that ‘ history repeats itself.’ How often did Washington magnates commit the same crime during the late American war ! The two armies met at Lens, August twentieth, when, having succeeded by a stratagem in drawing the archduke out of his intrenchment on the plain, Condé wiped out his repulse from Lerida by the most signal victory he ever gained. The archduke was defeated, General Beck killed, and four thousand men, with eight hundred officers of the imperial army, left dead on the field of battle. All their artillery and baggage fell into the hands of the victor of Rocroy, who as usual exposed himself in the most reckless manner, two of his aides being killed by his side. After such a decisive victory the conquest of Flanders might have been anticipated, but the dissensions between the court and the people of the capital were drawing to a climax, and Condé was recalled to Paris. At this battle he completed the destruction of that formidable body of Spanish infantry, which had received the first deadly blow at Rocroy ; and a still more important object was gained by it, as it led to the termination of the ‘Thirty Years’ War, and



to the peace of Westphalia, signed October twenty-fourth, 1648.

At the beginning of the war of the Fronde the prince espoused the cause of the court against the Parliament, and, after a three months' siege, succeeded in reinstating Louis XIV. in Paris; but dissatisfied with the young king's conduct, he acted with an overbearing superciliousness which was imitated by his followers, and caused them to be styled *petits maitres*. The queen and Cardinal Mazarin, resolved that they would no longer submit to so despotic an auxiliary, became reconciled to the Frondeurs, and caused the prince with his brother and brother-in-law, Conti and Longueville, to be arrested and conveyed to the castle of Versailles. On learning from his surgeon that the princess with her infant son had raised a large portion of the south of France in his favor, and was defending Bordeaux against the army of Mazarin, he replied, 'wouldst thou ever have thought, my good friend, that I would be watering my garden while my wife was carrying on the war?' He was at the moment watering some pinks, the cultivation of which formed one of the few amusements of his prison. The princess carried on the campaign with much spirit and success, the nobility and gentry, with their vassals, flocking from all quarters to her standard, wearing the scarf of *Isabelle*; which color, a sort of yellow, had been chosen by the Condé for his own. It owes its name to a very curious circumstance. When the Spaniards were besieging Ostend, the Archduchess Isabelle, wishing to encourage the troops and thinking that success was near at hand, made a vow of never changing her linen before she entered the town. Unfortunately for the princess, the siege lasted three years. It may be conceived that during this time her linen lost something of its original brightness; and her ladies, to console her, had their linen dyed of a color which afterwards became the fashion, and which was called *Isabelle*. Few of the fine ladies who now (1874)

wear the Isabelle silks and satins, it is to be presumed, will be much pleased to know the singular origin of this fashionable color.

Liberated by the cardinal, who was himself compelled to leave the kingdom, Condé repaired to Bordeaux, and raising the standard of revolt was soon after defeated by Turenne and other royalist chiefs. The first important engagement between the two great captains took place April seventh, 1652, near Blénneau on the Loire, when, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of his troops, our hero was defeated. Three months later another battle was fought under the walls of Paris in the faubourg St. Antoine, when Condé would have been again defeated and his forces destroyed had not the beautiful Duchess de Bourbon, then in Paris, caused the gates of the metropolis to be thrown open, and the artillery of the Bastile to play upon the royal army. But Paris, the parliament, and nearly all the Frondeurs, were heartily tired of the protracted struggle; and it was in vain that the prince urged them to prolong their resistance. They made peace with the queen; but when he offered to negotiate with the royal party, he was told that negotiations were now out of the question and that nothing was left for him but to submit. Condé, knowing too well the consequence of such submission, threw himself at once into the arms of Spain, still at war in the Netherlands with his native land. This course has been attempted to be justified, with no more success than has attended a similar effort made in our own day by the friends of General Lee. The Spaniards in Flanders received him with every demonstration of joy, and their general, by the king's order, resigned the supreme command of the army to the prince. To oppose Condé, the French forces were sent to the field under Turenne, and so the two greatest soldiers of the seventeenth century were a second time opposed to each other, and as before, when making war on his own countrymen, Condé's good fortune seemed to

have deserted him; he shared in the defeats which were inflicted by Turenne upon his allies at Arras in 1654, and near Dunkirk in 1658. 'It was,' says Bossuet, 'a noble sight in our age to see at the same time, and in the same campaign, these two men, whom the voice of Europe had proclaimed equal to the greatest captains of past centuries, sometimes at the head each of his separate division—sometimes more united from the concurrence of their thoughts than from the orders of the superior to his inferior officer—sometimes opposed face to face, each redoubling his vigilance and activity. What campaigns, what laborious marches, what precautions, what perils, what resources! Were the same virtues ever seen before in two men of such different, not to say opposite, characters? One seemed to act upon deep reflection; the other, upon sudden impulse and flashes of light. The one, therefore, more fiery—not that his ardor partook of precipitation; the other with a colder manner, but with nothing of slowness—more daring in actions than words, inwardly resolute and determined, even when he looked most embarrassed. The one giving at first appearance in an army a great idea of his valor, and raising an expectation of extraordinary acts, but always advancing cautiously and with order, and coming as it were by degrees to the prodigies which ended his career; the other, like a man inspired from the very first battle, equaling the most consummate masters of war. What a spectacle to see and study these two men, and learn from each of them all the esteem which the other deserved.'

When France and Spain, mutually wearied of a war, which after many years of bloodshed and distress, had procured no one great benefit to either party, and had exhausted millions of their resources, established a peace conference; the treaty of the Pyrenees was concluded in 1660, in which Spain demanded a full pardon for the Condé, and that he should be restored to all his honors; that he should be permitted to receive one million of

crowns from Spain as a reward for his services, and that all who followed him in his rebellion were also to be re-established in their property and indemnified for their losses. Immediately on these stipulations being signed, the Prince returned to his native land, and was graciously received by Louis XIV., who assured him that all should be forgotten but his former brilliant services to France. Condé retired to his magnificent country-seat of Chantilly, to which he was much attached, and occupied his time chiefly in improving it. Eight years later he was recalled to active service in the field, when good fortune returned with his command of French troops, and when fighting against a foreign foe. In a few weeks he subjugated Frenche Comte; and the government was bestowed upon him who conquered it. This reinstated him with the king, but not sufficiently to make him support the prince as a candidate for the crown of Poland, for which he was an applicant, after the abdication of John Casimir.

Louis declared war against the United Provinces in 1672, and took the field himself at the head of a hundred thousand men. With him went Condé and Turenne. The prince had been consulted upon this expedition; he considered the passage of the rivers to be the greatest obstacle. His reply at this time to a visionary who offered to teach him the secret of making gold, has been often quoted: 'My friend,' said he, 'I thank you; but if you know of any invention for making us cross the Issel without our being knocked on the head, you would give me great pleasure, for I know of none!' The French army undertook four sieges at the same time; those of Wesel, Orsoy, Rheinberg and Buirck; Condé being intrusted with the conduct of the former. The besieged places having all surrendered, Louis XIV. gave up the passage of the Issel, and decided to cross the Rhine. This project was crowned with the most complete success, Condé exhibiting as usual the highest military skill and

courage. 'The prince is represented to us,' says Madame de Sévigné in one of her letters, 'as he sat in his boat giving his orders, with that God-like valor and coolness which we knew him to possess.' But this day though brilliant, was unfortunate, as his left wrist was shattered by a musket-ball, a painful wound which prevented his taking any further part in this campaign, and compelled his return to Chantilly.

In 1674, Monsieur le Prince commanded once more upon the Flemish frontier and, August eleventh, fought William of Orange at Seneffe, near Charleroy. In this, our hero's last great battle, he had under him forty-five thousand, while the Prince of Orange was at the head of an army numbering sixty thousand men. All day long the fierce struggle went on, and the conflict was continued by moonlight. When darkness at length put a stop to the carnage at eleven o'clock, the ground was strewn with twenty-seven thousand corpses. Condé, notwithstanding his weakness of health, had been seventeen hours on horseback, and had two horses killed under him. Each party claimed the victory; for which the *Te Deum* was chanted at Brussels and Madrid, no less than at Paris. The French however could display, as warrants and proofs of their victory on this fiercely contested field, a hundred standards and nearly five thousand prisoners. On Condé's return the *Grand Monarque* went as far as the great staircase at Versailles to meet him; while the prince, who had nearly lost the use of his limbs from gout, was ascending very slowly: 'Sire,' exclaimed he from a distance, 'I crave your majesty's pardon if I keep you waiting.' 'My cousin,' replied Louis XIV., 'do not hurry yourself, when one is so laden with laurels, one can hardly walk so fast.'

After the death of Turenne, killed in the lines of Stollhofen, the misfortunes and reverses of the French army in Alsace, caused the king to send the prince to take the chief command, but here, with his failing health and



opposed to the wary and deliberate Montecuculi, he was compelled to refrain from those bold and brilliant strokes of genius, that formed the peculiar feature of his military character. He however maintained his ground on all occasions, and after many most admirable and effective manœuvres, forced the Austrian general to retreat across the Rhine. With this campaign our hero closed his military career, as his increasing bodily infirmities compelled him to decline the proffered chief command, at the opening of the campaign of 1676. The retirement of the Great Condé, and the death of the other hero of the Fronde war, Marshal Turenne, dimmed for a time the lustre of the French arms, but it was soon again restored by a pupil,—we might add a rival,—the Maréchal de Luxembourg.

In his retirement at Chantilly Condé was often urged by his son, and his troops of friends, to write the history of his campaigns, but he refused to gratify their wishes. He had no desire to boast of his great victories, and he always frankly acknowledged his reverses. ‘This man,’ says La Bruyère, ‘so full of glory and of modesty, has been heard to say, ‘I ran away,’ with the same grace as he said, ‘we beat them.’ His declining years were spent in the society of Racine, Moliere, Lafontaine, Boileau, Bossuet, and others of that brilliant galaxy of literary men of the seventeenth century, whose genius reflected no less glory on France than the victories gained by her greatest soldiers; and in embellishing the favorite retreat which he had chosen for himself. ‘His natural taste for gardening,’ says his great-grandson, ‘found here rather more scope for its indulgence than when he was cultivating pinks in his prison at Vincennes.’ Another occupation in which Condé found great pleasure was in forming the mind of his grandson, the Duke de Bourbon; he also extended his care to the young Princes of Conti, and De La Roche-Sur-Lou, his nephews and wards. In the month of December, 1670, notwithstanding his very uncertain health, on

learning that the Duchess de Bourbon had fallen dangerously ill at Fontainebleau, he caused himself to be lifted into his carriage, and set off instantly. The fatigue of the journey was too much for him; he was carried to his chamber, which he never left again. He was desirous of going to Paris, but his weakness increased so alarmingly that his physicians were of opinion he could not recover. Condé himself felt this, and said, 'I see that I am about to take a longer journey than I had thought.' After many days of painful expectation, the prince breathed his last at seven o'clock in the evening, December eleventh, 1686. The funeral oration was pronounced at Notre Dame by the illustrious Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and describes in a most eloquent manner the military life and Christian death of the renowned soldier. It is generally considered the masterpiece of that great writer. Condé's body was carried, in accordance with his request, to the church of Vallery, four leagues from Sens, and buried by the side of his ancestors.

Louis de Bourbon was unquestionably the greatest commander of his age. In all his important victories he began the attack, and in almost all instances he led the charge in person, at his last battle having charged fifteen times at the head of his guards. His dauntless courage would have been rashness without his excellent judgment; his marvellous rapidity of movement might have been termed hurry, without the direction of his superb skill; his persistence might have appeared obstinacy, had not success proved it to be firmness. Two indelible stains rest upon the memory of Condé, which we record with deep regret: his taking up arms against his own country, and the cruel treatment to which he subjected his gentle wife. No injustice which he may have received at the hands of his enemy, Cardinal Mazarin, and his mistress—in a double sense—Anne of Austria, can justify his proving himself a traitor to his native land; nor can the fact that force was put

upon his inclinations in the matter of his marriage, palliate his heartless conduct towards the unfortunate niece of Richelieu—a woman whose love for him was of such a nature, as to induce her to throw off the natural timidity and fears of her sex in his defence, and boldly to take up arms to free him from a prison. She survived her husband eight years; but his death was concealed from her lest she should endeavor to recover her liberty. They might have spared themselves the trouble. What was there to tempt Clémence to return to the world? Her friends were dead, her unnatural son estranged by his thirst for gold;—why should she come back like a spirit from the tomb? She died April, 1694, in the grey old walls of Châteauroux,—to which she had been confined by a *lettre de cachet* issued by request of her husband, worn out with infirmities and sorrows, thankful and happy that after *twenty-three years* of confinement, her long trial was at length over, and that the bright day of reward, so long prayed for, had come at last.

Louis de Bourbon

## THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,  
That in the shock of charging hosts, and unmoved  
Amid confusion, horror, and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid;  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
So when an angel, by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land—  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd—  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

ADDISON.

**J**OHAN CHURCHILL, Duke of Marlborough, one of the five great captains who, by the common consent of men, stand pre-eminent among the military heroes of modern times, was born June twenty-fourth, 1650, at Ashe, Devonshire, England. He was the second son of Sir Winston Churchill, a stout old cavalier who had done good service in behalf of Charles I., and had in consequence been exiled by Cromwell. Young Churchill received the rudiments of his education from a clergyman of the Church of England, from whom he imbibed that firm attachment to the Protestant faith which influenced his conduct in the most important crises of his career. He was afterwards sent to St. Paul's school, London, and it was there he first discovered his taste for a military life. He was but a dull scholar, and on leaving school at the age of fifteen was made page to the Duke of York, with whom he became a favorite, and who soon afterwards procured

for him a commission in the Guards. His fine countenance, handsome figure, and elegant manners, soon attracted the attention of the court beauties, and even excited tender emotions in the heart of the Countess of Castlemaine. Impatient for an opportunity of distinguishing himself in another way than by winning the favor of one of the royal mistresses, the tall and elegant ensign embarked as a volunteer in the expedition sent against Tangiers in 1666, where his first service was opposing the Moors—formidable opponents in the mode of fighting they pursued, and admirable instructors in the first elements of the science of war.

On Ensign Churchill's return to England he was soon initiated in dissolute gallantries, and became the terror of husbands. He had a narrow escape from being caught *flagrante delicto* with the Duchess of Cleveland, and only saved himself by leaping from a second-story window. The lady showed her appreciation of his gallantry in protecting her reputation with her royal lover at the risk of his neck, by presenting him with the sum of five thousand pounds, with which the ensign purchased an annuity of five hundred pounds, which, says Lord Chesterfield, laid the foundation of all his subsequent fortunes; while the king, to get rid of a dangerous rival, gave him a company in the Guards, and sent him with the auxiliary forces furnished to France to aid in the unprincipled invasion of Holland. Thus it was under Turenne, Condé, and Vauban, that Marlborough first learned the art of scientific warfare. The young captain soon attracted attention in the army by his talents and courage, and was generally known as 'the handsome Englishman.' He so greatly distinguished himself at Mineguen, that Turenne, who constantly called him '*le bel Anglais*,' predicted that he would be a great soldier. Having repeatedly volunteered to execute services requiring more than common coolness and decision, he was at length



selected by the French commander to recover a post from which a lieutenant-colonel had been driven. 'I will wager a supper and a dozen of claret,' said Turenne, 'that my handsome Englishman will, with half the number of men, retake the ground which has just been lost.' The wager was accepted; Captain Churchill advanced to the attack, and not only regained, but kept possession of the post, amid the plaudits of the whole army. In the following year he had the good fortune to save the life of the Duke of Monmouth, colonel of the Guards, and acquired so much renown for his gallant bearing at the siege of Maestricht, that the *Grand Monarque* publicly thanked him at the head of the French army. He was soon after promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of his regiment, and continued to serve with the English auxiliary army in Flanders, under the celebrated French marshals, till 1677, when he returned to London. Thus did our hero's five years' experience under the greatest masters of the military art, lead to develop that mighty genius which was destined to hurl back to its own frontiers the tide of Gallic invasion, and close in mourning the reign of Louis XIV. '*Les hommes agissent, mais Dieu les mene.*'

From the career of dissipation upon which Colonel Churchill—now the idol of London beauty and fashion—had entered, he was rescued by a sincere attachment which he formed for Sarah Jennings, the favorite lady in attendance on the Princess Anne, second daughter of the Duke of York, and afterwards Queen of England. She was a person of great beauty, wit, and many accomplishments. Even in his youth, Churchill was noted for an economy in his expenditures that much resembled avarice, so that his alliance with Sarah Jennings was unquestionably one of affection on his side, as he had little property except the annuity purchased with the infamous wages bestowed upon him by the Duchess of Cleveland, and as he refused in her favor the hand of an opulent young lady. Soon after his

marriage in 1680, he accompanied his friend the Duke of York to Scotland, and nearly lost his life by shipwreck, his patron's affection alone standing between him and death. In 1682, the duke presented him to the king, who conferred upon Churchill the colonelcy of the third regiment of Guards. He did not however owe his rapid advancement entirely to his own merits, great as they undoubtedly were, but quite as much to the influence of his sister Arabella Churchill, originally appointed maid of honor to the Duchess of York, but now and for some time previous the duke's mistress. When the Princess Anne was married to Prince George of Denmark, Lady Churchill, her most intimate friend and confidant, was attached to her household in the character of lady of the bed-chamber—an appointment which brought her and Colonel Churchill in daily intercourse with the future Queen of England. In this way, both being persons of superior mental powers, they obtained an ascendancy over the mind of the princess which they retained for a quarter of a century. The Princess Anne and Lady Churchill had been friends for many years, on the principle of joining contrasts, for no two persons could be more unlike; the princess being as dull, heavy and yielding, as the other was lively, changeable and imperious. The most wonderful of friendships resulted, and the princess was the first to propose that their intercourse should be divested of all form or ceremony. When unavoidably separated they corresponded under the childish names of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman—a correspondence carried on for twenty years, on which at last the fate of administrations and dynasties depended, and which would have ended only with Anne's life if the vixenish Sarah had known how to control her own fierce feelings. We are compelled to confess that even the greatest general of his age, the hero of Blenheim and Malplaquet, dreaded her tongue and temper more than the armies of the *Grand Monarque*, led by his ablest captains

‘Sarah enjoyed,’ says Macaulay, ‘the pleasure and distinction of being the one human being who was able to mislead that far-sighted and sure-footed judgment, who was fervently loved by that cold heart, and who was servilely feared by that intrepid spirit.’

On the accession of the Duke of York to the throne in 1685, under the title of James II., our hero kept his place as one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and was raised to the rank of brigadier-general. He was sent to Paris to notify Louis XIV. of his sovereign’s accession, and on his return was created Baron Churchill of Sandridge, the latter being the name of his wife’s birthplace. On the invasion of England by the Duke of Monmouth, he commanded a brigade under Lord Feversham, who allowed his army to be surprised at Sedgemoor, and it was chiefly owing to Churchill’s gallantry and skill, that the royal army changed a surprise into a victory—as Grant did at Shiloh, and Sheridan at Winchester. The general and almost all his officers were in their beds and asleep, when Monmouth, at the head of his forces, silently issued from his camp, and suddenly fell on the royal forces. The rout would have been complete, and the king probably dethroned, had not Churchill, whose vigilant eye nothing escaped, observed the movement, and hastily collecting a few regiments, held the enemy in check, until the army could be formed to repel the well-concerted enterprise.

He was not conspicuous during the remaining years of the reign of James II., and was opposed to the policy of that prince. But his opposition was not openly avowed, and down to the last moment, he enjoyed the confidence of the blindly bigoted king. But a few days before his treachery, he vowed with well-feigned enthusiasm, that he would shed the last drop of his blood in the service of his gracious master. Had Churchill withdrawn from his service, and taken no part in the revolution which followed or even appeared in arms against the unhappy Stuart.

there would have been nothing reprehensible in his conduct. But he did not do this, and so there is a blot on his memory, as black and ineffaceable as that on the name and fame of Benedict Arnold. On the landing of William, Prince of Orange, he was made lieutenant-general, and appointed to the command of the corps destined to oppose his progress. Prior to this time the traitor had written a letter to William, still extant, in which he expressed entire devotion to his cause. He soon deserted his benefactor, who had been warned that Churchill was about to betray him; but the deluded monarch would not credit the information—would not believe that one who owed all his success in life to his friendship, could be so base as to desert him in his hour of danger. With him went the Duke of Grafton and the principal officers of his own regiment. And it was also through his influence that the Princess Anne and her husband were induced to abandon the king, and draw from the unhappy Stuart the mournful exclamation, ‘My God! my very children have forsaken me.’ For his perfidy Baron Churchill was rewarded by William with valuable appointments and created Earl of Marlborough; but stout old Marshal Schomberg of the prince’s army, one of the greatest living masters of the art of war, paid him the doubtful compliment of observing that he was the first lieutenant-general who had ever deserted his colors.’ ‘Such,’ says Alison, ‘is often the inequality of crimes and punishments in this world, that Churchill was raised to the pinnacle of greatness by the very conduct which consigned Ney, with justice so far as his conduct is concerned, to an ignominious death.’

‘Treason ne’er prospers, for when it does,  
None dare call it treason.’

England having, on the accession of William, joined the league against France, the new earl was sent to the Netherlands in command of the British forces in Flanders.

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The next year he led an army into the south of Ireland, and soon reduced Cork and Kinsdale. In 1691, he accompanied the king to Flanders, and there exhibited his military genius in a most brilliant manner. He was soon after deprived of his command, and sent to the Tower of London for carrying on a treasonable correspondence with James II., then in France. He is known to have sent information to the exiled king, of the expedition against Brest, which enabled the French to defeat the English with great slaughter; one of his objects being to ruin his rival, Talmash, who lost his life on the occasion. On his release from arrest he very prudently retired to private life, from which he did not emerge until the death of Queen Mary, when he was restored to favor by William, and made governor of his nephew, the young Duke of Gloucester, son of the Princess Anne, and heir-presumptive to the throne; upon which occasion the king paid him this extraordinary compliment:—‘My lord, make him what you are, and my nephew will be all I wish to see him.’ This appointment was accompanied by his restoration to his rank as privy counsellor. The young prince soon died, but Marlborough continued to be employed in the most important services and negotiations that distinguished the last year of William’s reign. After the death of that monarch, the Princess Anne ascended the throne. She confirmed him in his former offices and appointed him her plenipotentiary to the Hague. War was declared with France in May, 1702, and Marlborough assigned to the command of the allied army. It is from this period that we love to dwell on his career. For the next ten years his life was *sans reproche*—and was one unbroken series of victories unsurpassed in the history of warfare. During that period he never fought a battle that he did not win, nor besieged a fortress that he did not take, and he raised the glory of England to a height it had never before attained—not even in the days of Elizabeth or Cromwell.



When Marlborough passed over to the continent a few weeks after the death of the king, he found the French in the Netherlands with a very great force, and with a conviction, which at that time was shared by other nations, that in the field they were, with anything like an equality of numbers, *invincible*. This erroneous idea Eugene and Churchill soon corrected. In his first campaign as generalissimo of the allied armies, Marlborough out-manœuvred some of the greatest French captains, and reduced four important fortresses. On its conclusion he was created Marquis of Blandford and Duke of Marlborough. In his second campaign in 1703, though thwarted by the obstinate Dutch generals and the deputies they sent into the field to control the operations of the army, he gained various advantages, and proved to the French marshals that they had met their peer. It was during this year that he saw Charles VI., afterwards emperor, proceeding to Spain, by whom he was kindly received, and presented with a sword set with diamonds. In 1704, Austria, and even its capital, was threatened by a united army of French and Bavarians. To the astonishment of Europe, Marlborough decided to march to the Danube and 'to fight it out on that line.' This led to the great battles of Schellenberg and Blenheim. The preparations and the march were as admirable as the battles themselves. By paying the closest attention to the commissariat, and to all those parts of the service on which the well-being of the troops depend, the army, after so long a march through different states, was brought into the field in the most perfect condition. They won the goodwill of the inhabitants by taking nothing from them without paying for it, and by their general good behavior. It was this rare discipline, which was afterwards still further improved, that gave Marlborough much of the success which he won over the armies of the *Grand Monarque* of France.

On the second of July, our hero fought his first pitched

battle at Schellenberg, gaining a most signal victory, which saved the house of Austria. The grateful emperor wrote to the commander-in-chief,—‘This will be an eternal triumph to your most serene queen, in Upper Germany, whither the victorious arms of the English nation have never penetrated since the memory of man.’ To his infinite joy, and incalculable advantage, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the only general on the side of the grand alliance who was fitted to share command with him, now joined the allied army, bringing with him eighteen thousand men. Marlborough and Eugene were determined to fight the French wherever they could find them, and they were soon discovered in the valley of the Danube, near Blenheim. On the memorable thirteenth of August, Marlborough delivered the battle of Blenheim. It is of course impossible in so short a sketch, to give a detailed account of this glorious victory; suffice it to say that during the whole of the tremendous conflict the duke exerted himself with his characteristic coolness, vigilance and energy, superintending the manœuvres in every part, and appearing at every point where his presence was necessary to revive the courage, to restore the order, or to direct the attacks of his troops. After describing the details of the action Voltaire says: ‘Such was the celebrated battle which the French call the battle of Hochstet, the Germans Plentheim, and the English Blenheim. The conquerors had about five thousand killed and eight thousand wounded. The French army was almost entirely destroyed: of sixty thousand men, so long victorious, there never reassembled more than twenty thousand effective soldiers. About twelve thousand killed, fourteen thousand prisoners, all the cannon, a prodigious number of colors and standards, all the tents and equipages, the general of the army, and one thousand two hundred officers of mark in the power of the conqueror, signalized that day!’

The first news of the battle which reached England was

contained in a few calm words free from expressions of boastfulness, written by the hero in pencil to his wife when the enemy were in full flight, but before the pursuit was over. He had then been in the saddle sixteen hours. 'I have not time to say more than to beg of you to present my humble duty to the queen, and to let her majesty know that her army has gained a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Parke, will give her majesty an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another, more at large.' What a contrast to many of the American dispatches of 1861-5, and to those of the later Franco-German war !

Following so closely on the disaster of Schellenberg, the victory of Blenheim quite destroyed the *prestige* of the French, and proved beyond question that the English infantry was more than a match for them. It was universally conceded that they were in the allied hosts what the Tenth Legion of Cæsar was in the Roman, or the Old Guard of Napoleon in the French army. So decisive an action had not been fought for ages ; the Gallo-Bavarian army may be said to have been annihilated ; according to their own confession, they lost in the battle and the consequent flight nearly *forty thousand* men. As a reward for this great victory the manor of Woodstock was conferred upon him, and the queen ordered that a palace should be built, to be called Blenheim. It was this battle that suggested to one of the most eminent English poets of the nineteenth century, the following quaint stanzas :

It was a summer evening—  
Old Kaspar's work was done  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun,  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found;  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh—  
‘’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,’ said he,  
‘Who fell in the great victory.’

‘I find them in the garden,  
For there’s many here about;  
And when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men,’ said he,  
‘Were slain in the great victory.’

‘Now tell us what ’twas all about,’  
Young Peterkin he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder waiting eyes—  
‘Now tell me all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for.’

‘It was the English,’ Kaspar cried,  
‘Who put the French to rout;  
But what they fought each other for,  
I could not well make out;  
But everybody said,’ quoth he,—  
‘That ’twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

- ‘With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide;  
And many a childing mother there,  
And new-born baby died;  
But things like that you know must be  
At every famous victory.
- ‘They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won—  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be,  
After a famous victory.
- ‘Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won,  
And our good Prince Eugene :’  
Why ’twas a very wicked thing !’  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
Nay—nay—my little girl !’ quoth he,  
It was a famous victory.
- ‘And everybody praised the Duke,  
Who this great fight did win.’  
‘But what good came of it at last ?’  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
‘Why, that I cannot tell,’ said he;  
‘But ’twas a famous victory.’

Marlborough was again successful in his campaign of 1705, in the Low Countries. He broke the celebrated French lines, which were held by Marshal Villeroi and the Elector of Bavaria. The whole operations of the campaign proved how well he knew the art of war, and really did him as much honor as the more brilliant victories of the previous year. He was made a prince of the empire by the German Emperor, who conferred upon him the lordships of Mindenheim in the province of Suabia. In 1706, the opposing armies took the field earlier than usual. The commander-in-chief made the most vigorous exertions to get his army perfectly organized and equipped, and at last everything being arranged to his satisfaction,

- ‘With courage on he goes; doth execute  
With council, and returns with victory.’



On the twenty-third of May, Marlborough gained the battle of Ramillies. The spoils of this surprising victory were eighty colors and standards, and almost the whole of the French artillery, besides Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, and all the principal towns of Brabant, which surrendered to the conqueror. In this action 'Corporal John,' as his soldiers loved to call him, to which the epithet of 'good' or 'brave,' was sometimes added, had a narrow escape from capture by a squadron of French dragoons. He was thrown from his horse and severely bruised, but succeeded in escaping and rejoined his own lines.

In the following year, when the fiery Charles XII. burst into Saxony with his victorious Swedes, it was Churchill who was sent to avert the storm from bursting over Germany. He succeeded in his mission and made a most favorable impression on the great Swedish conqueror, who at parting gave him a diamond ring valued at a thousand pounds. This year Marlborough's campaign, owing to the procrastinations and jealousies of the allied powers, was only productive of useless manœuvres, and at its close he visited England. In the operations of 1708, the French under Marshal Vendome, full of confidence in their great leader, assumed the offensive, capturing Ghent and Bruges, and laid siege to Oudenarde. Marlborough and Eugene resolved that it should not be taken, and this led to the battle of Oudenarde—a battle fought with muskets, bayonets and sabres. Neither of the contending parties had much artillery on the ground, which, owing to the nature of the country, could not be used. After a day of hard pounding, the French were defeated and their confidence in Vendome dissipated. The allied armies then penetrated into the enemy's country, and laid siege to Lille, the strongest fortress in France. Lille captured after a hot siege and a stiff defence, Ghent and Bruges recovered, and the allied standards floating over the soil of France, closed the campaign of 1708.

On September eleventh of the following year Marlborough fought his last battle, and, in point of numbers and hard fighting, his greatest. Carlyle calls it 'the bloodiest of obstinate fights,' and Alison says 'Nothing had occurred like it since Agincourt; nothing like it again till Waterloo.' From

'Early dawn to dewy eve,'

the terrible conflict raged with ever-varying success, when on the approach of night Marshal Boufflers, who succeeded to the command after Villars was wounded, drew off his army in perfect order, leaving the allies masters of the field. The allies lost nearly twenty thousand men, while the French loss was less than fifteen thousand, which is accounted for when we take into consideration the formidable nature of the works which they had to storm, at a frightful sacrifice, in the early part of the day. What was thought of our hero in the enemy's camp is well described by a French officer who, writing a few days after the battle of Malplaquet, says: 'The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day; since till then, they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say with justice that nothing can stand before them; and, indeed, what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of one hundred thousand of the best troops, posted between two woods, trebly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as any brave men could do, were not able to stop them one day? Will you not, then, own with me, that they surpass all the heroes of former ages?' The campaign of 1709 was concluded by the capture of Mons, and the return of Marlborough to England. He was received in the most flattering manner by the people, and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were tendered to him for his great and glorious victories. The duke returned to Flanders and made the campaigns of 1710 and 1711, against the

French, commanded by Marshal Villars, capturing several strongholds and twice forcing his lines, without however fighting any pitched battles.

The circumstances of Marlborough's fall, our limited space will not permit us to dwell upon. He was deprived of his command, together with all his officers, and the peace of Utrecht, which Pitt styled 'the indelible reproach of the age,' was the first consequence of his dismissal. On the death of the Earl of Godolphin, Marlborough, says Burnet, 'resolved to go and live beyond the sea,' and accordingly proceeded in November, 1712, to the continent, landing at Brille. He was everywhere received with the honors usually extended only to sovereign princes. The manners of Marlborough were so courteous and yet animated, his conversation so simple and yet cheerful, that it was commonly said at the time, 'that the only things he had forgotten were his own great deeds, and the only things he remembered were the misfortunes of others.' The Duke de Ledeguirés, who met him at Aix la Chapelle, on quitting his levée, said with equal justice and felicity,—'I can now say that I have seen the man who is equal to the Maréchal de Turenne in conduct, to the Prince of Condé in courage, and superior to the Maréchal de Luxembourg in success. On the death of Queen Anne, Marlborough returned to England, and soon after the accession of George I., he was reinstated in all his dignities, and was again appointed captain-general and master-general of the ordnance. The duke's great popularity with the army was about this time the means of enabling him to appease a mutiny in the Guards, which at first threatened to be alarming. During the Scottish rebellion of 1715, he directed in a great degree the operations against the rebels, though he did not actually take the field; and to his exertions its rapid suppression is in a great measure to be ascribed. The year following, he was seized with a severe stroke of palsy; he however recovered, but never

afterwards took any prominent part in public affairs. The old and glorious Eugene-Marlborough days had passed away forever, and he had become what Frederick the Great said of the hero of Belgrade, under whom he served at Phillipsburgh in 1734, only 'the shadow of the great Eugene.' In November, 1721, he made his last appearance in the House of Lords, and in June, 1722, he was again attacked with paralysis, and lay for several days motionless, though in perfect possession of his mental faculties. To a question from the duchess, whether he heard the prayers, read as usual at night on the fifteenth of June, in his apartment, he replied, 'Yes, and I joined in them.' These were the last words of the great captain. On the morning of the sixteenth he sank rapidly, and at four o'clock calmly breathed his last at Windsor Lodge, in the seventy-third year of his age.

His funeral obsequies were celebrated with great magnificence, after his body had lain in state for several days at Marlborough House. His remains were deposited with imposing solemnity in Westminster Abbey, at the east end of the tomb of Henry VII.; but this was not their final resting-place. They were soon after removed to Blenheim, where they were deposited in a magnificent mausoleum, and there they still remain, surmounted by the noble pile which the genius of a Vanbrugh had conceived to express a nation's gratitude to the hero of Schellenberg, Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, Malplaquet, Lille, Tournay, Bethune, Douay, Ruremonde, Bouchaire, Mons, Aire, St. Venant, Liege, Maestricht and Ghent.

The duchess survived her illustrious husband upwards of twenty years, dying June twenty-first 1744, at the age of eighty-four. Macaulay, not content with speaking of her admitted failings, appears inclined to impugn her character for chastity, by attaching importance to the scandal that represented her as the mistress of the accomplished Shrewsbury. With all her faults, we believe her to have been a

faithful wife. The love and veneration she entertained for the duke is well and pleasantly illustrated by the following incidents: two offers of marriage were made to her—one by Lord Conigsby, the other by that Duke of Somerset known as ‘the proud,’ but whose pride could not prevent him from seeking the hand of a woman of sixty-three, because it was full of gold. What her answer to the former was, is not recorded. That to the ‘Proud Duke,’ is highly characteristic, and redeems some of the faults of the adorable shrew. ‘Marriage,’ said the duchess, ‘is very unsuitable at my age; but were I only thirty, I would not permit even the emperor of the world to succeed in that heart, which has been all my life devoted to John, Duke of Marlborough.’

One of the most generous testimonies to the abilities and greatness of Marlborough, is from the pen of Bolingbroke, who, though among the keenest of his political opponents, is known to have said to a parasite who ridiculed the avarice of the duke, ‘He was so very great a man, that I had forgotten he had that vice.’ The line applied to Lord Bacon might with equal propriety be used in speaking of the subject of this sketch, that he was

‘The wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind.’

Richardson, the painter, has recorded a pleasing instance of the duke’s equanimity, for which indeed he was always remarkable. ‘The Duke of Marlborough,’ says the writer, ‘riding out once with Commissary Marriott near the commissary’s house in the country, it began to rain, and the duke called for his cloak; Marriott having his put on by his servant immediately. The duke’s servant not bringing the cloak, he called for it again, but the man was still puzzling about the straps and buckles. At last, as it now rained very hard, the duke called again and asked him, ‘what he was about that he did not bring his cloak?’ ‘You must stay,’ grumbled the fellow, ‘if it rains cats and

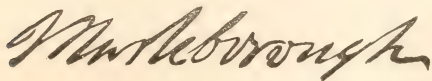


dogs, till I can get it.' The duke only turned to Marriott and said, 'I would not be of that fellow's temper;' reminding us of the saying of Seneca, '*Quid est quare ego servi mei hilarem responsum, et contumacem vultum flagellis et crucibus expiem?*'

The character of this great captain has been thus portrayed by three of the most eminent writers in the English language, one of whom certainly cannot be accused of undue partiality to his political opponent. 'It is a characteristic,' says Adam Smith, 'almost peculiar to the great Duke of Marlborough, that ten years of such uninterrupted and splendid successes, as scarce any other general could boast of, never betrayed him into a single rash action, scarce into a single rash word or expression. The same temperate coolness and self-command cannot I think be ascribed to any other great warrior of later times, not to Prince Eugene, nor to the late King of Prussia, nor to the Great Prince of Condé, nor even to Gustavus Adolphus. Turenne seems to have approached the nearest to it; but several actions of his life demonstrate that it was in him by no means so perfect as in the great Duke of Marlborough.' Bolingbroke's testimony is, that 'the Duke of Marlborough was raised to the head of an army, and indeed of the confederacy, where he, a private man, a subject, obtained by merit and by management a more decided influence than high birth, confirmed authority, and even the crown of Great Britain, had given to King William. Not only all the parts of that vast machine, the Grand Alliance, were kept more compact and entire, but a more vigorous motion was given to the whole; and instead of languishing or disastrous campaigns, we saw every scene of the war full of action. All those wherein he appeared, and many of those wherein he was not then an actor, but an abettor, however, of their actions, were crowned with success. I take with pleasure this opportunity of doing justice to this great man, whose faults I know, whose virtues I admire, and

whose memory, as the *greatest general and greatest minister that our country or any other has produced*, I honor.'

In the calm and judicial pages of Hallam are to be seen those words: 'as for Lord Marlborough, he was among the first, if we except some Scot renegades, who abandoned the cause of the Revolution. He had so signally broken the ties of personal gratitude in his desertion of the king on that occasion, that, according to the severe remark of Hume, his conduct required forever afterward the most upright, the most disinterested, and most public-spirited behavior to render it justifiable; what, then, must we think of it if we find in the whole of this great man's political life nothing but ambition and rapacity in his motives, nothing but treachery and intrigue in his means! He betrayed and abandoned James, because he could not rise in his favor without a sacrifice that he did not care to make; he abandoned William and betrayed England, because some obstacles stood in the way of his ambition. I do not mean only, when I say that he betrayed England, that he was ready to lay her independence and liberty at the feet of James II. and Louis XIV.; but that in a memorable instance he communicated to the court of St. Germain's, and through that to the court of Versailles, the secret of an expedition against Brest, which failed in consequence, with the loss of the commander and eight hundred men. In short, his whole life was such a picture of meanness and treachery, that one must rate military services very high indeed to preserve any esteem for his memory.'






## PRINCE EUGENE.

A braver soldier never couched lance,  
A gentler heart did never sway in court.

SHAKESPEARE.

RANCOIS EUGENE, one of the five greatest generals of modern times, was an Italian by family, a Frenchman by birth, and a German by adoption. He was the youngest son of the Count of Soissons, grandson of Charles Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy, and Olympia Mancini, one of the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin; and was born at Paris, October eighteenth, 1663. Being of a feeble constitution, he was intended for the church; but having no taste for the study of theology, and a strong bias in another direction, he devoted his time to military reading. Instead of his breviary, he devoured in secret Plutarch's lives of ancient heroes. At an early age he endeavored to obtain the command of a regiment. Louis XIV., at whose court he was known as the little Abbé, refused his request, and as he also encountered the enmity of his minister, Louvois, —a refusal and an enmity that were to cost France dear, —he entered the Austrian service, accompanying the Princes of Conti when they went to serve as volunteers against the Turks in Hungary in 1683. In this campaign our young hero so greatly distinguished himself for gallantry and the most dauntless courage, that the Emperor Leopold, who was allied to his family, conferred upon him the command of a cavalry regiment. He was present at the battle of Vienna and in other engagements, his personal daring rendering him conspicuous on every occasion, leading to his rapid promotion. At the siege of Belgrade in 1688, he held the rank of major-general.

Louvois now required all Frenchmen serving in foreign armies to return, on pain of banishment. Prince Eugene refused to obey, declaring he would return to France in spite of the minister; and he was more than once as good as his word. He was sent to Savoy in a diplomatic capacity; but he served under the command of his kinsman, the duke of that country, in several campaigns, being his lieutenant when he invaded France in 1692. They made more than one day's march into Dauphiné, crossed the Durance, took several towns, levied large contributions, burned eighty chateaux and villages, threatened Grenoble, and even Lyons, the second city in the kingdom, demonstrating that France could be invaded, and that Italians, Spaniards and Englishmen, could retaliate upon the French the excesses which they had committed in their countries, when they were invaders. After Eugene returned to Vienna, he was brevetted field-marshal, and placed in command of the army in Hungary. Sensible of the folly he had committed, the *Grand Monarque* now endeavored to gain him back to France by offering him the baton of a marshal; the government of Champagne, and a pension of two thousand louis d'or per annum. In 1696, Eugene led an army of fifty thousand Austrians against the Turks. He outgeneralled the enemy, commanded by Mustapha II., and almost exterminated them in the great and decisive battle of Zenta on the Tiesse, fought September eleventh, one of the greatest victories of that age. Carlyle says this was his 'cunning feat: breaking of the Grand Turk's back in the world; who has staggered about, less and less of a terror and outrage, more and more of a nuisance, growing unbearable ever since that day.'

'*Non est ad astra mollis à terris via*, saith Seneca. While the fame of this brilliant action filled Europe with admiration, and gave the young marshal a reputation second to that of no living military leader, Eugene's enemies at court



used all their influence to injure him. Like Nelson at Copenhagen, our hero gained this great victory in opposition to his instructions. He had, shortly before the battle, received positive orders to undertake no offensive movement against the enemy, but did not at the moment think proper to obey such untimely instructions. He was placed under arrest, his sword taken from him, and a court-martial ordered for his trial. The emperor, however, soon restored him to command, being compelled to do so by the public voice, which loudly condemned such base ingratitude toward so great a benefactor to the imperial dominions. The prince resumed his place at the head of the army, on condition that he should for the future have *carte blanche* for the conduct of the war. He, however, did not accomplish anything of importance before the peace of Carlowitz was made in 1699, between the Imperialists and Ottomans.

When the war of the Spanish succession commenced, a most difficult undertaking devolved upon Eugene. He assembled an army of forty thousand men at Roveredo, and, like the great Carthaginian general, hewed a passage across the Alps. Masses of ice and snow had to be cleared away, and at many points huge rocks blown up, before a road could be made for the artillery. He had no sooner descended into the valleys of Italy, than he showed himself the superior of Marshal Catinet. He won the battle of Carpi; defeated Villeroi at Chiari, and compelled him to abandon the territory of Mantua. In January, 1702, he attacked the French at Cremona, and, though repulsed, captured their general, Marshal Villeroi. In the Duke de Vendome he found a worthy antagonist, and they fought the bloody drawn battle of Luzara, August first, 1702, in which each party claimed the victory. It was one of the most sanguinary ever delivered by the Prince Eugene, whose fortune it was to command in so many battles. He there lost the flower of his army, and also his

best officers, including the brave Commerci, his intimate friend and most faithful companion in arms.

Appointed president of the war council at the close of the campaign, and afterward sent against the Hungarians, he had no opportunity of doing anything worthy of his great reputation until 1704, when he first served with the Duke of Marlborough on the Danube. It has been well said, that 'the great understanding between these distinguished commanders, during the whole course of this long and difficult war, and when so many causes likely to produce discord must have happened, is a circumstance as curious as it is unexampled. It does not appear that any great friendship or peculiar harmony of disposition and character bound them together; on the contrary, Marlborough was laborious, calm, tranquil, and courtly in his general manner, and had no complete heart-expanding intimacy with any one, unless perhaps with his duchess. Eugene, on the other hand, was of lively temperament, personally active, but mentally idle; fond of society, pleasure, conversation and relaxation, and exposed himself to liberties from those who surrounded him, which no one would ever have dreamed of taking with the high-mannered Duke of Marlborough. But, however different in these respects, they always co-operated together most zealously, whether acting in Flanders in the same field, or separated by the half of Europe.' These eminent soldiers shared the glory of the battle of Blenheim, fought August thirteenth, 1704, by the allied armies, and the French and Bavarians, commanded by Marshal Tallard and the Elector of Bavaria. So decisive a battle had not been fought for a hundred years. The Gallo-Bavarians may be said to have been annihilated, while the loss in the armies of Eugene and Marlborough was not above twelve thousand killed and wounded.

The year following, the prince was sent to Italy, and during the campaign was defeated at Cassano, August six-

teenth, by Marshal Vendome, being twice severely wounded during the battle. Eugene's most brilliant action during the war was the relief of Turin. At the head of an army of less than thirty thousand men, he set out to join the Duke of Savoy, who was separated from him by a distance of more than two hundred miles, the intermediate country being in possession of the enemy. He passed the Po in sight of Vendome, crossed the Tanaro under the eyes of the Duke of Orleans, took Reggio and Correggio, stole a march upon the French, and effected a junction with the Piedmontese troops. The combined army did not exceed forty thousand men, while the enemy had twice that number commanded by Marshal Marsin. But neither the fatigue of the long march, nor the greatly superior number of the French, who were strongly intrenched, could arrest the gallant and impetuous Eugene. He attacked them in their camps, and after a severe struggle gained the day, not however without being again wounded. The conquest of the whole of Italy was the result of this splendid achievement, which excited the admiration of all Europe, as much perhaps as did Sherman's march to the sea in our own day. Eugene had in part raised and equipped the army with which he gained this splendid victory with funds received from the city of London, and after the battle he wrote to the citizens of London, saying: 'He flattered himself that he had laid out their money to their entire satisfaction.' The prince was received in the most flattering manner at Vienna, and was rewarded with the government of the Milanese. The lustre of his exploits had put to silence, if not to shame, the malignity of his enemies. 'I have but one fault to find with you,' said the emperor, 'you expose yourself too much.'

The invasion of France followed on the conquest of Italy. Eugene led an army into Provence, but the campaign was not attended with his usual good fortune. He was compelled to raise the siege of Toulon; and the

capture of Susa and the passes of the Alps were the only advantages derived by the allies. His next employment was at the German court, hastening preparations for the campaign of 1708; and in that campaign, at the head of the imperial armies in Flanders, he shared with Marlborough in the conduct, as he did in the glories of Oudenarde. During the long and laborious siege of Lille, Eugene conducted the operations before the town, while Marlborough commanded the covering army, which effectually foiled all attempts of the French to relieve the place. Our hero was filled with admiration for Marshal Boufflers, the French commander, and evinced the native generosity of his disposition by the manliness with which he granted the most favorable terms to the illustrious leader who had conducted the siege with so much gallantry. When the articles of capitulation proposed by Boufflers were placed before him, he said immediately, without looking at them: 'I will subscribe them at once, knowing well you would propose nothing unworthy of you and me.' Would it have been safe for Grant to have treated Pemberton in this manner at Vicksburg, or for Prince Frederick Charles to have trusted Bazaine to the same extent? During the siege of Lille, Eugene was again wounded.

In the Duke of Marlborough's last battle, and, in point of numbers and hard pounding, his greatest, the prince was present, and did noble service in gaining the field for the allies. As they had beaten so many of his generals, one after another, Louis XIV. had now sent Marshal Villars to try his skill and fortune. This able soldier met with the same fate as his predecessors. He stubbornly and stoutly contested the field, but in vain; nothing could withstand an army led by such men as Eugene and Marlborough. During the bloodiest period of this most obstinate struggle, while our hero was rallying his troops, who had given way, and gallantly leading them back to the charge, he was struck by a musket-ball behind the ear.

His staff pressed him to retire, that the wound might be dressed; but he replied, 'If I am fated to die here, to what purpose can it be to dress the wound? If I survive, it will be time enough in the evening, when the battle is over.' With these words he advanced again to the head of the line, with the blood streaming over his shoulders. A French officer of distinction, in a letter written a few days after the battle, says: 'The Eugenes and Marlboroughs ought to be well satisfied with us during that day, since till then they had not met with resistance worthy of them. They may say with justice that nothing can stand before them; and indeed what shall be able to stem the rapid course of these two heroes, if an army of one hundred thousand of the best troops, posted between two woods, trebly intrenched, and performing their duty as well as any brave men could do, own with me, that they surpass all heroes of former ages.'

On the decline of Marlborough's power, in 1711, Eugene visited England, with the hope of effecting a reconciliation between the new ministry and his old companion in arms, and of gaining the British government to her former position in the alliance. Soon after his arrival at Greenwich, it was intimated to him that the less attention he paid to the duke the more agreeable it would be to the queen. Our hero, as might be expected, made a manly reply: 'It is inconsistent with my character to be wanting in respect to a friend in his adverse fortune, for whom I always expressed so much regard in the time of his prosperity.' He was received with the highest marks of distinction by the people of England; but he failed in the objects of his mission. Before his departure Queen Anne presented the soldier, victorious on so many battle-fields, with a diamond-hilted sword. The Emperor of Austria and the states of Holland, notwithstanding England's withdrawal from the alliance, continued the contest, and, in 1712, Eugene took Quesnoy in the face of a French army. In his attempt to



reduce Landrecy he was less successful. Lord Albemarle, a Dutch commander, having been defeated at Denain by Marshal Villars before Eugene could support him, the siege was raised. Our hero ascribed the disaster to the avarice of the Dutch deputies, who refused to bring the army supplies forward; and some one speaking of the rapid movements of Alexander, he observed that the Macedonian would not have moved so quickly if he had had Dutch deputies to deal with. The prince did all that skill and the highest military genius could achieve to make up for the great deficiency arising from the withdrawal of Marlborough and the English army, but in vain. After a time, the states of Holland withdrew from the alliance, and the emperor, left alone in the arena, and overmatched by the French, entered into negotiations with France. Eugene and Villars met at Rastadt as ambassadors, and signed a treaty of peace, March sixth, 1714, which closed the sanguinary war of the Spanish succession. The prince now returned to Vienna, where he was constantly consulted by the emperor in affairs of state, and had some leisure to devote to science, to literature and art, of all which he was a patron.

The truce between the Turks and Venetians having expired, and the infidels having driven the lion of St. Mark from the Morea, and threatened the ruin of the republic, Eugene urged the emperor to take part with the Venetians and prevent their destruction. War was accordingly declared against the Turks. Great as had been the services performed by Marshal Eugene, they were outdone by those which he rendered in the campaign we are about to describe—a campaign in which he effectually broke the Ottoman power, and forever delivered Europe from the scimitar of the Osmanlis, by which it had been almost incessantly threatened for three centuries. He soon organized an army of sixty thousand men, a good part of whom were the veterans who had followed his victorious standards in

Flanders and Italy, and led it into Hungary. The battle of Peterwardein, fought August fifth, 1716, against one hundred and fifty thousand Turks, soon followed. For a time the day seemed lost to the Austrians; quick and unerring were the blows of the Moslem scimitars, and the carnage was dreadful. Eugene with his eagle eye perceived that the enemy were disordered by their own impetuosity, and that their right flank was exposed by their rapid advance, when he led the reserve cavalry to the charge; and by the efforts of that splendid body of troops, he made as great havoc as did Hannibal among the Roman legions at Thrasymenæ and Cannæ.

The infidels, taken in flank, fled as rapidly as they had advanced, and the fugitives, throwing themselves upon their own troops, brought the whole army into confusion, as the French did at 'the battle of the Spurs.' The Grand Vizier was mortally wounded in his vain attempts to rally the panic-stricken troops, and the day ended in a most signal victory for our hero. The battle of Peterwardein was followed by the capture of Tameswar. The next year he advanced against Belgrade, the capital of Servia, the key of Hungary, and the most important military post between Vienna and Constantinople. The town is built around a high castellated rock, situated at the confluence of the Save and the Danube, and is a place of great strength. For nearly a thousand years it has been the scene and object of strife, and an old chronicler records that artillery was used there as early as 1073, when the king of Hungary reduced the fortress—nearly three centuries earlier than guns are supposed to have been first used.

Eugene appeared before the place with a well-appointed army of fifty thousand men, June thirteenth, 1717, and, taking post between the Danube and the Save, immediately began to fortify his camp with lines of circumvallation and contravallation, between which his forces were

stationed. Bridges were thrown across the rivers, protected by forts and lines, so that the place was completely invested, and cut off from all communication with the outside world, as were Vicksburg and Port Hudson during the sieges of 1863. Eugene's works were mounted with one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, while the fortress was defended by five hundred guns and twenty-eight thousand men. On July seventeenth the batteries opened fire on the town, but little had been effected, when, on the twenty-ninth, the vanguard of the vizier's army appeared. In a few days, a gigantic host of one hundred and fifty thousand was encamped on the amphitheatre of hills by which Belgrade, like Washington, is surrounded, and the extraordinary spectacle of a besieging army besieged within its own camp was exhibited. The obstinate resistance of the Turks, as famous then as they have ever since been in the defence of fortified places, joined to the dysenteries and fevers usual on the marshy banks of the Danube during that period of the year, soon reduced his force to about forty thousand effective men. Eugene himself was attacked and seriously weakened by the prevailing dysentery, and all seemed lost in the Austrian camp. His boldest and most experienced officers deemed a capitulation inevitable. It was in these circumstances that our hero achieved one of the most glorious victories ever gained by the Cross over the crescent—a victory as remarkable as the success of Cæsar over the Gauls at Alesia. Having obtained information that the vizier meditated an assault upon his camp on the seventeenth of August, Eugene determined to anticipate him. Leaving a sufficient force to guard his works toward the town, he sallied out, although scarcely strong enough to sit on his horse, with thirty thousand men divided in two columns of attack, at an early hour on the morning of the sixteenth, and completely surprised the Turks, who are proverbial for the negligent manner in which they perform every kind of out-

post duty. The enemy were seized with a panic, notwithstanding they outnumbered the attacking force by at least five to one, and betook themselves to flight, according to their custom, leaving the pachas to tear their beards and shift for themselves. The camp, stores, guns and baggage of the Osmanlis fell into the hands of the victors, and the garrison, disheartened by the defeat of the Vizier's vast army, surrendered on the following day. Belgrade has since remained, with some mutations of fortune, the great frontier bulwark of Europe against the Ottoman power. In this battle, in which the Turks suffered the most terrible defeat which they ever experienced, Eugene was again wounded in the heat of action; and, indeed, it was a perfect miracle that he escaped with his life, such was the reckless manner in which he exposed himself. This, however, was no unusual thing with our hero, who was wounded on twelve different battle-fields. Eugene was prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and, like Napoleon, indifferent to the sacrifices at which he purchased his victories; but he was still more lavish of his own, and, unlike Napoleon, never failed to expose himself, sharing the hardships and dangers of the common soldier. That he did not meet death on the field is extraordinary, for in eighteen pitched battles he fought under fire from the commencement of the fray. That such a course is proper in the leader of great armies may be doubted, but it certainly elicits our admiration more than the conduct of other commanders of more modern date, who never place themselves in a position where by any possibility they can receive any personal injury. An eminent writer says: 'Eugene's genius was not methodical or scientific like that of Marlborough or Turenne, nor essentially chivalrous like that of the Black Prince or the great Condé. It was more akin to the terrible sweep of the Tartar chiefs—it savored more of Oriental daring. His audacity often bordered on rashness, his rapidity on haste; and he repeatedly brought his armies

into situations all but desperate, and which, to a general of less capacity, would have unquestionably proved so. But in these difficulties no one could exceed him in the energy and vigor with which he extricated himself from the toils ; and many of his greatest victories, particularly those of Turin and Belgrade, were gained under circumstances where even the boldest officers in his army had given him over for lost.' The following spirited poem, translated from the German, gives a glowing description of Eugene's famous victory :—

PRINCE EUGENE, our noble leader,  
 Made a vow in death to bleed, or  
     Win the emperor back Belgrade :  
 'Launch pontoons, let all be ready  
 To bear our ordnance safe and steady  
     Over the Danube'—thus he said.

There was mustering on the border,  
 When our bridge in marching order  
     Breasted first the roaring stream :  
 Then at Semlin vengeance breathing,  
 We encamped to scourge the heathen  
     Back to Mahound, and fame redeem.

'Twas on August one-and-twenty,  
 Scouts and glorious tidings plenty  
     Galloped in through storm and rain ;  
 Turks, they swore, three hundred thousand,  
 Marched to give our prince a rouse, and  
     Dared us forth to battle plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters  
 Met our five old fighting Tartars,  
     Generals and field-m Marshals all ;  
 Every point of war debated,  
 Each in his turn the signal waited  
     Forth to march, and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager,  
 When the word spread round our leaguer,  
     'Soon as the clock strikes twelve to-night



Then, bold hearts, sword, boot and saddle,  
Stand to your arms and on to battle,  
Every one that has hands to fight !'

Musketeers, horse, yagers forming  
Sword in hand, each bosom warming,  
Still as death we all advance ;  
Each prepared, come blows or booty,  
German-like to do our duty,  
Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes,  
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,  
Firing ordnance great and small ;  
Right and left our cannon thundered,  
Till the Pagans quaked, and wondered,  
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right, like a lion angered,  
Bold Eugene cheered on the vanguard :  
Ludovic spurred up and down,  
Crying, 'on, boys ; every hand to't ;  
Brother Germans, nobly stand to't ;  
Charge them, horse, for our old renown !'

Gallant prince ! he spoke no more ; he  
Fell in early youth and glory  
Struck from his horse by some curst ball ;  
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,  
For a brother's love he bore him ;  
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes ;  
Cannon peals and musket flashes  
O'er his grave due honor paid ;  
Then, the old black eagle flying,  
All the pagan powers defying,  
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

In 1718, Eugene hoped to dictate terms of peace in Constantinople, but the treaty of Passarovitz, the result of his great victories, stopped his career of conquest. He was rewarded by a pension, an estate worth three hundred thousand florins per annum, and the vicar-generalship of

Italy, having previously filled the office of Governor of the Netherlands. He held for many years nearly the same position in Austria that the Duke of Wellington subsequently held in Great Britain. Yet he had bitter enemies, toward whom he was singularly forbearing. 'His even temper,' says Vehse, 'never forsook him for a moment. He bore all the intrigues of his enemies, as well as their open and clumsy attacks, with imperturbable equanimity and patience; and showed himself so forbearing to his colleagues in the field and in the cabinet, that not one case is known of his ever having taken revenge on his enemies.' In many of his political opinions he was greatly in advance of the age. He saw the error of the Hapsburg in encouraging the growth of Prussia, and in conferring upon her chief the royal title. He favored an alliance with France, thus anticipating the policy of Kaunitz. He fostered literature, science, and art; corresponded with Boerhaave, Leibnitz, and Montesquieu, and was a noble example that the character of a Christian and a soldier are perfectly compatible. Thomas à Kempis' '*De Imitatione Christi*,' was his constant companion in his tent, as well as in his chamber, and it is certain he composed an appropriate prayer to be used during his campaigns. The French poet Rousseau was for three years a member of the prince's military household, but lost his friendship and patronage only by lampooning his friends. During Rousseau's exile and distress, some one mentioned to Eugene that he was at Baden, when he requested that the poet should be sent for. 'That man once gave me occasion,' said the prince, 'for very deep reflection. Some days after the unfortunate action of Denain, I read his "*Ode to Fortune*," and found my picture so strikingly drawn, that I recollect the passage to this day,' and immediately repeated the following lines:

'Montrez-vous, guerriers magnanimes,  
Votre entier dans tout son jour;

Voyons comment vos cœurs sublimes  
 Du sort soutiendront le retour ;  
 Tant que sa faveur vous seconde,  
 Vous êtes les maîtres du monde,  
 Votre glaive nous éblouit ;  
 Mais, au moindre revers funeste,  
 Le masque tombe, l'homme reste,  
 Et le heros s'évanouit.'

The last military service in which Eugene was engaged was that which grew out of the Polish succession in 1734, when he commanded an army sent against the French on the Rhine. There was no pitched battle, and, indeed, but little fighting of any kind. The heir apparent to the Prussian throne, Prince Frederick, afterwards Frederick the Great, then served under him, and the first hostile cannon he ever heard, were at Phillipsburg, the last heard by Eugene. The future conqueror of Rosbach pronounced his commander to be only 'the shadow of the great Eugene.' Carlyle, in his concluding volume of the life of Frederick, introduces an account of an interview which took place between the king and the Prince de Ligne, written down from memory by the latter in 1786: 'do you know,' said the king one day to me, 'do you know that the first soldiering I did was for the house of Austria? *Mon Dieu*, how the time passes!' He had a way of bringing his hands together, in ejaculating these *Mon Dieus*, which gave him quite a good-natured and extremely mild air. 'Do you know that I saw the glittering of the last rays of Eugene's genius?' *Ego*. 'Perhaps it was at these rays that your majesty's genius lit itself.' *King*. 'Eh, *Mon Dieu*! who could equal the Prince Eugene?' *Ego*. 'He who excels him—for instance, he who could win twelve battles!' He put on his modest air—I have always said it was easy to be modest, if you are in funds. He seemed as though he had not understood me, and said:—*King*. 'When the cabal which, during forty years,

the prince had always to struggle with in his army, were plotting mischief on him, they used to take advantage of the evening-time, when his spirits, brisk enough in the morning, were jaded by the fatigues of the day. It was thus they persuaded him to undertake his bad march on Mainz.' Eugene's constitution, originally weak, could ill support the weight of years that pressed upon him; enfeebled by age, physically and mentally, he feared to risk; in a general engagement, the fame acquired in eighteen general actions, and allowed Phillipsburg to be taken in sight of his army. In the following year he again appeared in the field, but only to show himself to the troops. He was then almost in second childhood. He spent the evening of April twentieth, 1736, at his residence in Vienna, playing piquet, and the following morning was found by his servant dead in his bed. His funeral was one of the most magnificent ever known—sixteen fieldmarshals carrying the coffin, and the emperor attending as a private mourner. The funeral oration was delivered by Cardinal Passionei.

Prince Eugene's success in war, it has been said, 'was not owing to any particular system of tactics or strategy which he followed or adopted; but to a just appreciation of his adversaries, to a skilful seizure of the proper time for striking with effect, and to a careful calculation of his means, compared with the obstacles he had to overcome. He introduced no novelties into the science of war, and made no change in the tactical system followed by the armies he commanded—a circumstance that told seriously against the Austrians at a later period, as it gave dull men, who had served under him, a pretext for rejecting the improvement of the Prussian system, by declaring that what was good for Prince Eugene was good enough for them, and that so great a warrior would not have overlooked these innovations had they been required. Alison, in his life of the Duke of Marlborough, says: 'As much as

grandeur of conception distinguishes Homer, tenderness of feeling Virgil, and sublimity of thought Milton, does impetuous daring characterize Eugene, consummate generalship Marlborough, indomitable firmness Frederick, lofty genius Napoleon, unerring wisdom Wellington.'

Prince Eugene was a man of middle size, and well made; the cast of countenance was somewhat long; his mouth moderate and almost always open; his eyes were black and animated with

'The glance that took  
Their thoughts from others at a look;'

and his complexion such as became a warrior. Dean Swift, who was present when Queen Anne received her war-like visitor, January fourth, 1712, says, 'I saw Prince Eugene at court to day; he is plaguey yellow, and excessively ugly besides.' His statement, remembering the character of the writer, must be accepted *cum grano salis*. Though never robust, Prince Eugene was distinguished, in the last years of his life, for bold, elegant, and graceful horsemanship. To Carlyle our readers are indebted for the following glimpse of our hero in the year 1732: 'There is Prince Eugenio von Savoye at the bottom of the table in the Thurn and Taxis palace, where he lodges; there, bodily, the little man in gold-laced coat of unknown cut, the eyes and the temper bright and rapid as usual, or more, nose not unprovided with snuff, and lips in consequence rather open.'

He never married, and left an immense succession to his niece, the Princess Victoria of Savoy. Like many other illustrious men, he was the slave of women—his only vice—and was supposed to be the father of the two sons of the Countess Bathiana. The intervals of business, during both peace and war, he occupied with historical researches and other literary pursuits. His collections of books and pictures were among the largest in Austria



He left a number of MSS. at the close of his long career, which have been lost—the memoir published under his name being a forgery, and now supposed to have been written by the Prince de Ligne. He always signed his name Eugenio von Savoye, in three languages, and when asked why he did so, replied, ‘that it was to show the three-fold nature of his heart, which was Italian to his enemies, French to his sovereign, and German to his friends.’ When, on another occasion, the emperor addressed the same question to him, he answered, ‘Sire, I have to thank Italy for my life, France for my fame, and Germany for my fortune.’

Except Wallenstein, it may be safely asserted that the armies of Austria were never directed by any captain who was the equal of Eugene. The disasters which, after his death, broke in on the monarchy of his adopted country, made Charles VI. exclaim in bitterness and sorrow, ‘that the fortunes of the state seemed buried in the grave of Prince Eugene ;’ and he is universally conceded to be one of the five Great Captains of modern times, the others being Marlborough, Frederick, Napoleon and Wellington.



## CHARLES XII.

—He was a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes ; but, with his grim looks and  
The thunder-like percussion of his sounds,  
He made his enemies shake.

SHAKESPEARE.

**K**ING CHARLES XII. of Sweden, the most extraordinary man, perhaps, that ever appeared in the world, was born at Stockholm, June seventeenth, 1682. In him were united all the great qualities of his ancestors ; nor had he any other fault or failing, but that he possessed all their virtues in too high a degree. Though gentle in his infancy, he betrayed an inflexible obstinacy and the most undaunted bravery. At seven years of age he could manage a horse, and during his boyhood he delighted in all manner of violent exercises which harden and strengthen the constitution. His education was strictly attended to ; he acquired considerable knowledge of history, geography, mathematics, and the military sciences ; and became perfectly familiar with several languages. He had a great aversion to the Latin tongue ; but as soon as he was artfully told that the Kings of Denmark and Poland understood that language, he commenced the study of it with his characteristic energy, and soon became a good Latin scholar. The same means were employed to induce him to learn French. Having read a memoir of Alexander, some one asked Charles what he thought of that great soldier, he replied, 'I think that I should like to resemble him.' But said his preceptor, 'He only lived two-and-

thirty years.' 'Ah!' replied the prince, 'and is that not enough when one has conquered kingdoms?' When this reply was carried by the courtiers to his father, he exclaimed: 'Here is a boy who will excel me, and will even go beyond the great Gustavus.'

One day Charles was looking at two plans in the king's apartments—the one of a town in Hungary which the Turks had taken from the emperor, the other of Riga, the capital of Livonia, a province conquered by the Swedes in the previous century. Under the first mentioned, some one had written, in French, the well known words of Job: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' Now this is a very good joke; because the French word for Lord is *Seigneur*, and it was common at that time to call the Sultan of Turkey, the 'Grand Seigneur.' The young prince having read this inscription, took a pencil and wrote under the plan of Riga, 'The Lord gave it to me; and the devil shall not take it from me.' In his fifteenth year, the King of Sweden died, and according to the laws of the kingdom his son was entitled to succeed him; but Charles XI. was a self-willed and despotic monarch, who ordered in his will that his son should not ascend the throne until he was eighteen, and that until that time his grandmother, queen dowager of Charles X., should be the regent. One day in the same year in which his father died, and when he was not quite sixteen years of age, he was observed to ride home from a grand review in a very thoughtful mood; and when asked by a companion as to the subject of his revery, he replied, 'I am thinking that I am quite capable of commanding those brave fellows; and I don't choose that either they or I should receive orders from a woman.' Charles was crowned King of Sweden on the twenty-fourth of December, 1697, making his entry into Stockholm on a horse shod with silver, having a sceptre in his hand, and a crown upon his head, amid the acclamations of a whole

people passionately fond of every novelty, and always conceiving great hopes from the reign of a young prince. At the ceremony of the coronation as the Archbishop of Upsala was about to place the crown upon the royal head, Charles took it out of his hands, and placed it himself upon his head. We can imagine the stout-hearted boy, as he placed the 'golden rigol' of his sturdy ancestors on his head, uttering some such sentiment as that expressed on a similar occasion by the gallant Prince Harry:—

'Lo, here it sits,—(*putting the crown upon his head*)  
Which heaven shall guard:  
And put the whole world's strength  
Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honor from me.'

When Charles XII. ascended the throne, no one it appears expected much of him. Although he neither drank, nor gormandized, nor gambled; and was as temperate and chaste as a Spartan soldier, he did not evince any great traits of character, nor any particular predilection for military affairs, unless his bear-hunting expeditions may be so considered, for they were more than 'faint images of war,' being attended with great personal danger. No arms were used in these encounters; the sportsman was provided only with a single doubly-pointed stick, and a cast-net, like the one, perhaps, used by the ancient gladiators. The object of these fierce and dangerous combats was to capture and bind the bear, and to carry him back. The youthful king was a great proficient in this sport. The ambassadors residing at the court of Sweden wrote to their governments that Charles was but an ordinary man, and was not likely ever to be formidable to his neighbors; his own subjects entertained similar opinions of him, considering him inferior to his great ancestors. Nobody knew his real character, he did not even know it himself, until an opportunity was afforded of displaying his distinguished talents.

Before he had been two years on the throne, a league between Russia, Poland, Denmark and Saxony, was brought about by Palkul, a Livonian nobleman, who had been ill-treated in some way by Charles XI., and flying to the Russians, had been condemned to death *in contumaciam*. Peter the Great, profiting by the occurrence, sent Palkul, who was a man of ability, as his ambassador to Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and taking advantage of the quarrel of Sweden with Livonia, occupied the shores of the Gulf of Finland. Denmark had also been rendered hostile by the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein to Sweden, and the Danish troops invaded the territories of Frederic, Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, who had married the sister of Charles. The duke at once repaired to Stockholm to ask the aid of his brother-in-law. The council was called together to consider the situation, the young king of eighteen presiding. The venerable senators were alarmed; Sweden's old generals were dead; her armies unused to war; their ruler only known as devoting himself to violent bodily exercises, especially the chase of the bear. They therefore advised that efforts should be made to divert, or postpone, the storm by negotiation with the powerful princes who had formed a league against Sweden. When the aged councillors had spoken, the king rose and said: 'Gentlemen, I have resolved never to make an unjust war, but never to finish a just one except by the destruction of my enemies. My resolution is taken. The first who declares himself, I shall go and attack, and when I have conquered him, I hope to make others a little afraid of me.'

Henry V. did not cause greater surprise among his subjects after the death of his father, than did Charles XII. by this brief speech. There was something in his manner which inspired confidence, and the country entered with spirit into the necessary preparations for war. The king laid aside his gay costumes, appearing only in the uniform of a general officer; all luxuries



were banished forever from his table, and he partook only of soldier's fare. He was constantly engaged in drilling troops, submitting himself to the strictest discipline, and imposing the same upon his army, which he soon placed in the highest state of efficiency. From this time forth, he never tasted wine, nor indulged in any vice; as with Gustavus Adolphus after he unsheathed his sword, there remained no more rest for him, but the eternal. In May, 1700, he embarked at Carlsrona for the island of Zealand, intending to attack Copenhagen with a fleet of thirty ships of the line, beside transports; Denmark having begun the war by invading the province of his brother-in-law. England and Holland sent a fleet to aid the young king, who seemed to be in danger of being crushed by the powerful combination, and assisted him for the very same reason that the Northern League, as it was called, attacked him,—namely, because they deemed him incapable of defending himself. Charles was so impatient to land that he jumped into the sea, sword-in-hand, the water reaching above his waist, and marched up to the shore, being the first man on the enemy's soil, followed by his guards, amid a shower of musket-balls discharged by the Danes. 'What is that whistling noise I hear overhead?' asked the king, who had never before heard a discharge of muskets loaded with ball. 'It is the musket-balls which the enemy fire upon you,' said an officer. 'Very well,' exclaimed Charles, 'henceforward that shall be my music.' At that instant the officer received a shot in the shoulder, and another on the other side of the king fell dead at his feet. In his first engagement, our hero gave evidence of the impetuous daring for which he was ever afterwards distinguished—the same daring courage which was so distinguishing a characteristic of the Great Gustavus, of Condé and Prince Eugene. Such was his success, that in six weeks after landing on Danish soil, the war was ended, and a treaty concluded by the King of Denmark, who

deserted the coalition and granted to Charles everything he demanded.

In the meantime a Polish army had overrun Swedish Livonia, and laid siege to Riga, while the Czar of Russia besieged Narva at the head of a host of one hundred thousand undisciplined barbarians, who were only driven to the assault by the terror of the knout. Without waiting for reinforcements, or hesitating a moment, he proceeded by forced marches, in the depth of winter, across Livonia into Esthonia, where he attacked the Russian besieging army, which had one hundred and fifty cannon; the Swedish army numbering only eight thousand men, and fatigued with a long march. Everything gave way before the impetuosity and daring of the young Scandinavian leader. In a few hours the whole Russian host was overthrown—killed, wounded or captured. Had the prisoners been all retained they would have amounted to at least five times the number of the Swedish army. From that defeat the military greatness of Russia was born. The Czar, who escaped with a small portion of the troops, soon after said: ‘I know well that these Swedes will beat us for a long time; but at last they will teach us how to conquer.’ And so it proved, for from that day Peter the Great began the mighty work of drilling his semi-savage hordes into soldiers—a work which is going on to this day. The Russian people attributed their defeat to a power more than human, and deemed the Swedes so many sorcerers and magicians. This opinion was so general, that public prayers were ordered to be said in all the churches, imploring the assistance of the patron saint of Muscovy. The form of the prayer was as follows: ‘O thou who art our perpetual consoler in all our adversities, great Saint Nicholas, infinitely powerful—by what sin have we offended thee in our sacrifices, our homage, our salutations, our penances, that thou hast abandoned us? We implored thy assistance against these terrible, insolent, enraged, frightful, unconquerable

destroyers ; and yet, like lions and bears robbed of their young, they have attacked, terrified, wounded, killed by thousands, us who are thy people. As this could not have happened except by enchantment and sorcery, we pray thee, O great Saint Nicholas, to be our champion and our standard-bearer, to deliver us from this crowd of sorcerers, and to drive them from our frontiers with the recompense due to them.'

The memory of the Swedish king's extraordinary victory was perpetuated by several medals being struck at Stockholm. Among others, they made one which represented the young king on one side, standing on a pedestal, to which were chained a Muscovite, a Dane and a Pole ; and on the reverse a Hercules, holding his club, and treading upon a Cerberus, with this inscription: *Tres uno contudit ictu*. While the Russians were complaining to St. Nicholas of their signal defeat, Charles XII. in his camp, and the people of Sweden in their churches, were returning thanks to God for the victory. Instead of following up his success against the Czar, Charles turned aside to attack the Polish and Saxon armies, which were posted on the river Duna. On the first attack, the Swedes were repulsed, but the king, rallying them in the middle of the stream, reformed them, and again marched forward leading his troops to a decisive victory. Immediately after this battle, the king advanced to Mittau, the capitol of Courland. All the towns of the Duchy surrendered to him at discretion ; it was rather a journey than a conquest. From thence he passed into Lithuania, conquering wherever he came ; and he felt a pleasing satisfaction, as he himself owned, when he entered triumphant into the town of Brizen, where the Czar of Muscovy and the King of Poland had plotted his destruction but a few months before.

Shortly after this, Augustus sent the beautiful Countess of Königsmark, granddaughter of the old Swedish

marshal who closed the Thirty Years' War by the capture of Prague, and sister to Philip of Königsmark, one of the most chivalrous men of his time, whose fate has been the theme of many a mysterious conjecture; to the Swedish camp to conclude a secret treaty with the king, or, as some authorities represent, to entangle him in an intrigue. Whichever object he had in view failed, as Charles, whose indifference to women amounted almost to dislike, not only refused to see her, but, on accidentally encountering her in a narrow path where he must meet her or actually retreat, merely bowed without uttering a word, turned his horse's head, and rode back by the way he came. In taking leave of this lady, we may further mention that she was reputed to be the most beautiful woman in Europe; that she was the mother of Marshal Saxe, the favorite of Minerva, Venus and Bellona, who, while in command of a French army, defeated the English at Fontenoy; and that she was the writer of pleasing French verses which, Voltaire says, might easily have been mistaken for the production of a person born at Versailles. One of her poems, composed on Charles XII., is not beneath the dignity of history to mention. She introduced the heathen gods; praising him for his different virtues, and concludes with the following stanza:

*'Enfin, chacun des Dieux, discourant à sa gloire,  
Le plaçait par avance au Temple de Mémoire;  
Mais Vénus ni Bacchus n'en dirent pas un mot.'*

Another army was sent against the Swedes, but in vain, for Charles was again victorious. At Clissow, July twentieth, 1702, he gained another victory, which would have been decisive, had not the king been detained at Cracow by a broken leg, thereby delaying the campaign so much, that King Augustus escaped, and afterwards found a respite, owing to the invasion of Friedland by the Russians, which occupied the attention of Charles until 1705. An instance is related of the great dread entertained of the Swedish

troops. Lieutenant Gustavus Pistol was stationed at Clissow with a detachment of twenty-four men. He was attacked by a body of six hundred Poles. The commander sent a summons to surrender, written in three different languages, French, Latin and Polish. Pistol replied that he understood only Swedish, and would hold out; and taking post in a detached house, he defended himself during the greater part of the day, till he was at last relieved by the arrival of his countrymen. The Swedes had two men killed and eleven wounded; the Poles more than six times the number: a proof of what determined men are capable of effecting. We wish, for the sake of our friend, for the association of old ideas, that the Swedish hero who performed this gallant exploit had borne some other name.

Nothing could stop the progress of the conqueror. If a river intervened between him and the enemy, the king and his Swedes swam across it. In one instance he marched, at the head of his cavalry, thirty leagues in four-and-twenty-hours—every soldier leading a horse to mount when his own was weary; and on another occasion, on inspecting the regiments before the opening of the campaign, Charles, accompanied by Max Emanuel of Wurtemberg, rode five hundred miles in six days; they were never in bed and hardly ever out of the saddle, and frequently reduced to milk and water as their only nourishment—

‘Alike to Charles was tide or time,  
Moonless midnight, or matin prime.’

The Muscovites were everywhere defeated, and struck with terror at the mention of the name of the King of Sweden. While he was driving the Russians before him, and fighting them, although often outnumbered by not less than six to one, one of his best generals, who was called the Parmenion of this Alexander of the North, gained a great victory at Fraustadt, February, 1706, over the famous Marshal Schulenburg, whose good fortune sunk under that of Rehnsjöld



and his invincible Swedes. Charles soon after crossed Silesia into Saxony, where he was received with an enthusiasm almost equal to that extended to the hero of Protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus. He went one day to see the spot where the great soldier fell on the plain of Lutzen. When he reached it, he said, 'I have endeavored to live like him ; God, perhaps, will one day grant me as glorious a death.' Ere long he decided to place another king on the throne of Poland, young Sobieski having been superseded by Augustus. Stanislaus was therefore elected king by the partisans of Sweden and Poland, Augustus being held in perfect contempt and detestation in consequence of his tyranny, but still more on account of his apostasy from the Protestant church. The latter met Charles in conference at Altranstadt, and resigned all claims to the throne of Poland. Menzel, the German historian, thus describes the appearance of the victorious and conquered kings at this meeting: 'Augustus, gigantic in person, was magnificently but effeminately attired in false and curling locks, and cloth of gold. Charles, smaller in stature, but a thorough soldier, with a small hat on his closely shaved head,—a style that was afterward imitated by Frederick the Great and Napoleon,—was dressed in a coat of coarse blue cloth, with copper buttons, with enormous boots and a long sword.

The King of Sweden continued, even after signing the treaty of peace with Augustus of Saxony, to make his head-quarters at Altranstadt, and acted in all respects as if he were the sovereign of the country ; recruiting his armies from its subjects, and compelling the Emperor of Austria, who had dispossessed his Protestant subjects of one hundred and twenty-five churches, which had been given up to the Jesuits, to restore those, and to permit the erection of new ones. The emperor was at this time hard pressed by his enemies. At this juncture had Sweden joined the coalition against the empire, it would have been in great

danger of total ruin ; and in order to avert this calamity the Duke of Marlborough was sent by Queen Anne to visit the Swedish king. The able courtier, negotiator and soldier, was successful ; Charles did not espouse the cause of France, which would have entirely ruined the allies, who, under Prince Eugene and Marlborough, were then contending with the armies of Louis XIV.

In September, 1707, the Swedish king took leave of Saxony, followed by an army of forty-three thousand men, destined for the invasion of Russia. He marched almost by the same route in which Napoleon followed with about twelve times the number of troops, more than a century later, and shared almost identically the same fate, and in as nearly as possible the same manner, except that the line of his operations having been diverted by Mazeppa to the southward, it was into the Turkish territory, instead of his own, that he effected his escape. The Czar was in Lithuania when he learned of the conqueror's approach. His troops fled on all sides at the first report of the King of Sweden's proximity, but finally made a stand at Borizof on the Beresina, where they intrenched themselves to great advantage, the Czar's object being to prevent the further advance of the foe. Charles came thundering on, and posting a few regiments opposite to Borizof, as if he meant to attempt a passage in the face of the enemy, led his army higher up the Beresina, threw a bridge across it, cut his way through a body of three thousand men who defended that pass, and without stopping, marched against the main column of the enemy. The Russians did not await his approach, but retreated pell-mell towards the Borysthene, spoiling all the roads, and destroying everything in their way, in order to at least retard the progress of their pursuers. Charles surmounted every obstacle, steadily advancing until he met a force of twenty thousand Muscovites, intrenched at Holowczyn, behind a morass which could only be approached by passing the river

Walis. The king would not wait until all his forces should come up, but immediately plunged into the water at the head of his foot guards, and crossed the river and the morass, the waters frequently reaching above his shoulders. While he was thus pressing forward to the enemy, he sent his cavalry to take them in flank. The Russians were soon beaten and routed. Of all his battles, this was perhaps the most glorious; this was the one in which he encountered the greatest dangers, and displayed the most consummate skill.

The Czar now became alarmed, and made overtures of peace through a commissioner sent to the Swedish camp. The king, who had not been used to grant peace to his enemies except in their own capitals, replied, 'I will treat with the czar at Moscow.' When this haughty answer was reported to Peter, he said, 'My brother Charles always affects to act the Alexander; but I flatter myself, he will not find in me another Darius.' September twenty-second, 1708, the king, with a few regiments, attacked near Smolensk a body of sixteen thousand of the enemy, defeated them, and, carried away with ardor, pursued them at the head of his Ostrogothic regiment through hollow and rugged ways, where the Calmucks lay concealed and cut him off from the rest of the Swedish forces. He was surrounded, several of his staff killed, all his companions slain, wounded, or captured, except a few officers who still fought on foot by his side. Charles with his own hand killed above a dozen of the Russians, without receiving a single wound, owing to that wonderful good fortune which had hitherto attended him, when he was rescued by the arrival of Colonel Dahldorf, with a detachment of troops.

'The difficulties the Swedes had to encounter, in consequence of bad roads and want of provisions, are almost incredible. The soldiers were forced to contend not only against the enemy, but against the localities also; roads for the advance of the army had to be opened through

forests and morasses, before the least progress could be made; and it often happened that a league a day was the greatest extent of march gained after immense toil. But nothing checked the ardor of these gallant soldiers. The Russians attempted to defend the passage of rivers and swamps that impeded the march of the foe. Their efforts were vain; no superiority of numbers, no strength of position, could arrest the indomitable valor of Charles and his troops. And the actions performed during this march would be deemed absolutely fabulous, were they not recorded on authority which cannot be doubted.' The King of Sweden still pushed on, regardless of what any less heroic spirit would have deemed insurmountable obstacles. His artillery was lost in the swamps, his men died of hunger,—the enemy wasting the country before him, according to the invariable practice of the people,—and many were killed and wounded by the Russians, who kept up constant skirmishing with the Swedish advance. General Lewenhaupt, who was attempting to join Charles with reinforcements and supplies from Sweden, was waylaid, and defeated after a desperate conflict continued during three days, by the Czar in person at the head of forty thousand men, near Liesna; notwithstanding which, after killing and wounding more Russians than his whole force amounted to, he succeeded in joining the king with six thousand men, but without ammunition or supplies, which were destroyed during the retreat.

During the severe winter of 1709, the Swedish army suffered terribly from want and cold, but the king, undaunted by the season, still pushed forward. In one of his long marches he saw two thousand gallant soldiers fall dead with cold before his eyes. The dragoons had no boots, and the infantry were without shoes and almost without clothes. They were forced to protect themselves from the piercing cold with the skins of wild beasts, made into shoes and stockings, in the best manner they could.

A soldier one day in presence of the whole army, then reduced to less than twenty thousand, ventured to present to the king, with an air of complaint, a piece of bread that was black and mouldy, made of oats and barley, which was the only food they had, and of which they had not seen a sufficient quantity. The king received it, eat it, and then said to the soldier, 'It is not good, but it may be eaten.'

When Charles set out on his expedition against Russia he received secret overtures from Mazeppa, Governor of Ukraine, a province in the south-eastern part of Europe, who met the young king on the banks of the Desna, and engaged to furnish him with thirty thousand troops, provisions for the Swedish army, and a large amount of treasure, on condition that at the end of the Russian war, Ukraine should be an independent state. This powerful chief was chosen by one of England's greatest poets as the subject of a poem, and it has since been performed as a drama in various countries. His grandfather, a colonel in the Russian army, was captured by the Poles in 1597, and was roasted alive in the belly of a copper bull, according to a pleasant custom of the country. Mazeppa was born in Poland, and grew up one of the most martial, handsome and accomplished gallants at that court. In an intrigue with a nobleman's wife, whose 'Asiatic eye' Byron describes as

'All love, half languor and half fire,  
Like saints that at the stake expire,  
And lift their raptured looks on high,  
As though it were a joy to die ;'

he was surprised by the injured husband, who caused him to be tarred and feathered, and tied upon a wild horse of the Ukraine breed—

'Away ! away !—my breath was gone—  
I saw not when he hurried on ;  
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
And on he foamed, away ! away !'

The horse, having been bred in Ukraine, fled to that prov-



ince, galloping some two hundred miles before he fell dead. Mazeppa was released, joined the Cossack army, rose rapidly in rank, until he was elected governor, in which he was confirmed by Peter the Great. While at the Russian Capital, the Czar insulted Mazeppa, who, before many years had elapsed, saw the young Swedish conqueror come thundering through that part of Europe, with the object of dethroning the emperor, and he hastened to avail himself of the opportunity of securing the independence of his country, and of gratifying his vengeance against their common foe.

When Charles reached Smolensk he was persuaded by Mazeppa to abandon the direct line to Moscow, and turn his march toward the Ukraine, where the hordes were not as yet reconciled to the Russian yoke, and where they had promised to aid him. Peter immediately advanced into Ukraine to make head against the Swedish king. He laid waste the country, constantly retreating before him and refusing to deliver battle; and Mazeppa, who was proscribed, failed to render much aid to the Swedes until they had forced their way to Gadatch upon the Dnieper. Towards the end of May, the king laid siege to Pultowa, a strong town on the river Vorksla, which held an abundance of all the provisions and supplies of which his army was in want. The Swedish battering train was weak, the powder not only bad, from having been frequently injured by the wet, and dried again, but very scarce besides. Still courage and energy were making progress, when on the twenty-seventh of June, his twenty-seventh birthday, the king, in repulsing a sally, was struck by a musket-ball, which entered the left foot and shattered the bone. Charles continued in the field for several hours, driving back the enemy with some loss; but when he returned to his quarters, the leg was so much swelled that his boot had to be cut off, and the wound had so unfavorable an appearance as greatly to alarm his attendants. He held his leg to the surgeon with his own hands,

nor did a single groan escape him during the terrible operation which the cutting away of some of the fractured bones rendered necessary. Voltaire states that the king looked on as calmly 'as if the operation had been performed upon another person.' At one time his life was despaired of; but though the wound proved decisive of his fate, he had what may well be termed the misfortune to recover.

While Charles was still suffering from his painful wound, the Czar drew near with a force of nearly one hundred thousand men—some authorities make it still greater—and one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery; and well aware of the importance of Pultowa, advanced to its relief. Even with this vast superiority, and after the training of a nine years' war, the Russians did not dare attack less than twenty thousand half-starved and half-naked Swedes, whose resources were only four field-pieces, and powder so bad that it would not throw the musket-balls more than thirty yards from the muzzle of the pieces. It was July eighth that the battle of Pultowa was fought between the two most famous monarchs then living; 'Charles XII., illustrious for nine years of victories; Peter Alexiovitch, for nine years of painstaking to form troops equal to the Swedes; the one glorious for having given away dominions, the other for having civilized his own; Charles, fond of danger, and fighting for glory alone; Alexiovitch, scorning to fly from danger, and never making war but from interested views; the Swedish monarch, liberal from an innate greatness of soul; the Muscovite, never granting favors but in order to serve some particular purpose; the former, a prince of uncommon sobriety and continence, naturally magnanimous, and never cruel but once; the latter, having not yet worn off the roughness of his education, or the barbarity of his country, as much the object of terror to his subjects, as of admiration to strangers, and too prone to excesses, which soon shortened his days.'

Notwithstanding their overwhelming numbers, the brave Swedes might have gained the day had their high-hearted king, instead of being compelled to issue his commands from a litter, been able to direct their manœuvres and charge in person at their head. As it was, three out of the seven Russian redoubts were taken; and on the left wing the cavalry were victorious. Unfortunately, blunders were made which could not have occurred under his eagle eye; the cavalry of the left wing did not follow up their success; and the cavalry, numbering five thousand, under Creutz, who were sent to attack the Russians in flank, lost their way and took no part in the action. Charles, at the head of the infantry, had one-and-twenty soldiers killed, one after another, while carrying his litter; but with his wonderful good fortune, was not himself hurt, although present in the hottest of the fire, doing all that mortal could under the circumstances to make head against a combination of untoward events. His brave soldiers were overwhelmed; he himself was for a time left alone on the ground, his litter-bearers having been killed under him, when he was placed on a horse by two Drabans, notwithstanding the excruciating pain of his wounds. Some five hundred horse were rallied round the wounded monarch by General Poniatowski, Colonel Gierta and other brave officers, who cut their way through ten regiments of Russians, and conducted Charles through the midst of the enemy for several miles. In the retreat the king's horse was shot under him, and

‘Gierta, gave  
His own and died the Russian slave.’

They reached the forces which had been left to guard the camp, and the fainting monarch was placed in Count Piper's carriage. He had not spoken a word during the retreat, but on reaching the baggage he inquired for the count, and was told that he was a prisoner. ‘And General Rehnsjöld and the Duke of Wurtemberg?’ asked the king.

‘Yes,’ said Poniatowski. ‘Prisoners to the Russians!’ resumed Charles, shrugging up his shoulders. ‘Come, then, let us rather go to the Turks;’ and he was accordingly conveyed towards the Turkish frontier, accompanied by a few followers, and the faithful Mazeppa, who still adhered to his fortunes. In the words of the English poet:

‘——After dread Pultowa’s day,  
When fortune left the royal Swede,  
Around a slaughtered army lay,  
No more to combat and to bleed.  
The power and fortune of the war  
Had passed to the triumphant Czar.’

‘The invincible Swedes,’ says Peter the Great in his Journal, ‘turned their backs, and their whole army, cavalry as well as infantry, was overthrown, with very little loss on our part.’ Thus, in a day, did the hero of a hundred battles lose the fruits of nine years of victory; and thus may be said to end the history of this most remarkable soldier, for his subsequent career was but a succession of disappointments. The result of the defeat at Pultowa was the entire destruction of the Swedish army, the famished and exhausted remains of which, under Lowenhaupt, were some days afterwards compelled to lay down their arms on the Dnieper. Only three hundred of the king’s guards, and a large number of Poles and Cossacks, trusting to the strength of their horses, succeeded in escaping by swimming the river. The wounded and beaten hero was heard by one of his companions to mutter, as they retreated, the lines of Laberius:

‘All cannot be at all times first: ’tis hard  
To reach the topmost step of glory, to stand there  
More hard; even swifter than we mount, we fall;  
I’ve fallen, and he that follows me shall fall.’

Charles and his followers escaped to Bender on the

Dniester, a strong fortress which was then in Turkish territory, where he was hospitably received and allowed to fix his residence. He employed the whole power and energy of his mind to bring about a war between Turkey and Russia. This he succeeded in doing, and the Grand Vizier, taking the field at the head of two hundred thousand men, shut the Czar up in the Crimea, as tightly as if he 'had been in a bottle strongly corked,' and his affairs seemed entirely ruined; when his mistress, for she had not yet become his wife, Catharine I. of Russia, bribed the Grand Vizier with all her jewels to allow the Russian army to escape. That day was decisive of the fall of Charles. The king, who felt greatly aggrieved that to him had not been assigned the chief command of the Turkish army, galloped in great rage to the camp, but too late to prevent Peter's escape. Frustrated as he was, and sorely mortified, he continued year after year in Turkey, incessantly employed in endeavoring to awaken the Ottoman government to a consciousness of the danger of allowing the Russians to consolidate their rising power, and constantly hoping that he had succeeded, but ever hoping in vain. He felt justified in prolonging his absence from his kingdom, by the reasonable hopes he entertained of seeing himself at the head of a powerful Turkish army with which he might crush the growing Colossus of the North. The Czar's agents having at last persuaded the sultan that the residence of the Swedish king in Turkey was dangerous to their mutual safety, he was told that he must leave Bender, but most positively refused to go, when an order was issued to bring him to Adrianople, dead or alive. Still refusing to submit, he barricaded his house, and with his three hundred Swedish followers defended it against several thousand Turks with artillery, until the roof taking fire, he was forced to sally out, killing some dozens of Turks with his own hand; when his spurs at length becoming entangled, he fell and was made prisoner, with his eyebrows and eyelashes burnt off his face,



and his clothes covered with his own and the blood of Turks whom he had slain.

Of his final return to Sweden, his gallant defense of Stralsund, and his invasion of Norway, it is unnecessary for us to dwell. At the siege of Frederickshald November thirtieth, at a little after nine o'clock, as the king was kneeling on the inner *talus* and resting his elbow on the parapet, gazing upon the men who were at work in the trenches, he was killed by a shot from the tower, which struck him on the temple. At the time he was accompanied by an aide-de-camp and Mégret, a French engineer. Although Charles expired the moment he received the wound, yet by a kind of instinctive motion, he grasped the hilt of his sword in his hand, and still lay in that posture, when his aide and the engineer ran to him. At the sight of this shocking spectacle Mégret, a man of a singular turn of mind, as he threw a cloak over the body of the dead monarch at whose name the world grew pale, said, 'The play is over, let us go to supper.' In his pocket was found a prayer book, and a miniature of his predecessor Gustavus Adolphus. Thus fell at the early age of thirty-six—a year younger than Gustavus Vasa and the 'Lion of the Midnight,' when they died—one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived. Endowed by nature with 'a frame of adamant, a soul of fire,' he was distinguished for the most dauntless daring, love of justice, high sentiments, great purity of character, and a lofty scorn of all that was mean or ignoble. 'Several men of the highest power,' says Earl Stanhope, 'as Raphael, Pascal, Burns, Byron, have died at the early age of thirty-seven, and left behind them great works of imperishable fame; but such eminence is less surprising when, as in these cases, it depends on imagination and genius, rather than on teaching and experience. If, on the contrary, we look to warriors and statesmen, we shall find that they often pass the *mezzo cammin di nostra vita*, as Dante calls thirty-five, before they are enabled to

achieve things worthy of renown. Had Marlborough, for example, died at forty, or even fifty years of age, he would now be remembered only for his early amour with the Duchess of Cleveland, and his signal treachery to James II.'

The tomb of Charles XII. is in the chapel, opposite to that where the remains of Gustavus are interred in the mausoleum in the Riddarsholm church at Stockholm. The walls are decorated with trophies of his various battles, including a standard taken with his own hands in Poland; and the hat, clothes and sword worn by him at the time of his death are preserved there. His sister Ulrica Elenora and her husband, Frederic of Hesse, succeeded Charles to the throne. The utmost spite of Sweden's enemies could not have called for a more fatal dismemberment than resulted from the attempts to secure the succession of a false heir to the crown: she has never again risen above the condition of a second-rate power. Charles may be said to have taken the life of Sweden with him; for it has never, says Carlyle, 'shone among the nations since, or been much worth mentioning, except for its misfortunes, spasmodic impotences and unwisdoms.'

We cannot better conclude this sketch than by quoting the words of his biographer, Voltaire, who says, alluding to his tragic death: 'Thus fell Charles XII., King of Sweden, at the age of thirty-six and a half years, after having experienced all the grandeur of prosperity and all the hardships of adversity, without being either softened by the one, or the least disturbed by the other. Almost all his actions, even those of his private life, border on the marvellous. Perhaps he was the only man, most certainly he was the only king, that ever lived without weaknesses. He carried all the virtues of the hero to such an excess as rendered them no less dangerous than the opposite vices. His resolution, hardened into obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and detained him five years in Turkey. His liberality degenerating into profu-

sion, ruined Sweden. His courage, pushed to the length of temerity, was the cause of his death; and during the last years of his reign, the means he employed to support his authority differed little from tyranny. His great qualities, any one of which would have been sufficient to immortalize another prince, proved pernicious to his country. He never was the aggressor; but, in taking vengeance on those who had injured him, his resentment got the better of his prudence. He was the first man who ever aspired to the title of conqueror, without the least desire of enlarging his dominions. His only end in subduing kingdoms was to have the pleasure of giving them away. His passion for glory, for war and revenge, prevented him from being a good politician—a quality without which the world had never before seen any one a conqueror. Before a battle, and after a victory, he was modest and humble; and after a defeat, firm and undaunted. Severe to himself as well as to others, he too little regarded his own life and labors, or those of his subjects; an extraordinary rather than great man, and more worthy to be admired than imitated. From the history of his life, however, succeeding kings may learn, that a quiet and happy government is infinitely preferable to so much glory.'



## MARSHAL SAXE.

C'est la ce fier Saxon, qu'on croit, né parmi nous.

VOLTAIRE.

**H**AYWARD, in an elaborate and well-written review of Von Weber's Memoir of Marshal Saxe, remarks that he 'cannot be ranged in the first class of great captains or conquerors, with Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Frederick and Wellington, and three or four others whose names might provoke controversy. But he is entitled to a high place in the second class, alongside of Spinola, Montecuculi, Wallenstein or Turenne; and his adventurous life, crowded with brilliant episodes, may be advantageously studied as an excellent illustration of the period in which he flourished—of its camps and courts, its statesmen and warriors, its modes of thought and action, its stage of political and intellectual progress, its manners, morals, and society.'

Moritz, or Maurice, Count of Saxony, was born at Dresden, October nineteenth, 1696. He was the natural son of Frederick Augustus, second Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and of the Countess Aurora of Königsmark, a Swedish lady of high rank, celebrated for her wit and beauty. She was the granddaughter of that stout old soldier Field-Marshal Königsmark, a follower of the Great Gustavus who closed the Thirty Years' War by the capture of Prague. Her father, who was a lieutenant-general in the Dutch service, fell fighting bravely at the siege of Bonn. The fate of her brother Philip of Königsmark, one of the most chivalrous men of his time, has been the theme of many a dark tale and mysterious conjecture. It was with great difficulty that Maurice was taught to read and write—

nothing could induce him to study but the promise of being allowed, after he had finished his task, to mount on horseback, or exercise himself in arms. Being endowed with great personal strength and activity, accompanied by fearlessness, he soon became a proficient in all martial games and pastimes. Speaking in an unfinished autobiography of his pupilage, Saxe says: 'I was so inattentive, that it was impossible to teach me anything. It was believed that if the climate and my mode of life were changed, my turn of mind would change too, and I was sent with a governor and under-governor to Holland, attended by a valet, the sight of whom was enough to give one a fit. At the Hague every effort was made to instruct me. I remember that one of my teachers themselves proposed to have an iron machine put on me to compress my skull, asserting that it was half open.'

At the age of twelve, Maurice was placed under the charge of John Mathias of Schulenburg, the very Dalgetty of field marshals, who was then conducting, under Eugene and Marlborough, the operations before Tournay; thus the young soldier's first experience of the

'Pomp and circumstance of glorious war,'

was at the siege of a fortress, before which he, some two-score years later, fought *une bataille rangée* and gained a victory over a British army, that gave him rank among the greatest commanders of the eighteenth century. Owing to his extreme youth, Marshal Schulenburg soon afterwards sent him to a school at Utrecht, where he remained but a short time, as we find him again present with the army in the campaign of 1710. Upon all occasions he exhibited the most determined and enterprising valor, and for his gallantry at the sieges of Douay, Bethune and Aixe, he obtained the public eulogies of the distinguished allied generals. In the following year, Maurice accompanied the Saxon army to the siege of Stralsund, the



strongest place in Pomerania, and displayed the greatest intrepidity. One of his biographers—among whom Karl Von Weber is the latest and most reliable,—depicts the young Saxon as rivalling the Chevalier de Saint George—as James II. was called—in feats of arms, and ‘intrepid as indefatigable, he was one of the first to scale the breach.’ His dauntless bravery secured for him June, 1713, although only seventeen years of age, the command of a cavalry regiment, which he drilled according to a system of his own. His valor shone conspicuously at the bloody battle of Gadebusch, where he three times rallied his regiment, and led it back to the charge. When the day was lost and the cry was *saute qui peut*, it was the boy Maurice who covered the retreat and saved the remnants of the Danish and Saxon armies from the pursuing Swedes. At the close of the campaign, his mother brought about a marriage with the beautiful and wealthy Countess of Lâbin, by whom Maurice had a child, who died in infancy.

When Charles XII. made his escape from the Turks, and again appeared at the head of his gallant Swedes, Saxe, then stationed with his cuirassiers in Poland, was ordered to join the Saxon army in Pomerania, and such was his impatience to encounter the king, that without waiting for his regiment he set out in company with five officers and twelve servants. Halting at midday, he took up his quarters in a small village, and while seated at table an attendant rushed into the room with the news that several hundred of the enemy were surrounding the house. In answer to a summons for instant surrender, Saxe sent back an invitation to come and take him. Here he gave a signal instance of courage and readiness of resource. Knowing well what even a few resolute men could effect behind stone walls, he withdrew his small troop from the court and barricading the building prepared for a stout resistance. The five hundred Poles, trusting to their numbers, attacked on all points, and at length effected an

entrance on the ground floor ; but the stairs were removed by Saxe, and holes were bored in the floor of the second story through which the little party kept up a steady fire, killing many of the enemy. Night put an end to the conflict, and the Poles set a guard around the house trusting that famine would soon oblige the garrison to surrender. At midnight Maurice with his survivors, taking advantage of the darkness, sallied out, and sword in hand fell upon the sentinels, seized the necessary number of horses, effected safe retreat into a neighboring forest, and made his way safely to Sendomir, where a Saxon garrison was stationed. Maurice, though badly wounded in this affair, fought at the siege of Stralsund, and had the fortune to meet the Swedish hero in the *mêlée* in which they were opposed, and could say

‘ I saw him once—he was a goodly king.’

In the year 1717, Maurice went to Hungary, and was present at the great victory gained by Prince Eugene over the Turks at Belgrade. He carried with him wherever he went a library of military books, and even when he seemed most occupied with his official duties, or the pleasures in which he indulged, never failed to devote one or two hours each day to private study. On his return to Poland, he was made a knight of the Golden Eagle, as a reward for his brilliant services against the Osmanli. When the peace of Utrecht and Passarowitz had put an end to the wars which had so long desolated Europe, Count Maurice, then twenty-four years of age, visited Paris, and meeting some of his old companions in arms, he was induced by them to enter the French service. He had always professed a partiality for France, whose language was the only one which, during his childhood, he could be prevailed upon to learn. He accepted conditionally the brevet rank of *Maréchal de Camp*, offered to him by the regent Duke of Orleans. On his return to Dresden to obtain his father’s permission to accept the dignity con-

ferred on him, he contrived to obtain a divorce from his wife, with whom he never lived happily. No blame is imputed to her except jealousy, for which we are compelled to confess there was good and sufficient cause, constancy in his attachments to the other sex being by no means one of his characteristics. Carlyle styles him 'the most dissolute (or probably so) of all the sons of Adam in his day.' He now devoted all his time not given up to intrigues, to studying mathematics, fortification and mechanics,—sciences which were perfectly adapted to his genius, thus endeavoring to atone for his boyish idleness and inattention to his education. Obtaining the friendship of the Chevalier Folard, he studied the art of attacking fortified places under that skilful tactician, who prophesied that his friend and pupil would become one of the greatest soldiers of his age.

In 1726, Count Saxe set out for the north, in the hope of being elected Duke of Courland through the interest of his father. His design was favored by Anne Ivanovna, widow of the late duke, and niece of Peter the Great, who received him in her palace on his arrival at Mittau, and soon conceived a strong attachment for the handsome and stalwart soldier. His election was carried, though there were other candidates, and he was opposed by the Czarina, who wished to bestow the Duchy on Menschikoff, a fortunate adventurer, who from a pastry-cook's boy became a general and prince. The Poles and Russians refused to sanction the measure, and Menschikoff, with eight hundred soldiers, besieged the newly elected duke in his palace at Mittau. Saxe, who had only sixty men, defended himself with the same astonishing intrepidity exhibited by the gallant King of Sweden when attacked in Turkey, compelling the Russians to raise the siege and retreat. The Russian influence was then used in the Polish Diet, which in virtue of its right of suzerainty, summoned him to appear before them, but he refused to do so, and the Diet

in consequence signed his proscription. He attempted to defend himself in his territory, but being attacked by overpowering numbers, he was forced to take refuge on an island in Lake Usmaiz, where he intrenched himself with his small force of only three hundred men. From here he wrote to France for men and money, when the celebrated actress Adrienne Le Couvreur, one of the loveliest and most interesting characters of that period (who that saw Rachael's representation can ever forget her?) hearing that her lover Maurice was in trouble, pawned her plate, furniture and jewels, and sent him forty thousand livres. Adrienne had formed his mind for the fine arts, given him a taste for poetry, and a love of theatrical displays, which he retained, even in the tented field. In his campaigns, an itinerant theatre always accompanied him. The Count, notwithstanding his gallant defence, was at length compelled to fly, and he escaped to France with nothing but his diploma of election. After the death of Catherine of Russia, the Duchess of Courland, who was madly in love with the heroic Saxon, invited him to return, which he did, and there is little doubt but that she would have made him her partner on the throne of the Czars, which she ascended in 1730, had she not discovered an *amour* carried on with one of the ladies of her suit in her own palace, when he was immediately dismissed. Thus stripped of his territories and by his inconstancy losing the throne of Russia, he returned to Paris and resumed his military studies and gallantries. He composed, partly during the intervals of an attack of ague, '*Mes Récits, or Mémoires sur l'art de la Guerre,*' which he afterward revised and enlarged. This work is written in an incorrect but forcible manner; it is full of remarks both new and profound, and is equally useful to the soldier and the general officer. There is an excellent English translation by Sir William Fawcett.

Carlyle, describing a gathering of notabilities at Berlin in 1728, gives us the following pen picture:—'Young

Maurice, Count of Saxony, famed afterwards as *Maréchal de Saxe*, he is here also with his half-sister Orzelska and the others, in the train of the paternal Man of Sin, and makes acquaintance with Frederick. He is son of the female Königsmark called Aurora (‘who alone of mortals could make Charles XII. fly his ground,’) nephew, therefore of the male Königsmark who was cut down long ago, at Hanover, and buried in the fire-place. He resembles his father in strength, vivacity, above all things in debauchery and disregard of finance. They married him at the due years to some poor rich woman, but with her he has already ended—with her and with many others; Courland, Le Couvreur, Anne Ivanovna, with the big cheek. The reader has perhaps searched out these things for himself from the dull history-books, or perhaps it was better for him if he never sought them? Dukedom of Courland, connected with the Polish sovereignty, and now about to fall vacant, was one of Count Maurice’s grand sallies in the world. Adrienne Le Couvreur, a foolish French actress, lent him all the thirty thousand pounds she had gathered by holding the mirror up to nature and otherwise, to prosecute this Courland business, which proved impossible for him. He was adventurous enough, audacious enough, fought well; but the problem was to fall in love with the dowager Anne Ivanovna, cousin of Czar Peter II.—big brazen Russian woman (such a *cheek* the pictures give her, in size and somewhat in expression like a Westphalia ham!), who was widow of the last active duke, and this with all his adventurous audacity, Count Maurice could not do. The big widow discovered that he did not like Westphalia hams in that particular form—that he only pretended to like them: and falling herself to be a Czarina not long afterwards, and taking Biren the Courlander for her beloved, she made Biren duke, and Courland became impossible for Count Maurice. However, he too is a dashing young fellow; ‘circular black eyebrows, eyes glittering bright,



partly with animal vivacity, partly with spiritual:’ stands six feet in his stockings, breaks horse-shoes with his hands: full of irregular ingenuity and audacity; has been soldiering about ever since birth almost, and understands many a thing, though the worst *speller* ever known. With him too, young Fitz is much charmed: the flower he of the illegitimate three hundred and fifty-four, and probably the chief achievement of the Saxon man of sin in this world, where he took such trouble. Frederick and he maintained some occasional correspondence afterward; but, to judge by Frederick’s part of it (mere polite congratulations on Fontenoy, and the like) it must have been of the last vacuity, and to us it is now absolute zero, however clearly spelled and printed.’

The death of the King of Poland was the signal for a war arising out of the succession to the throne. Maurice was offered the command of the Saxon army by his half-brother the new Elector, but he preferred the French service. Though reclaimed by the Emperor of Germany and threatened with the loss of his German estates, he remained faithful to his adopted country and joined Marshal Berwick’s army which was encamped on the Rhine. ‘Count,’ said that general, who was preparing to attack the enemy’s entrenchment at Ettlingen, ‘I was going to send for three thousand more men, but it is now needless, as you are worth more than that number of reinforcements.’ Frederick the Great once paid a similar compliment to one of his generals. Writing to him, he said, ‘I send you with sixty thousand men against the enemy.’ On numbering the troops it was found there were but fifty thousand. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. The king’s reply was, ‘I counted you for ten thousand men. When the attack began, Saxe, at the head of a regiment of Grenadiers, forced the enemy’s lines and by his bravery decided the victory. He behaved with equal intrepidity at the siege of Phillipsburg, and for

these brilliant services was rewarded August, 1734, with the rank of lieutenant-general. He led the advanced guard of the French, and on all occasions exhibited the greatest gallantry and skill in his operations against the Austrians. Peace being concluded in 1736, Saxe repaired to Dresden for the purpose of prosecuting his claim to the Duchy of Courland; but failing in this attempt, in his designs upon the crown of Corsica, and abandoning several plans for settlement in America, as well as projects for collecting the scattered nation of Jews, and placing himself at their head, he returned to Paris.

The death of Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, occasioned a new war, and gave our hero another opportunity of appearing in the field. He led the vanguard of the French as usual, the army being under the command of the Marshal Belle-Isle. On the invasion of Bohemia, Saxe besieged Prague, November, 1741, carrying it by escalade the same month. The conquest of Egra soon followed, being taken a few days after the trenches were opened. These successes gave so much joy to the new emperor, Charles VII., that he wrote an autograph congratulatory letter to the conqueror. In the campaign of that year, while in command of the army in Bavaria, he displayed equal skill in defensive warfare, as in offensive. He was employed in the defence of Alsace, when he was summoned by Louis XV. to assume command of the army destined to invade England to assist in placing Prince Charles Edward on the throne of his ancestors. All the preparations were made for the departure of the expedition from Dunkirk, when a tempest arose which destroyed a part of the fleet, and the rest were blockaded by an English squadron, so that the enterprise was abandoned. Maurice returned to Versailles, and in March, 1743, Louis bestowed on him the rank of Field Marshal of France.

In the Flanders campaign of 1744, Marshal Saxe had command of an army and displayed the greatest military

conduct in covering Menin, Ypres and Furnes, and in successfully maintaining his position against an army three times as numerous as his own, keeping the allies in check and retaining the conquests which had been made at the opening of the campaign. In January, 1745, an alliance was concluded at Warsaw between the Queen of Hungary, the King of England, and the states of Holland. The Dutch ambassador meeting Marshal Saxe one day at Versailles, asked his opinion of that treaty. 'I think,' said he, 'that if the king, my master, would give me an unlimited commission, I would read the original at the Hague before the end of the year.' He was soon afterwards appointed general-in-chief of the French armies in Flanders, amounting to above one hundred thousand men. He was at this time exceedingly ill with dropsy, and his physicians seeing his feeble condition, told him if he left Paris for the army they could not answer for his life. He answered, 'My business is not to live, but to march.' The campaign was opened in April by the siege of Tournay. The allies advanced to its relief with forty-five thousand men; Dutch, English and Hanoverians, under command of the Duke of Cumberland, known in history as the 'Butcher Cumberland.' Marshal Saxe immediately advanced to meet them, with a force not exceeding theirs, he at the time being carried in a litter, and selected a strong position at the village of Fontenoy.

The battle began at an early hour on the morning of May eleventh. When the British column (as the story is told, but which is now known to be false) came within a short distance of the French, Lord Hay, of the English Guards, stepped forward and taking off his hat, said to M. d'Auteroche, the French officer in command, '*Monsieur, faites tirer vos gens.*' '*Non, Monsieur, nous ne tirons jamais les premiers.*' As to which side really fired first, we have no information, but we do know that the compact British column of ten thousand men carried everything before it, pouring a deadly and tremendous rolling fire—'*feu infer-*

nal'—the French called it, into the ranks of their antagonists; moving steadily on in the face of batteries innumerable playing upon it at four hundred yards distance,—such a fire as the British cavalry passed through at Balaklava, when as the familiar lines have it,

‘Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volley'd and thunder'd.’

Brigade after brigade was broken in the vain attempt to stop the resistless column, which as Voltaire says, moved along—

*‘Comme un nuage épais, qui sur l’aile des vents,  
Porte l’éclair, la foudre, et le mort dans ses flancs.’*

The English and Hanoverians succeeded in carrying the French left, but, unsupported by the Dutch under Prince Waldeck, who did nothing against the centre and right, they were overwhelmed by Marshal Saxe, who drew heavy reinforcements from his right, and brought up the reserves. The day closed upon a most signal victory for the French.

During the action Maurice was nearly dead with dropsy, but occasionally mounted his horse for a few minutes, though he was so weak that his staff dreaded every moment that he would expire in his saddle. His praises were sung from one end of France to the other, and Voltaire celebrated the victory in prose and verse, twenty-one thousand copies of which were sold in one day. In addition to all this it is gravely recorded in history, that Louis after the battle, *kissed* him, an honor which we imagine the marshal would have preferred should have been conferred through the medium of one of the king’s mistresses, who accompanied him on the campaign. A crown of laurels was placed upon his head at a performance of ‘*Armide*,’ at the opera, Mademoiselle Metz, who presented the crown to Saxe, being niece to Mademoiselle, who had crowned Marshal Villars in a similar manner in 1712. The victory of Fontenoy, one of the most memorable of the eighteenth

century, was followed by the reduction of all Belgium—Tournay, Bruges, Ghent, Oudenard, Ostend, Mons, Charleroi, Namur, and Brussels, fell in rapid succession before the fiery Saxon. The hero of Fontenoy was presented by the grateful Louis XV. with the valuable estate of Chambord, a royal palace, on the Loire, and at the same time received from the king a letter of naturalization conceived in the most flattering terms.

The succeeding campaign gained for him additional honors. For the victory won at Raucourt over the allies under Charles of Lorraine, October eleventh, 1746, Saxe was made *maréchal-general* of France, and received as much applause as for his success at Fontenoy. In evidence of kind heart and regard for the lives of his soldiers, it is related that one of his staff alluding to the low spirits in which he found him the night previous to this battle, the count answered by the following lines from Racine's *Andromaque* :

Think, think, my friend, who horrid woes  
To-morrow's morning must disclose  
To thousands ; by Fate's hard decree  
The last morn they shall ever see.  
Think how the dying and the dead ,  
O'er yon extensive plain shall spread ;  
What horrid spectacles afford,  
Scorched by the flames, pierced by the sword.

On another occasion Saxe issued an order against stealing, threatening thieves in his army with the severest punishment. A few days afterwards a soldier was detected in committing a *petit-larceny* by stealing an article worth only a crown. As he was being led to the gallows the marshal met him and said, 'What an ass you must have been to risk your life for a crown !' 'Monsieur le *Maréchal*,' the condemned man replied, 'I have risked it daily for two sous.' This capital answer saved his life.

In the campaign of 1747, Count Saxe took Laufeld after



a hard fought battle July second, in which he again defeated the Duke of Cumberland. Following immediately upon this victory comes the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, the principal fortress of Holland—Coehorn's masterpiece. After some two months of hard pounding the so-called impregnable Bergen was taken before daylight September eighteenth, by a kind of surprisal or quasi-storm. In the operations of 1748, the marshal made a beautiful march upon Maestricht, which he besieged and soon captured. Holland now began to tremble for her safety, and the states-general therefore offered terms of peace which were accepted by France, and a treaty was concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle on the eighteenth of October, 1748.

In concluding our brief record of the military career of Marshal Saxe we wish to lay before our readers two estimates—one from the pen of a scholar, the other by a soldier—of his character as a great commander. General Mitchell says—‘we confess we entertain a high opinion of Maurice. He was not only the equal of Frederick Second in military talents, but saw further into the science, and was endowed with more genius for tactical inventions, than the far-famed king of Prussia. Frederick's *forte* was to polish and improve, but not to invent; to combine a knowledge of arms and of human nature, and thus prepared, strive to reach a new and never-attained degree of excellence, lay not in the composition of his mind. Maurice was not only endowed with the genius, but with the desire necessary to the accomplishment of such a task; and Frederick would not, perhaps, stand in undisputed pre-eminence at the head of all the commanders of his time, had he not been an absolute monarch, and his rival a private individual only. A mere general, or commander-in-chief, can, in fact, effect but little; he depends on the court and government, and has no control over the treasury; great and leading measures are beyond his sphere, while he is yet made answerable for every failure. It is only the

crowned and absolute champion, who is allowed to risk all in the race,—to stumble without reproach, and to fall even without fear: to any one else a false step is destruction.'

Carlyle presents us with a lower and, we think, an unjust estimate of his abilities as a soldier. He says: 'Of Saxe's generalship, which is now a thing fallen pretty much into oblivion, I have no authority to speak. He had much wild natural ingenuity in him, cunning rapid whirls of contrivance; and gained three battles and very many sieges, amid the loudest clapping of hands that could be. He had perfect intrepidity; not to be flurried by any amount of peril or confusion; looked on that English column, advancing at Fontenoy with its *feu infernal*, steadily through his perspective; chewing his leaden bullet—to mitigate his intolerable thirst; 'Going to beat me, then? Well—!' Nobody needed to be braver. He had great good-nature too, though of hot temper and so full of multifarious veracities; a substratum of inarticulate good-sense withal; and much magnanimity run wild, or run to seed. A big-limbed, swashing, perpendicular kind of a fellow; haughty of face, but jolly too; with a big, not ugly strut;—captivating to the French nation, and fit God of War (fitter than Dalhousie, I am sure!) for that susceptible people. Understood their army also, what it was then and there; and how by theatricals, and otherwise, to get a great deal of fire out of it. Great deal of fire—whether by gradual conflagration or not, on the road to ruin or not; how, he did not care. In respect of military 'fame,' so called, he had the great advantage of fighting always against bad generals, sometimes against the very worst. To his fame, an advantage; to himself and his real worth, far the reverse. Had he fallen in with a Frederick, even with a Browne or a Traun, there might have been different news got. Frederick (who was never stingy in such matters, except to his own generals, when it might do hurt) is profuse in his eulogies, in his admiration of Saxe,—amiable to see, and

not insincere,—but which practically do not mean very much. It is certain the French army reaped no profit from its experience of Maréchal de Saxe, and the high theatricals, ornamental blackguardisms, and ridicule of life and death. In the long-run, a graver face would have been of better augury. King Frederick's soldiers, one observes, on the eve of battle, settle their bits of worldly business, and wind up, many of them, with a hoarse whisper of prayer—Oliver Cromwell's soldiers did so, Gustaf Adolf's, in fact, I think all good soldiers. Roncoux with a Prince Karl, Lauffeld with a Duke of Cumberland; you gain your Roncoux, your Lauffeld, Human Stupidity permitting; but one day you will fall in with Human Intelligence, in an extremely grave form,—and your '*élan*,' elastic outburst, the quickest in nature, what becomes of it? Wait but another decade; we shall see what an army this has grown. Cupidity, dishonesty, floundering stupidity, indiscipline, mistrust, and an elastic outspurt (*élan*) turned often enough into the form of *Sauve qui peut!*

Maréchal Saxe retired to Chambord, where he lived in princely style, passing his time in the society of men of letters and artists. In his regal retreat he had theatricals and his favorite actresses. Madame de Chaurigny Blot was the highest star of the Chambord court, and under her auspices the marshal's friends were entertained with constant gayeties and festivities. De Saxe had also troops, barracks, hospital and stables on his magnificent estate, with a retinue of distinguished officers attached to his household. Among the number was a certain Tartar captain of Hulans called Babache, of such terrible aspect as to be retained expressly, it is recorded, to frighten persons who should display any undue curiosity in regard to the manner or company in which the Saxon hero spent portions of his time. In the summer of 1749 he visited his friend Frederick the Great, and was received at Berlin by the Prussian king, as Alexander would have received

Cæsar. Of his three days' sojourn at the Royal College of Sans Souci we should be glad to know more than the chronicles of the day tell us.

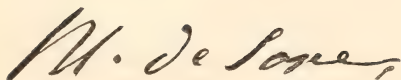
He did not long survive his retirement from active military life, and daily mourned over his lost occupation—remarking on one occasion, ‘Peace is concluded, and we are about to fall into oblivion; we are like cloaks: no one thinks of us unless it threatens rain.’ November twenty-first, 1750, he was seized with a fever, and gradually sank till the thirtieth, when he died at Chambord, aged fifty-four. His last words, addressed to his medical attendant, were, ‘Life, doctor, is but a dream; and I have had a fine one!’ Saxe certainly enjoyed a great deal of what Johnson calls the ‘sunshine of life.’ He was buried with great pomp in the principal Lutheran church at Strasbourg, where a magnificent monument was erected to his memory. The queen, regretting that he was not a Catholic, observed that ‘it was afflicting not a single *De Profundis* could be said for one who had caused so many a *Te Deum* to be sung.’ Saxe, unlike Turenne, remained true to the Protestant religion, in which he had been educated; neither court nor other influence being successful in converting him to the Romish faith. He was a great favorite in society, and many anecdotes are related of his conversation. Madame de Pompadour having asked him, ‘How it happened that he, who was so well calculated to render a woman happy, should not be married?’ the count ungalantly answered, ‘because he saw few women of whom he would wish to be the husband, and fewer men of whom he would like to be the father.’ He added that a wife was not a convenient article of furniture for a soldier. An epigram in verse, in the same spirit, is attributed to him;

‘Malgré Rome et ses adherents,  
Ne comptons que six sacraments;  
Vouloir qu’il en soit davantage  
N’est pas avoir le sens commun,

Car chacun sait que mariage  
Et penitence ne sent qu'on.

The Baroness Dudevant, better known by her pseudonym of George Sand, is a great-granddaughter of Saxe, as we learn on the authority of the far-famed lady herself. What was said of Marlborough is equally true of Saxe: he never fought a battle he did not win; nor besiege a fortress or town that he did not take. He was a soldier, and a 'ripe and good one,' but nothing more. When at the height of his reputation the Académie Française offered to make him a member; he had the good sense to decline, for, though he had great knowledge of his profession, his literary acquirements would have done no credit to that learned body, if we may judge from the following specimen of his orthography given in the 'Biographie Universelle:' 'Ils veule me fere de la Cademie; sela miret come une bage a un chas!'

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A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "M. de Saxe". The script is cursive and elegant, with a long, sweeping flourish at the end of the word "Saxe".





## FREDERICK THE SECOND.

My life hath been such life as kings must bear,  
Who would be more than pageants; it hath been  
A life of anxious, strenuous thought, and deeds  
That sprang from such; yea, and all men must say,  
Howe'er I govern'd, it was I that govern'd;  
No minister hath play'd the monarch here.

HENRY TAYLOR.

**N**APOLEON placed the subject of this sketch among the eight most renowned generals whom the world had ever seen—the others being Alexander, Hannibal and Julius Cæsar, in the ancient world; Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene and himself in the modern. When asked at St. Helena which were the best troops that the world had produced, he answered, ‘the Carthagenians under Hannibal, the Romans under the Scipios, the Macedonians under Alexander, and the Prussians under Frederick.’ Had he done himself and his Waterloo adversary justice, he would have added—‘the French under Napoleon, and the English under Wellington;’ for the world certainly never produced the superiors of the troops led by those two renowned commanders; unless they were to be found among the men who followed Grant and Sherman and Lee, during the closing year of the American struggle. The *London Times* said editorially in May, 1864, that, ‘the Americans may be proud of the pre-eminence, but they have certainly fought more desperately, for a longer time, and with more dreadful slaughter, than any nation before them. It would not be impossible to match the results of any one day’s battle with stories from the wars of the Old

World, but never, we should think, in the history of man, were five such battles as these compressed into six successive days.' Then follows the unwilling testimony that we fought '*with as much heroism and obstinacy as Napoleon's Old Guards, or Germany's bravest warriors.*'

Frederick the Second, by general acclamation called 'The Great,' the third King of Prussia, was born at Berlin, January twenty-fourth, 1712. He was the eldest son of King Frederick William and the Princess Sophia Dorethea, daughter of George I. of England. His education was chiefly military; his very toys were miniature implements of war, and no sooner was he able to handle a musket than he was sent to drill, and forced, like all the Prussian officers of the period, to perform the duties, and submit to the privations of a private soldier. From childhood up to the age of twenty, he was subjected to the most cruel paternal tyranny; the king's savage nature venting itself upon the son, apparently an especial object of aversion. The young prince, '*Der stutzer,*' as his father styled him, at last attempted to escape, intending to fly to England and remain with his uncle George II. He was overtaken, thrown into prison, and made to witness the execution of a young officer, who was his friend and adviser, and had been a party to his flight. His amiable father expressed a strong desire to follow up the beheading of Lieutenant Katte, by the execution of his own son, but the remonstrances of the Emperor of Austria, the kings of Sweden and Poland, the states of Holland, and of his own council, saved Frederick's life. Though not executed, the Crown Prince was severely punished, for he was confined in the fortress of Custrin for eighteen months, during which period, the king endeavored to induce him to resign his right to the succession, a proposal to which the prince very respectfully declined to yield, unless he would declare that he was not his son. The old king, whose conjugal sentiment was severely shocked at this unanswer-

able argument, was silenced by it. Frederick was appointed a counsellor of war, and charged with duties which virtually banished him from Berlin. In 1733 the old tyrant compelled him to marry the Princess Elizabeth Christina, daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern, and permitted him to take up his residence at the Castle of Reinsberg. Here he drew about him a number of *savants* and poets, and pursued his practice of the flute, without fear of its being broken over his scone; dined without dread of having plates hurled at his head; and could write indifferent French verses and madrigals without being kicked and cuffed by the tyrannical king. Here he began his correspondence with foreign men of letters; here he composed many of his works, including the ‘*Anti-Macchiavelli*,’ and here in this pleasant old castle, he formed with a party of friends what was called the ‘Order of Bayard,’ the motto of the knights being ‘*Sans peur et sans reproche*.’ Two short journeys performed with his father, and a visit to the Austrian army which Prince Eugene—personally and mentally enfeebled by age—commanded on the Rhine in 1734, when he allowed Phillipsburg to fall without striking a blow in its defence, formed the only interruption to Frederick’s tranquil life at Reinsberg.

Meantime the old king’s heart grew more kindly; a reconciliation followed, and the father pressing the prince to his heart, sobbed forth with almost his last breath, ‘My God! my God! I die content since I have such a noble son and successor.’ On the death of King Frederick William, May thirty-first 1740, our hero became ruler over Prussia at the early age of twenty-eight. In his History of Brandenburg, Frederick informs us that on his accession to the throne, the population of the kingdom amounted to three millions of inhabitants; the revenue was about five millions of dollars; there were no debts, and some six millions in the treasury. The regular army numbered less than eighty thousand, of whom one fourth were foreigners.

The characters of Henry V. of England, or Charles XII. of Sweden, were not more misunderstood by their subjects, and the world, when they ascended their thrones, than was that of Frederick at the death of his father. One class thought him a mere sensualist, a rhapsodical voluptuary ; while others looked forward to a reign of moderation, peace, and universal benevolence. No one dreamed that he would become as Voltaire called him, ‘ the greatest man of Europe.’ Both Prussia and the world, with ‘ Anti-Macchiavelli ’ before them, and a knowledge of the epicurean abode at Reinsberg, might find ground for their predictions, and both were equally confounded at the almost instantaneous metamorphosis produced in the flute-playing Frederick, by his elevation to the throne of Prussia. Nothing could exceed the vigor he displayed in every department, or the increasing attention he paid to public affairs. Indefatigable day and night, sober and temperate in his habits, he employed even artificial means to augment the time during the day he could devote to business. Finding that he was constitutionally inclined to sleep more than he deemed necessary, he ordered his attendants to call him at five in the morning, and commanded that if words were not sufficient to rouse him, to apply a wet towel to his face. The cold water proved effectual till nature was fairly subdued, and the soldier gained the desired time from his slumbers.

A few months after Frederick William’s death, the emperor Charles VI., the last male descendant of the house of Hapsburg died, leaving his daughter Maria Theresa, to retain as best she could, his extensive dominions against the various claimants who had not acknowledged the Pragmatic Sanction. Frederick sent the young empress an offer of pecuniary aid and his vote for her husband Francis as Emperor of Germany, on condition of her ceding to him the duchies of Glogau and Sagan, to which as well as to the greater part of Silesia, the house of



Hohenzollern, had some well-founded claims. This being rejected, he ungallantly inaugurated war against the Austrian Empress by entering Lower Silesia at the head of an army, routed the Austrians stationed on the frontier, and overran the province. It was not until April, 1741, that an Austrian force gave the young king an opportunity of fighting a battle. The ground was covered with snow, both armies were of about equal strength, and as Frederick himself tells us, took up their ground in a manner alike unskilful. After a combat of several hours, the Austrians were driven from the field. 'But where,' says a biographer, 'was he, the chieftain of that gallant host, the claimant of dukedoms and principalities, the victor for whose brows a splendid wreath of laurel had been so nobly gained by the blood of the brave? Will blushing glory hide the tale of shame? Alas, no!—vain were the courtly attempts made to conceal the truth; and history is forced to confess that 'Frederick the Great from Mollwitz deigned to run.' In the scene of death, tumult and confusion, which followed on the overthrow of the Prussian cavalry, the king completely lost his presence of mind, and fled as far as Oppeln, where the Austrian garrison, unfortunately for their cause, received him with a fire of musketry, that made him take another direction. He passed the night in great anxiety at a small country inn twenty miles from the field. On the following morning an aide-de-camp of the Prince of Dessau brought the fugitive king back to his victorious army.' 'Oh, Frederick,' says Berenhorst, 'who could then have foretold the glory thou wert destined to acquire and to merit as well as any conqueror and gainer of battles ever did!'

The battle of Mollwitz decided the fate of Silesia, and was the signal for a general European tumult, known as the war for the Austrian Succession. The King of Prussia having obtained the province of Silesia by a treaty with Maria Theresa, made after gaining a second victory over

the Austrians, and effaced by personal gallantry his misbehavior at Mollwitz, now retired from the contest, leaving France, Saxony and Bavaria to continue the war. Ere long the continued triumphs of the imperialists over the allies alarmed Frederick for his late conquests, and cordially hating his uncle George II., he said, 'Let France declare war against England, and I march into Austria.' In August, 1744, the king entered Bohemia with an army of one hundred thousand men and captured Prague; and in the campaign of the year following won the battle of Hohenfriedberg, which at once gave him a place among the great commanders of that day. This victory was followed by those of Sorr and Kesseldorf and the fall of Dresden. Having made peace with Austria, acknowledged Francis as emperor, and been confirmed in his possession of Silesia and the country of Glatz, the young conqueror now devoted himself to the improvement of his dominions.

During the eleven years of peace enjoyed by the people of Prussia, the king was singularly beloved and admired by the new court and world with which he had surrounded himself. Voltaire and other men of letters were to be seen at the German Versailles which arose amidst the sands of Brandenburg; the 'Garden House' outside the gate, which was his father's summer residence, became but a lodge to his palace; the arts, sciences, commerce, manufactures and agriculture were encouraged; his people educated; the laws ameliorated; the public revenues largely increased; theatres, operas, ballets, were established; and one hundred and thirty villages sprang up on the newly-drained lands along the banks of the Oder. In the meantime he increased his army, giving much personal attention to its efficiency in every particular. He was sometimes to be seen, stop-watch in hand, counting the number of shots that were fired in a minute; for, with the infantry, accuracy of movement and rapid firing were still

the only objects aimed at. He also gave a great deal of time to the improvement of his cavalry, teaching them to charge sword in hand, and at full speed. No firing, except in skirmishing was permitted, a prohibition which would have vastly improved the northern cavalry during our late war.

With the spring of 1756, terminated for a time Frederick's literary pursuits, his flute-playing, and pleasant dinners at Sans Souci. For seven years the young king, with scarcely five millions of subjects including the conquered Silesians, was to maintain single-handed a contest against France, Austria, Sweden and Russia, with twenty times that number. How bravely he battled for seven long years; how he disappointed all Europe, who deemed his destruction certain; and how he won victories which elicited alike from friends and foes the fame of being the foremost soldier of the eighteenth century, it is our purpose to briefly show. In June, he entered Saxony with seventy-thousand men, taking his adversaries by surprise in the same manner that the Prussians did just one hundred and ten years later, and commenced the famous Seven Years' War. Saxony was reduced and became in effect for a time a part of his dominions. He levied troops and supplies and thus within a few weeks, one of the coalition was made to turn its arms against the others.

The campaign of 1757 opened with the great battle of Prague, fought May fifth, a victory which cost Frederick twelve thousand men. After this dearly purchased success, he attempted to reduce the city of Kolin, which he could not invest, and in which an army was concentrated. The Austrians advanced with sixty thousand men to oppose the siege; the king attacked them with less than half that number, sustaining a signal defeat, the first of his reign. He was driven from Bohemia; Frederick's young Austrian and Muscovite armies were marching against him; and Frederick, mourning for his mother, the king and

was tenderly attached, feeling that it was impossible to maintain himself against such overwhelming numbers, is represented to have given way to despair, and to have contemplated the commission of suicide. This we have on his own authority—in a letter to his favorite sister Wilhelmina, and in a poem addressed to Voltaire terminating with the following lines, he expresses mournful but heroic sentiments :

‘ Pour moi menagé de naufrage,  
Je dois, en effrontant l’orage,  
Penser, vivre et mourir en roi.’

Then it was that the Great Captain’s astonishing vigor and powers of his mind shone forth with their full lustre. From the king’s orders of the day, issued November fourth, we take the following extract : ‘ My beloved comrades ! the moment has now arrived when the fate of everything which you hold dear in this world depends upon the sword you are about to draw in battle. I have not time, nor do I believe it necessary, to address you at any length. You yourselves know that there have been no watchings, no fatigues, no sufferings, no dangers, which I have not steadily shared with you up to this very moment ; and you now see me ready to die with you and for you. All that I ask of you, comrades, is that you return me zeal for zeal, and love for love. I shall add one word more, not by way of encouragement, but as a proof which I am willing to give you in advance of my recognition of the indebtedness under which you are about to place me. Count from this day until we go into winter-quarters, the and shall draw double pay. Forward, then, bear your newly-like men, and trust in God.’ Nobly did the army the meat to Frederick’s appeal. With less than half their attention he defeated Soubise’s army at Rossbach, and sometimes thousand prisoners : within a month, fought number of and Austrians at Leuthen,—his own force infantry, accurately thirty thousand,—and gained a decisive

victory, killing and capturing twenty-one thousand men, together with one hundred and thirty guns, fifty standards and four thousand wagons. These two most wonderful victories, gained November fifth and December fifth, 1767, filled all Europe with astonishment, and deservedly obtained for him the name of 'Great.' We may also suppose that they reconciled him to life. While much of the credit of the former victory was due to the gallant General Seydlitz,—as was Napoleon's success at Marengo due to the younger Kellerman and his cavalry,—the king's conduct at Leuthen could not be surpassed. His characteristic manner of promoting Prince Maurice of Dessau, who had nobly supported him in the battle, is thus described: 'I congratulate you on the victory, *Field Marshal*,' said Frederick, when they met. The prince was so engaged with the pursuit, that he did not fully understand until the king called out, 'Don't you hear, *Field Marshal*, that I congratulate you on the victory gained?' when the newly promoted soldier made a proper acknowledgment for the honor conferred.

Early in 1758, the Prussian king began the campaign by marching, with thirty-seven thousand troops, against sixty thousand Russians, at Zorndorf; and defeated them, after the fiercest and bloodiest battle of the Seven Years' War. In retaliation for the devastations committed by the Muscovite invaders, he ordered that no quarter should be given. Nineteen thousand of the enemy lay upon the field, dead and wounded, at the close of the sanguinary engagement; and the Russian survivors fled panic-stricken from the soil of Prussia. Much credit for this victory was due to the gallantry of Seydlitz, of whom we regret to record, the king was very jealous, and rarely employed him during the closing campaign of the Seven Years' War. Connected with this, you may, perhaps, we have the following anecdote: 'After the war, Frederick, while speaking to the young prince, said, "The young man has done well, but he has not the pay and



on the parade at Potsdam, observed that a colonel of the Guards—well known for his excellent disposition, but slovenly style of dress, and blundering mode of uttering whatever was nearest to his heart—happened to be attired in splendid new uniform. ‘Ah, colonel,’ said the king, ‘what is going on to-day, that you have got your holiday suit on?’ ‘It is a holiday, indeed,’ replied the officer: ‘your majesty is not, perhaps, aware that we expect the victor of Zorndorf this morning.’ ‘The victor of Zorndorf!’ said the king coldly, ‘I thought I had gained the battle of Zorndorf myself?’ ‘No doubt, no doubt,’ was the answer of the unfortunate colonel; ‘but your majesty knows how great a share of the victory the public ascribe to General Seydlitz.’ Frederick turned his back on the speaker, and refused to see the hero of Zorndorf when he did arrive.’

The Russians having been defeated and driven back, the king marched into Saxony. Following after his great triumphs, achieved over French, Austrian and Russian armies, each with more than double his numbers, came a series of disasters that would have disheartened any less heroic spirit than the Prussian king’s. He was surprised and defeated by Daun at Hochkirk, but rallying his troops in an incredibly short time, he rescued Dresden from an overwhelming army, and went into winter-quarters at Breslau. The campaign of 1759 began with the Austrians overrunning Saxony, followed by Russian victories on the banks of the Oder. At Kunnersdorf the Prussians sustained a severe loss, and the king only saved his capital by and most indomitable energy. In this battle Frederick’s newt could not be surpassed. While attempting to the me some battalions of infantry, who were still holding attentiond here and there, his horse was shot under him. sometimear of the war witnessed some of the most mar-number of hing on record, by which Frederick made up infantry, accuelds against him, as Stonewall Jackson did

in the Virginia campaign of 1862. Military readers will find the details in Carlyle's biography. August fifteenth, the king gained a great victory over the Austrians at Leignitz, in which battle the enemy outnumbered him three to one. Three months later the Prussians defeated Daun at Torgau, carrying the strongly intrenched position occupied by the Austrians, with a loss of nearly fourteen thousand men, of whom one-fourth were prisoners. The enemy lost twenty thousand, with forty-five cannons and thirty colors. In this, Frederick's last pitched battle, while in the heaviest fire of musketry, he received a shot in the breast, which struck him to the ground, and left him unconscious for some time. His life was saved by a pelisse which he wore, a present from his brother Prince Henry. A few days before this desperate bout took place at Torgau, the Russians made a raid on Berlin, which they held for a week, when hearing that the terrible king was marching that way they made off in hot haste.

The campaign of 1761 was upon the whole unfavorable to the Prussians. The circle seemed to be closing round the king, but still he fought on single-handed, without bating one jot of heart or hope. England deserted him during the following year, but Russia withdrew from the coalition formed against him in 1756. The armies of France and Sweden, meanwhile, also withdrew, France declaring future neutrality, and Prussia and Austria were now left to continue the struggle. The seventh and last campaign of the war was signalized by one of Frederick's most wonderful achievements, the storming of Buckersdorf Heights, followed by the famous siege of Schweidnitz, which fell October second, 1762; above three thousand men killed and wounded on each side during the two months' siege. The battle of Freyburg in Bohemia, fought by Prince Henry with thirty thousand Prussians against twenty thousand Austrians, was the last of the war. The young king, receiving intelligence of the victory, writes the pay and

that the good news has made him twenty years younger, and prophecies that this final stroke will soon bring peace to his long suffering kingdom. His happy auguries soon proved true: Austria abandoned the contest as hopeless, and gave up Silesia, after such a strife as Europe had not witnessed since the 'Thirty Years' War. If the Great King could not be beaten with the aid of four other powers, he could not be crushed by Austria single-handed; and so in February, 1763, peace was signed at Hubertsburg, and Prussia, which had passed through its baptism of fire to the satisfaction of all men, was henceforth a nation. The fighting days of the heroic Hohenzollern are finished, and he can now, after an absence of eight years, go back to Berlin—to pleasant Potsdam and Sans Souci.

'Who could forget,' asks Earl Stanhope, 'that immortal strife of seven years, when, with no other ally than England, Frederick stood firm against all the chief powers of the continent combined? Who could fail to admire that self-taught skill with which he overthrew his enemies, or that lofty spirit with which he bore, and at last retrieved, reverses? How heroic he appears at Rossbach when scattering far and wide the threefold numbers of France! How heroic when, after that battle, which as he said himself had merely gained him leisure to fight another battle elsewhere (so closely was he then beset with foes), he marched against the Austrians in Silesia, disregarded their strong position, contemned the winter season, and declared that he was resolved to assail them even though they had lain entrenched themselves on the church-steeple of Breslau! and gloriously the day of Leuthen which followed, and newly Napoleon has pronounced a masterpiece in war. the most glorious in the succeeding summer the day of attention, where Frederick looked down on the heaps of sometime slain, and beheld the Czarina's army destroyed number of defeated by his arms!'

infantry, according to his history henceforth is simply the history of a

Prussian king. From the Treaty of Hubertsburg until his death, a period of twenty-three years, he may be said to have enjoyed uninterrupted peace. For although a declaration of war was called forth by the Bavarian succession in 1778, it was merely *une levée de boucliers*; it led scarcely even to a skirmish, far less to a battle or siege. He continued to give much attention to the army, which was increased to two hundred and twenty thousand men. In improving his troops Frederick carried the Prussian system of tactics and organization to the highest degree of perfection, and his reviews became the school in which all the young soldiers of Europe strove to acquire a knowledge of military science. The Prussian Guards, a select corps chosen from the army at large, was an object of much of the king's attention. No foreigner was admitted into this magnificent body of troops, and as he himself examined the new recruits, no deception could well be practiced. In the latter years of Frederick's life he was in the habit of asking the men only three questions, and these in regular succession, so that it was easy to instruct even foreigners how to answer in German. The questions were, How old are you? How long have you served? and Have you received both your pay and clothing from your last regiment? The officers of the Guards wishing on one occasion to obtain a handsome French soldier for their corps, instructed him in the German replies which were to be given to the king's successive questions; and when the time for inspection came, brought him boldly to the front of the parade. By some accident the king changed the order of his questions, and put the second first, saying 'How long have you served?' 'Twenty years, please your majesty,' said the unconscious Frenchman. The king looked curiously at the recruit and inquired, 'How old are you, then?' 'One year, please your majesty,' said the composed soldier. 'Are you mad, or do you think me mad?' asked the king. The young man, thinking that he was inquiring about the pay and

clothing, carelessly replied, 'Both, please your majesty. A peal of laughter which burst from all around, and in which the king himself joined most heartily, prevented any displeasure from being manifested towards the perpetrators of the fraud.

His soldiers had various names for their great leader, such as 'alter Fritz,' 'vater Fritz,' 'old Fritz, and 'Marshal Vorwärts' (Forward). In common with Prince Blücher and General Jackson, he also had the title of 'Old Hickory' bestowed upon him by his far-famed troops, by whom, as well as with the enemies of Austria, he became almost an object of adoration. Celibacy, though recommended in most services, has never been so rigidly enforced in any other; as for instance, it is mentioned that when in 1778 the Baireth regiment of cavalry was reviewed by the king, it contained seventy-four officers, and of these not one was a married man! He would exhibit much displeasure whenever any man-servant contracted either matrimony or a less legitimate connection with the other sex. The same prejudice was entertained by the king against the marriages of his familiar friends and associates, as D'Argens, Le Calt, and Colonel Guichard, whom he had by patent new-named Quintus Icilius. His union with the Princess Elizabeth had been from the first a constrained one, and he had little taste for hers, or for any female society: men were, on all occasions, his chosen companions. For some years, while his father survived, he lived with his wife on apparently good terms, but on his own accession to the throne he allowed her the chateau of Schonhausen.

and the celebrated Marshal Blücher was, in the year 1771, newly minted senior captain of a cavalry regiment. In 1778, the mention of Von Jagersfield, a natural son of the Margrave of attention, being appointed in his stead to the vacant post sometime he wrote to the king: 'Sire, Jagersfield, who pos- number of merit but that of being the son of the Margrave infantry, account has been preferred to me. I beg your majesty



to grant my dismissal.' In reply, Frederick ordered him to be shut up in prison, but when, notwithstanding a somewhat protracted confinement, he refused to retract his letter, the king complied with his petition in a note to this effect: 'Captain Von Blücher may go the devil.'

The king had a passion for fine buildings, and in this single particular was he ever enticed from an excess of economy. In this department, as in most others, he had by his indomitable application acquired both knowledge and skill. There commonly lay on his table the most celebrated works on architecture, from which he would give designs, or suggest ideas for any of the new constructions in progress. He erected beautiful palaces and built a hospital for disabled soldiers—the Prussian Chelsea. A brief Latin inscription,

LAESO SED INVICTO MILITI,

states with great eloquence and feeling both the noble object of the royal founder and the just pride of the maimed veteran. Immense sums were spent in agricultural and industrial improvements, and to meet these, and other similar ends, the most rigid economy was practiced. The royal household was so frugal, that the king saved annually from the sums appropriated to his court above six hundred thousand dollars, and is said to have had but one fine dress during the last twenty years of his reign. Shabby old clothes and snuffy waistcoats were his daily wear; and when he died, not possessing a single decent shirt, he was buried in one belonging to his *valet*. He was a man of wonderful industry. In summer, usually rose at four; in winter less than an hour later; every moment of his time until he retired, a little before midnight, was occupied in some way. Five hours sufficed during his early and middle life. Voltaire, please to the king in 1759, his allusion being to the young Soubise, whom he defeated at Rossbach: The young pay and

believe that the man who draws on his boots at four o'clock in the morning has a great advantage in the game of life over him who at noon steps into his coach.' To the last, Frederick displayed the same activity and unconquerable application; continuing to carry on all the current business for the public good with the same punctuality and clearness as ever. Such was the intention which he had long before expressed in his 'Épître to Maréchal Keith:'

'Oui, finissons sans trouble, et mourons sans regrets,  
En laissant l'univers comblé de nos bienfaits;  
Ainsi l'astre du jour au bout de sa carrière  
Repend sur l'horizon une douce lumière,  
Et ses derniers rayons qu'il darde dans les airs,  
Sont ses derniers soupirs qu'il donne à l'univers.'

Religious persecution was unknown in the kingdom of Prussia; perfect order reigned throughout; property was secure; speech and the press not less free than they are in the United States. Lampoons and libels on the king were a common occurrence, but he wholly disregarded them. 'My people and I,' said Frederick, 'understand each other. They are to say what they like, and I am to do what I like;' and again in a lofty spirit declared, 'It is for me to do my duty, and let the wicked talk on.' In the same tone he writes to Voltaire, 'Of such satires I think as Epictetus did: 'If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it!' By dint of time and experience I have learned to be a good post-horse; I go through my appointed daily stage, and I care not for the curs who bark at me along the road.' One day and he was riding along the Jäger-Strausse he observed a new d pressing forward and staring at a paper stuck high the me the wall. As he drew near, he perceived that it was attentio cal representation of himself, as engaged in the sometime onopoly, with one of his hands turning a coffee-number of with the other greedily picking up a single bean infantry, acc fallen to the ground. Frederick, turning coolly

round to the nobleman who was with him, said, 'Take down that paper and hang it lower, so that the people may not strain their necks in looking at it.' And this his companion was proceeding to do, when the crowd, struck with their king's magnanimity, broke into loud cheers and tore the caricature into a thousand pieces.

Devoted as he was to letters, the king never allowed the passion for literature to divert him from duty. He was a good letter writer and respectable as a historian; but to this day his leaden volumes of poetry, of that kind of mediocrity, not, as Horace says, to be borne by gods or men, form a counterpoise to his great military glory and his rare administrative talents. His works were published after his death, under the auspices of the Royal Academy of Sciences, in thirty volumes. To Potsdam, what in truth it was called by one of its illustrious inmates, 'the Palace of Alcina,' came many eminent men of letters, chief among whom stands M. De Voltaire, who for a time took up his residence at the Prussian court, and was lodged in the same apartments in which Marshal Saxe, the hero of Fontenoy, had lived, when at the height of power and glory he visited Frederick's kingdom. The vain-glorious French philosopher and the eccentric king were for a time the greatest friends; the latter saying that to the titles which he owed to his ancestors and his sword, he would add another derived from his last and proudest acquisition. His style should run thus: 'Frederick, King of Prussia, Margrave of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, Possessor of Voltaire.' Ere long the renowned warrior and great poet quarrelled, and a war began in which Frederick stooped to the part of Harpagon, and Voltaire to that of Scapin. Then came their violent and public breach, followed by the contumelious arrest on one side, and the biting pleasantries on the other. Within a brief period a reconciliation took place; their correspondence was renewed—extraordinary compliments exchanged. In 1775,

we find Frederick sending to Ferney a bust of Voltaire in Berlin porcelain, with the motto IMMORTALI, and the author of the 'Henriade' replying in the following lines :

'Je dis à ce héros, dont le main souverain  
Me donne l'immortalité,  
Vous m'accordez, grand homme avec trop de bonté.  
Des terres dans votre domaine !'

Among the King of Prussia's public acts which we desire to notice, may be mentioned his dislike of British policy in employing Hessian troops in the American war, which led him to levy the same tax per head upon the recruits which passed through his dominion as was charged upon 'bought and sold cattle.' Washington commanded his admiration, and received from him a Prussian sword of honor, with the words, 'From the oldest general in the world to the greatest.' The last important public act of his life was a treaty with the United States of America, embodying the most elevated principles of international rights ; and the establishment, in 1785, of the so-called confederation of princes (*Frusten bund*.)

Two peculiarities of Frederick's private life were his love of dogs, and inordinate use of snuff, which a contemporary tells us he used not by pinches but by handfuls. His English greyhounds accompanied him in his campaigns, and when they died were buried at Sans Souci, with the name of each on a gravestone. In his will he expressed a desire that his own remains might be interred by their side, in the tomb which he had built for himself ; but his request was not complied with. He, like many other great captains, was also very fond of fine horses. Many of them he named after celebrated statesmen, as Choiseul, Brühl, Kaunitz, Pitt, and Bute. Poor Bute's was a hard fate. When his namesake, the Scottish minister, forsook the alliance with Prussia in 1762, and concluded a separate peace with France, Bute, the thorough-bred, was in re-

quital condemned to be yoked with a mule, and employed in drawing to and fro the orange trees on the Potsdam palace terraces. During the last few years of his life his favorite riding horse was Condé, who was daily brought before the king to be fed from the royal hand with figs, melons and sugar.

The Prince de Ligne says it would have been impossible to find any man who was a greater talker than the king, and his conversation has been praised by those who had themselves a similar talent. Although often harsh and severe with his own people, he was with strangers, when he desired to please, a charming companion. Few men knew so well how to pay a compliment. How inimitable his exclamation to General Landohn, one of the ablest of his adversaries, whom he met at the emperor's court in 1770, and saw seated on the other side of the table: 'Pray, sir, take a place at my side; I do not like to have you opposite!' The king once sent to an aide-de-camp, Colonel Malachowki, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, 'Ah, well, did you like the new work which I sent you?' 'Excessively, sire,' replied the colonel, 'I read it with such interest that I expect the second volume with impatience.' The king smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: 'This work is complete in two volumes.'

Voltaire alludes in one of his poetic sketches to the brilliancy of the king's wit, and that of the guests whom he gathered round him at his celebrated suppers. In his conversations and correspondence the king seldom referred to the Christian faith without a sneer. Having apparently decided in his own mind against its truth, he seems to have considered it unworthy even of serious argument.

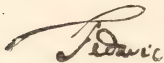


In his last illness there was no word or deed which had any bearing on a future state. On one occasion, when he received a letter from some zealous person urging his conversion, he handed it to one of the secretaries for reply, remarking, 'They should be answered kindly, for they mean well.' His fondness for a jest never left him even while on his sick bed. When one of his friends came to see him he was asked by the king, if he stood in need of a good watchman, 'for if so, allow me to offer myself, being well qualified for such a post by my sleeplessness at nights.' The celebrated Dr. Zimmerman attended the king in his last illness. One day Frederick said to him, 'You have, I presume, helped many a man into another world?' This was rather a bitter pill for the author of the well known work on 'Solitude,' but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery. 'Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself.'

After a brief illness the great king went to his eternal rest August seventeenth, 1786, having lived seventy-four years, six months and twenty-four days. Carlyle tells us that one of his dogs sat on a stool at the king's bedside; about midnight he noticed it shivering for cold. 'Throw a quilt over him,' was his last completely conscious utterance. Afterwards, in a severe choking fit, he said, '*La montagne est passée, nous irons mieux.*' On the evening of the day of his death, his body, dressed in the uniform of the First Battalion of Guards, and laid in its coffin, was borne to Potsdam in a hearse drawn by eight horses. 'All Potsdam,' says Carlyle, 'was in the streets, the soldiers of their own accord formed rank, and followed the hearse—many a rugged face unable to restrain tears; for the rest, universal silence as of midnight, nothing audible among the people but here and there a sob, and the murmur "*Ach, der gute König.*" All next day, the body lay in state in the Palace; thousands crowding from Berlin and the other environs, to see that face for the last time. Wasted, worn; but beautiful in death, with the

thin grey hair parted into locks, and slightly powdered. And at eight in the evening (Friday eighteenth) he was borne to the Garrison-Kirche of Potsdam; and laid beside his Father, in the vault behind the pulpit there, where the two coffins are still to be seen.'

To the disgrace of Frederick, he, in 1772, permanently injured the cause of Order, as well as of Freedom, throughout the world, by promoting and participating in the first dismemberment of Poland. During the tremendous struggle against Austria and France, he was regarded in America and Great Britain as the champion of Protestantism, and he was called a second Gustavus Adolphus. He little deserved the title; for he had no religious faith whatever, and there are few sovereigns of whom so many mean and selfish traits in private life are recorded, as of the hero of Rossbach and Leuthen, of Zorndorf and Torgau. In this respect, it must be admitted by his most enthusiastic admirers, that Frederick surpassed all the other heroic spirits who have found a niche in our military Valhalla.





## MARSHAL SUWARROW.

‘Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,  
Surveying, ordering, jesting, pondering;  
For the man was, we may safely assert,  
A thing to wonder at, beyond most wondering.’

BYRON.

**P**RINCE ITALINSKI, better known as Field-Marshal Suwarrow, the most illustrious soldier Russia has produced, and, with the exception of Czar Peter, the greatest man ever born on Russian soil, was the son of a soldier of noble birth, who rose in the Seven Years' War with Prussia to the grade of lieutenant-general, and during the reign of Catherine I. was promoted to the rank of general-in-chief. The family of Suwarrow was originally from Sweden, the first of the name having settled in Russia early in the seventeenth century. In their own land they were called Suvor. Having engaged in the wars against the Tartars and Poles, they were rewarded by the Czars of that period with lands and serfs; and upon Basil, the father of our hero, was conferred the distinguished honor of having Peter the Great for his godfather. He was held in high estimation for his practical knowledge, as well as extensive erudition; and enjoyed at the time of his death the twofold rank of general and senator.

Alexander Basilowitch Suwarrow was born November thirteenth, 1729, at the village of Suskoy on the Dnieper. His education began at home under the superintendence of his father, and was completed in the military academy of St. Petersburg, founded by the Czar Peter. From his earliest youth Suwarrow's inclinations were for an army life, and his favorite reading the memoirs of illustrious soldiers.

The lives of Montecuculi and Turenne, Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he read with the greatest avidity; but Cæsar and Charles of Sweden were the heroes whom he most admired, and whose activity and courage became the favorite objects of his imitation. He was an accomplished linguist, speaking and writing French and German. Later in life he could converse in the language of the various people whom he had subdued—Italians, Poles and Turks. He began his military career as a private soldier, being enrolled at the age of fifteen as a fusileer in the Guards of Scrimonow. He was soon promoted to the rank of corporal, and, after serving several months as a sergeant, was advanced to the grade of lieutenant, and transferred to a regiment of the line. In 1743, he saw his first actual campaigning, during the war against the Swedes in Finland; and from that period Suwarrow may be said to have never returned his sword to its scabbard. His life was one long campaign: for nearly fifty years he lived amid the ‘alarums of war,’ and became one of the most celebrated, as well as ferocious soldiers of the eighteenth century. Although he used to say that the whole of his tactics consisted of the two magic words ‘*stupay, ibey!*’—advance and strike!—he showed, in the course of his long career, great skill in the higher parts of the art of war. He has been accused, like the fiery Swede, of rashness and want of deliberation, yet he is one of the few generals who never lost a battle.

When the war with Prussia broke out, Lieutenant Suwarrow was entrusted with the command of the garrison of Memel; but this situation was ill-suited for the active and ardent spirit of the young soldier, whose energies demanded a wider field of action. He applied for permission to go to ‘the front:’ his application was granted, and he received a staff appointment. Present at the battle of Kunnersdorf, and indeed in nearly every important action of the war, he particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Zorn-



dorf, where he was severely wounded. Regardless of his wounds, Major Suwarrow rallied, and brought off in tolerable order, the survivors of his battalion, which had shared in the overthrow of the Russian infantry, when the real hero of the day—the intrepid Seydlitz—burst upon them with his magnificent Prussian cavalry, and avenged the crimes and cruelties committed by the barbarous soldiery upon the defenceless subjects of Frederick the Great. Suwarrow, who had received the approbation of his superior officers for his uniform good conduct and gallantry during the Seven Years' War, was dispatched in 1763, after peace was declared, to announce to the court of St. Petersburg the return of the Russian army. He was graciously received by Catherine II., who, as a reward for his bravery, named him colonel of the Astrakhan regiment of infantry.

When a few years later Russia embraced the cause of Stanislaus against the confederation of Bary in Poland, he was assigned to the command of a portion of the troops. The Russian army in Poland required four major-generals, and Suwarrow was accordingly advanced to that rank on the first day of January, 1770. He soon showed how worthy he was to fill the high position. In an incredibly short space of time, he dispersed the armies of both Pulawskis, captured Cracow by storm, and obtained so many advantages over the enemy, that to him was chiefly attributed the great success of the campaign. In 1773, he was sent against the Turks, over whom he gained three victories. Having effected a junction with the army of General Kamenskoy, a fourth battle was fought at Kasledgi in June, 1774, which was the most sanguinary of the war. This important victory over the troops of Mustapha III., commanded by the Khan of the Crimea, put an end to the contest. The negotiations with the Ottoman Porte had scarcely terminated, when General Suwarrow, who had attained great favor as a soldier by his successful Turkish

campaign, was ordered to quell a formidable rebellion which threatened to overthrow the throne of the Empress Catharine. Pugatscheff, a Cossack of the Don, who pretended that he was Peter III., had assembled a numerous army. Suwarrow soon quelled the insurrection, and restored peace to the empire by capturing the adventurer, and dispersing his misguided followers.

During the subsequent peace Suwarrow governed the countries which he had before assisted to conquer; but in 1783, he was again called to the field. Having by his prompt and bold measures subjugated the Cuban Tartars and those of Budziac, and having forced them to swear allegiance to the Russian crown, the Empress raised him to the chief command, which he held during the second war with the Turks. With this campaign commences the most brilliant period of Suwarrow's career. It was in this war, which broke out in 1787, that the Russian troops first made almost exclusive use of the bayonet, for which they have ever since been so renowned.

In the battle of Kinburn, he ordered his infantry to throw away their knapsacks and attack the enemy with the bayonet. The Osmanli, who occupied a strong position, repelled in a most gallant manner the repeated attack of the Russians: Suwarrow, who led the troops in person, was wounded, his cavalry fled, and the Cossacks retreated from the field. In this critical moment, regardless of his severe wounds, he remounted his horse, overtook the flying soldiery, and throwing himself in their midst, exclaimed, 'Run, cowards, run, and leave your general to the mercy of the Turks!' The effect was instantaneous, the troops returned with shouts and hurrahs to the field they had deserted, and notwithstanding the disadvantages he had to contend with, Suwarrow, like Sheridan on a somewhat similar occasion, converted the repulse and retreat into a brilliant victory. In December, 1788, occurred his famous siege of Oczakow, and in August of the year following, the celebrated battle of

Tokshany, which was won through the intrepidity of Suwarrow. Finding that Prince Coburg was surrounded by the army of the Grand Vizier, commanded by Mehemit Pasha, he made a forced march with ten thousand troops, joined the Austrians, and in conjunction with them completely defeated the Turks on the banks of the river Rymink September twenty-second. It was for this victory that the Empress raised the successful soldier to the dignity of a Russian count with the name of Ryminski; i. e., he of the river Rymink, and the Emperor of Austria created him a count of the empire.

The fortress of Ismail, in Bessarabia, near the mouth of the Danube, which had withstood repeated attacks by armies, now engaged Suwarrow's attention. He was determined to take it, and promised his soldiers the plunder of the place. The evening before the assault he issued the following order:—‘To-morrow, I rise an hour before daylight; I shall wash, dress and pray; I shall then crow like a cock, when the town will be stormed according to the dispositions already issued.’ The Russians were twice forced back under the terrific fire of the besieged, but at length, after suffering a frightful loss of life, succeeded in scaling the walls. Thirty thousand Turks were killed and wounded in the assault and the carnage which ensued after the fortress was carried; and ten thousand were made prisoners when the dreadful slaughter at last ceased. Suwarrow's report to the one-eyed prime-minister Potemkin is characteristically laconic:

‘Slava Bogu! Slava Vam!  
Krepost Vzala e ya tam.’— \*

Eight days were required to bury the dead, among whom were nearly ten thousand Russians. Suwarrow had no share in the booty. When a blooded Arabian was brought to him by one of his staff, he declined to accept him, saying,

\* Glory to the Empress. Ismail's ours and I am in it.

'A cossack hackney brought me here and can carry me away.' 'He may not be equal to the load of fresh laurels gathered here,' was the courtly answer. Glorious as was the capture of this Eastern Gibraltar, the ruthless manner in which the victory was used cast as ineffaceable stain upon the name of Suwarrow, as did the butchery at Jaffa upon the fame of Napoleon.

When in 1792, a treaty of peace was signed between Russia and Turkey at Yassy in Moldavia, the successful soldier was appointed governor-general of the province of Yekaterinosleav, the Crimea, and the lately acquired provinces near the mouth of the Dniester, with his headquarters at Kherson, the chief town in those districts. In 1794, the Poles again revolted, and Suwarrow was assigned to the command of the forces destined to suppress the insurrection. He speedily gained several victories over the unfortunate Poles, twice defeating Kosciusko and Surakowsky; and stormed Praga, a fortified suburb of Warsaw, which he carried after a desperate fight of four hours. This bloody but successful assault opened the gates of the Polish capital, and he entered the city November ninth. For this victory the Empress Catherine rewarded Suwarrow by making him a field marshal, and conferring on him a staff of command made of gold with a wreath of jewels in the form of oak leaves, the diamonds alone of which were valued at fifty thousand dollars. Fifteen thousand patriotic Poles perished on this melancholy occasion, and their blood leaves another deep stain on the character of the Russian general. It has been truly said that the dark days of Ismail and Praga have overshadowed the brows of Suwarrow with more asphodels than all the laurels gained in his many gallant fields can ever conceal.

The veteran was enjoying a brief season of repose on his extensive estate of Khantschansk in Lithuania, when he was called upon to meet Macdonald, Massena and Moreau, three of those renowned marshals who had carried the

banners of France into the borders of Germany, over the snow covered mountains of Switzerland and into the smiling valleys of sunny Italy. Upon Suwarrow, the Czar, who had succeeded Catherine the year after the fall of Warsaw, conferred the command of the Russian troops that were to take part in that campaign which forms one of the most interesting and instructive acts of the great military drama originating in the French Revolution and terminating on the field of Waterloo.

On April seventeenth, 1799, Suwarrow with nearly thirty thousand troops reached the Austrian head-quarters and assumed command of the combined forces of Russia and Austria. Only four days were allowed to elapse before the army, consisting of above fifty thousand effective soldiers, were moving forward with rapid marches towards the Oglio. Suwarrow, in the Russo-Turkish style, ordered General Kray to storm the citadel of Brescia, and to put the garrison to the sword if they waited for the assault. The threat had the desired effect; the French, numbering eleven hundred men, surrendered without striking a blow. Meanwhile Count Melas, the Austrian commander, halted, when half way to the place of destination, owing to the heavy rains. This delay so exasperated Suwarrow, that he addressed the following communication to the count: 'I hear that complaints are made because the infantry got their feet wet. Such was the weather of the day. The march was undertaken for the service of two mighty emperors. Dry days are for women, fine gentlemen and lazy persons. He who, as an egotist, speaks against the high duties of the service will, in future, lose the command. The operations must be carried on without the least delay, so that the enemy may not have time to recover himself. Whoever is ill may stay in the rear. (The Austrian general was ill when he joined the army.) Italy must be delivered from the yoke of the unbelieving French; and for this purpose every upright officer must be ready to sacrifice



himself. Fault-finders cannot be tolerated in any army. Quickness of observation, celerity, and perseverance, that is enough for this time.'

This, though rude, has the true ring, and it may be doubted whether Napoleon would have had as many Austrian and Prussian victories to boast of, had he been confronted with such leaders as the fiery hussar Blücher, and the indomitable and savage Suwarrow, a soldier who, like the heroes of Rossbach and Austerlitz, fully appreciated the value of time. On another occasion, writing to General Belgrade, he says: 'Money is precious, human life is precious, but time is the most precious of all.'

We cannot of course follow the minor movements of the campaign of 1799, but must pass on with a brief allusion to its most important features. April twenty-fifth, he defeated the modern Turenne, as Jomini and other writers have thought proper to term Moreau, in the battle of Cassano, on the Adda. The French army were driven from the river, and on the twenty-ninth Suwarrow entered Milan in triumph, having inflicted terrible punishment on the French army. Their loss was not less than ten thousand. A month later Turin, the great depot of the French, fell before the victorious Muscovite. Two hundred and sixty-one guns, sixty thousand muskets, and immense stores were among the captures. In June Suwarrow gained a victory over Macdonald, after one of the most obstinate and sanguinary contests of modern days. The battle was fought on the banks of the Trebia, a spot on which the fate of the Italian peninsula has been thrice decided: in the battle between the Romans and Carthagenians under Hannibal, fought more than two thousand years ago; in that between the Austrians and French in 1746; and in Suwarrow's signal victory over Marshal Macdonald in 1799. The result of the battle and pursuit in prisoners was five hundred and ten officers and twelve thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight privates, with nearly all the baggage

of the Republican army. The old field-marshal soon after defeated the fiery Joubert at Novi, the French losing, besides their young commander killed on the field, four generals, ten thousand men, and all their artillery. Suwarrow's brilliant victories, and the rapidity with which he took from the French all the towns and fortresses of Upper Italy, procured for him the title of Prince Italinski.

In consequence of a change in the plan of operations, owing to the interference of the Aulic council, who constantly thwarted his schemes in a manner similar to that to which Marlborough and Eugene were subjected by the Dutch deputies, Suwarrow hastened to the aid of Prince Korsakov by crossing the Alps. His soldiers, accustomed to the *steppes* of Russia, were awe-struck among the snow covered peaks. They hesitated, mutinied, and at length refused to move. Suwarrow ordered a grave to be dug in the pass, and stripping to his shirt, sprang in. 'Bury me. I shall sup to-night with St. Nicholas. He will ask me why I have come. I will tell him, because the Russian soldiers have abandoned their general and left him on a foreign soil at the mercy of his foes.' This appeal was sufficient, his soldiers now wild with excitement and ardor swept on resistless, replaced the destroyed Devil's bridge, drove the French before them, and dragged their artillery along paths deemed difficult for single travellers.

Through the mismanagement of the Austrians, Suwarrow for once arrived too late, Massena, the 'child of victory,' having defeated the prince in the decisive battle of Zurich, and compelled him to fall back. 'On your life do not retreat another step. I am coming to repair your fault,' was Suwarrow's order to Korsakov. This misfortune, as well as the total want of energy displayed by the Austrians, compelled the Russian marshal to retreat as far as Lake Constance; his object being to join the shattered corps of the prince, and the aim of the French, to prevent the junction. Suwarrow was now surrounded by

enemies, and enclosed in the valley of the Reuss. September twenty-eighth, he threw himself into the horrible defile of Schlacken, and led his troops in single file along a hunter's path bordered by deep abysses into which a false step hurled them to destruction. The peasantry to this day delight to repeat the traditions which have come down to them of that daring expedition. The village of Mulden, where it was supposed Korsakov's troops were stationed, was at length reached, after a fearful loss of life, the extent of which has never been recorded. Exposed to the attack of Molitor in front and assailed by Massena in the rear, he turned and drove him back with a loss of five cannon and a thousand prisoners, a victory which, under the circumstances, borders on the miraculous.

This period of Suwarrow's career is referred to by Alison, in the following picturesque passage:—'The veteran conqueror with the utmost difficulty was persuaded to alter his plans, and, for the first time in his life, he ordered a retreat, weeping with indignation.' The path over the summit of the Alps of Glarus was even more rugged than through the Schlacken, and the horses had all perished under the fatigue of the former march. Hardships, probably unequalled in the annals of all former wars, and to be surpassed only by the sufferings of the French themselves in the disastrous Russian campaign, attended this dreadful effort. 'On the morning,' says the same authority, 'on which the army set out from Glarus, a heavy fall of snow both obliterated all traces of a path, and augmented the natural difficulties of the passage. The wearied column wound its painful way among the inhospitable mountains, in single file, without either stores to sustain its strength, or covering to shelter it from the weather. The snow, which in the upper part of the mountains was two feet deep, and soft from newly falling, rendered the ascent so fatiguing, that the strongest men could with difficulty ascend but a few miles a day. No cottages were to be found

in those dreary and sterile mountains ; not even trees were to be met with, to form the cheerful light of the bivouacs ; vast grey rocks starting up among the snow alone broke the mournful uniformity of the scene ; and under their shelter, or on the open surface of the mountain, without covering or fire, were the soldiers obliged to lie down, and pass the long and dreary autumnal night. Great numbers perished of cold, or sank down precipices, or into crevices from which they were unable to extricate themselves, and were soon choked by the drifting snow. With inconceivable difficulty the head of the column, on the following morning, at length reached, amid colossal rocks, the summit of the ridge. But it was not the smiling plains of Italy which there met their view ; but a sea of mountains, wrapped in the snowy mantle which seemed the winding-sheet of the army, interspersed with cold grey clouds floating around their peaks. The Alps of the Tyrol and the Grisons, whose summits stretched as far as the eye could reach in every direction, presented a vast wilderness.'

The extraordinary behavior of the Archduke Charles, the Austrian commander, who in place of co-operating with Suwarrow criticised his plans and suggested a retreat, was too much for the old soldier's small stock of patience. 'Tell his Imperial Highness,' said he to an aide-de-camp, 'that I know nothing about defensive warfare: I only know how to attack the enemy. I shall advance when I think proper, and shall not stop in Switzerland, but proceed immediately into France. Tell him further, that at Vienna I shall be at his feet ; but here I am at least his equal. He is a field marshal, and so am I : he is young, I am old. Victories have given me experience : I have no counsel to take from any one, and take none except from God and my sword !' The blundering of the Austrian army, with the apathy of the court of Vienna, raised the indignation of the Russian emperor, he renounced the alliance and, despite the entreaties and protestations of

Suwarrow, his troops were recalled. Great preparations were now being made at St. Petersburg, by Paul's orders, for the reception of the generalissimo. The highest triumphal honors awaited him at the Russian capital, when most unfortunately he was taken ill, and confined to his bed for several weeks at his country seat, to which the emperor's own surgeon was sent to attend him.

Meanwhile the enemies of Suwarrow—and he had many among the higher officers of the army, owing to the strict duty he exacted, and the privations to which he subjected them—contrived to excite the displeasure of the weak-minded Paul against him, by representing that the old marshal had neglected during the campaign some of those points of military etiquette on which little minds place such great value; and the insane Czar issued an order, which he caused to be read at the head of every regiment. It was to the effect that the general-in-chief, Prince Italinski, deserved the utmost censure for having disobeyed the orders of the emperor. This cruel blow reached him at Riga, and again threw him back on a bed of sickness. On recovering, he continued his journey to St. Petersburg, entering the city after dark May second, 1800. He was received by the guard with military honors, but none of his friends were allowed to visit him at his niece's house, situated in a retired quarter of the capital. This mark of imperial displeasure fell heavily upon him, and exhausted by suffering, sorrow, and fifty years' active service, the old soldier, sixteen days after his arrival at St. Petersburg, breathed his last, in the seventy-first year of his age. The emperor relented at last, but it was too late, Suwarrow's spirit has passed away to that land where his glory could not follow him. To the dead Captain were extended by the repentant Paul those honors denied to him in his last days. His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, fifteen thousand of his old soldiers following his body to the grave, and justice was done to his memory by the Emperor



Alexander, who, in 1801, erected in the imperial gardens of St. Petersburg a colossal statue of the greatest of Russian generals.

His character has been well drawn by an English writer in the following words: 'Suwarrow was, like his master, a madman, but he was a madman of genius. His natural location was the East; he would have made a matchless king of barbarians, for he was acute, prompt and bold. He would have made a matchless chieftain of the Tartar wilderness, for he knew how to kindle the spirits of savage men and to lead them to war. He was a general for a million of men, and at the head of his wild horsemen would have rode down half the thrones of the world. But his career was destined for other services, and the Scythian was sent to trample the legions of France. His tactique had been learned in the wars of the Turk and Tartar, and its spirit was rapidity, decision and blood. He despised the formal manœuvres of the Germans; he scorned and hated the French, for whom his only name was, the 'windy, light-headed, God-denying French.' When he put the musket into the soldier's hand, he told him that the bayonet was the brave man's weapon to destroy the enemy. His first remark to Chastellar, chief of the Imperial staff, was singularly characteristic of both his mind and tactique. The Austrian having proposed a reconnaissance, Suwarrow answered warmly, 'Reconnaissance! I am for none of them: they are of no use but to the coward, and to tell the enemy that you are coming. It is never difficult to find your enemy when you really wish it. Form column, charge bayonets, plunge into the centre of the enemy, those are my reconnaissances.' Words which, as the historian justly observes, 'Amidst some exaggeration, unfold more of the real genius of war than is generally supposed.' It is to be remembered that Nelson, though among the first tacticians of the world, said the same. His maxim, 'The captain cannot be far wrong who lays his

ship along-side the enemy,' is Suwarrow's expressed with more strength, as with more simplicity.

The Muscovite Generalissimo was in many particulars an extraordinary man. Though of a weak constitution, he maintained himself in good health by extreme temperance and activity. He was a great advocate for cold baths, which he took daily ; slept on a bed of straw or hay, under a light blanket, and his food was the same as that of his soldiers. Change in his fortune did not induce him to change his diet or dress. His wardrobe consisted merely of his uniform, and a sheepskin jacket, called a *gurtka*. He rose at four both winter and summer. Owing to his temperate mode of life, he preserved his youthful vigor to the end of his career. He was very strict in performing all the duties of the Russian church, and compelled all who were under his command to observe them with the same strictness. He would sometimes on Sundays and festivals deliver lectures on religious subjects to those whom duty called to his head-quarters. His life, like Turenne's, was eminently pure. In 1774, he married the Princess Pro-sorowski, by whom he had two children, a son and daughter, the former of whom attained to high rank in the Russian service. His marriage was unhappy, but judging from his letters to his daughter, he must have been a kind and most affectionate father.

Suwarrow was firm in his resolve, and always true to his promises ; and the quickness of his decision is illustrated by the short and laconic style of his orders. A studied conciseness was also observable in his conversation, where, as well as in his writings, he frequently used rhyme, albeit it was not always perfectly intelligible, in some instances being as obscure as Cromwell's prose. His manners, like Blücher's, were *brusque*, and like the Prussian marshal, he was celebrated for his wit. Both were authors, though, as far as we can judge, Suwarrow's fame rests more securely upon his achievements in the field,

than upon his poetic exploits. He abounded in military apophthegms. It was his maxim that a general should always be in the front of his army, for that 'the head should never wait for the tail.' His eccentricities in the field exhibited occasionally a singularity sufficient almost to indicate a disordered intellect. In the conflict, especially, which took place during his celebrated passage of the St. Gothard Alps, he is represented as continuing the whole day in his shirt, with a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other, in accomplishment, as was generally supposed, of some vow or other superstitious observance. Equally eccentric and characteristic was his appearance the same year—1799—at the Austrian court, then perhaps the most brilliant in Europe. On being shown to his splendid sleeping apartment in one of the palaces, filled with rich furniture and costly mirrors, this modern Diogenes said simply: 'Throw out all that rubbish, and shake me down a bundle of straw.'

Suwarrow was the smallest and most insignificant looking, as he was, with the exception perhaps of Wallenstein, the most ruthless and savage of the illustrious soldiers sketched in this volume. He was barely five feet in height, miserably thin, with a large mouth, small eyes, a snub nose, sallow complexion and, at the time that he made his campaign against Massena, with a wrinkled forehead, and a few patches of gray hair on his small head. Such is substantially the description received by the writer from a veteran who saw him in Switzerland in 1799—certainly most unpromising material out of which to make a military hero. His portrait, now before us in Anthing's History of his campaigns, represents, according to painter and panegyrist, 'a keen, open and animated face, harsh of features, but expressive of considerable humor, with a good deal of cynical indifference to human feeling: we know it at first sight to be the face of a man of high courage and intellect, who would probably be admired in any station, though hardly certain of being beloved by any.' Yet we know he was

greatly beloved by his soldiers, perhaps as much so as any commander whose career is described in these pages ; rude spirits, who looked up to Suwarrow as the incarnation of earthly power and grandeur.

Napoleon said, as others had said before him, scrape off the varnish of the Russian and you will find the Tartar underneath. This was assuredly true of Field-Marshal Suwarrow, a well-disciplined Attila or Tamerlane, who thoroughly understood the character of the Muscovite soldier, and could send him to the assault as at Ismail and Warsaw, when the Russian infantry, with passive devotion, advanced to almost certain death, singing the plaintive national melody of the firesides that they knew they would never see again. That he was a consummate commander is sufficiently shown by his victories over overwhelming odds of Turks and Poles, as well as over three of the most illustrious of French marshals. Sir Edward Cust sums up Suwarrow's eulogy in these few words: 'He was never lukewarm, intimidated nor conquered.'

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## GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Britain shall cease to plague mankind,  
With sister tyrants strive to bind,  
And check the free born soul ;  
To Washington her trophies yield,  
Freedom shall triumph in the field,  
And rule from pole to pole.

BALLAD OF 1776.

**T**HE family which gave birth to 'the greatest man of our own, or of any age,' as Lord Brougham pronounced the Generalissimo of the American armies and first President of the United States to have been, has been successfully traced back in England to the twelfth century. From William de Wessyngton, so called from his estate in the county of Durham, are descended the Virginia Washingtons. Of the two brothers, Lawrence and John, who came to this country during the iron rule of the Round-heads, and are supposed to have been adherents of the Stuarts, we know that they became successful planters in the district between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. The old dominion was a favorite resort of the unfortunate Cavaliers during the days of Cromwell, as New England had been of the Puritans in the reign of Charles I. John Washington, the immediate ancestor of the general, was knighted by James I. in 1623, but we have no knowledge of his being called by his title in this country. He was a field officer in the Indian wars of the day, and gave his name to the parish in which he lived.

George Washington, the great-grandson of Sir John, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February twenty-second, 1732. His father, Augustine, died in 1743,



leaving a large landed property to his widow and five children, of whom George was the second son. To Lawrence, the eldest, was bequeathed an estate on the Potomac, now so famous the world over as Mount Vernon; George inherited the property on the Rappahannock, and plantations were left to each of the other children; while the income of the whole property was willed to Mrs. Washington, until the children should attain their majority. George's education appears to have been confined to the local schools, where he was taught, in addition to an ordinary English education, bookkeeping and surveying. It was at that day quite common among wealthy families to send young Virginians 'home,' as England was then called, and why Washington was not entered in an English university, nor sent to an American college, we have no means of knowing.

Tradition represents him to have attained an early development of strength, and to have taken the lead in all the athletic sports of his companions. He early exhibited a military taste, and he was the willingly obeyed leader of his comrades in their juvenile battles and sieges. While yet a boy, by his courage and skill he subdued an untamable blood horse, the fierce animal at length bursting a blood vessel in the struggle, and falling dead beneath his fearless rider. Though no great reliance can be placed upon most of the anecdotes which are related of Washington's boyhood and youth, it is certain that he grew up of a vigorous, and in early life, spare and agile frame, capable of much physical endurance, remarkably strong in the arms and limbs, and a bold and graceful rider. Nor is there any doubt that he early acquired among his contemporaries that character for justice, veracity and sterling honor, which he maintained through a life of threescore and seven years.

His older brother Lawrence is named as one of the officers of a battalion of Americans, who, on March nine-

teenth, 1740, aided with wonderful resolution and success in the unfortunate attack on Carthagen. On his return at the close of the war he gave to his place the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of the naval hero under whom he had served. George was a frequent visitor at Mount Vernon, where his imagination was kindled with the tales of military and naval deeds recounted by his brother and his associates. A midshipman's warrant was obtained for him, probably through the influence of Admiral Vernon, his trunk was packed, and he only waited for mother's consent. The abandonment of his project, when on the point of being carried out, in consequence of her opposition, may well be ascribed to an overruling Providence. Our hero is to be added to the long list of eminent men whose characters have been greatly moulded by a mother's influence. She was a woman of superior intelligence and strong will, ruling her household with a firm hand. The control of the family estate, which devolved upon her by her husband's will, shows his confidence in her energy and good judgment. George after leaving school spent most of his time at the residence of his brother, with whom he was always a favorite, occupied in summer with the usual routine of plantation life, and in winter devoting much attention to the study of surveying. He also became a skilful swordsman, being taught by some of Captain Washington's comrades.

Lord Fairfax, an eccentric nobleman who owned a large tract of land in the Shenandoah valley, and lived in a kind of baronial state in the wilderness, engaged his kinsman young Washington, to undertake the survey of a portion of his extensive estate, an arduous and dangerous employment. For three summers he was thus employed, during the winter months residing chiefly at Mount Vernon. Washington soon became well known for the accuracy of his surveys, and obtained the appointment of a public surveyor. Mr. Everett informs us, that the imperfect manner

in which land surveys at that time were generally executed, led in the sequel to constant litigation ; but an experienced practitioner in the Western courts pronounced, in after years, that of all the surveys which had come within his knowledge, those of Washington could alone be depended upon.

In anticipation of an Indian war, and difficulties with France, the colonies commenced military preparations. Virginia was divided into districts, in one of which Washington received the appointment of adjutant, with the rank of major. His brother Lawrence falling into a decline, he was recommended to visit the West Indies, and accordingly sailed for Barbadoes, accompanied by the adjutant. The voyage failed to benefit him, and returning home he died soon after, leaving a large fortune to an infant daughter, who did not long survive him. By his will, of which George was one of the executors, the estate was on the death of the daughter given to George, who added materially to it by subsequent purchases. In 1754, Major Washington was sent by Governor Dinwiddie to obtain authentic information concerning the French movements on the Ohio. The mission was attended with danger and great difficulty, but was successfully performed. 'I cannot say,' Washington remarks in his journal, 'that ever in my life I suffered so much anxiety as I did in this affair.'

The report of Major Washington led to the formation of a regiment, the command of which was given to Colonel Fry, Washington being appointed lieutenant-colonel. He moved westward with a part of the force as soon as it could be prepared to take the field, and the chief command soon devolved upon him by the colonel's death. In several encounters with the French the young soldier of twenty-two was successful, but on July fourth, 1754, he was compelled by overwhelming numbers to surrender a post known as Fort Necessity. The terms of the capitulation were highly honorable. The Virginians were to march out with the honors of war, retaining everything but their

artillery, and to be allowed to return unmolested to the settlements. This disaster did not bring any reproach upon the youthful colonel; on the contrary, he was praised for bringing off his force in safety. In the campaign of 1755, he was present at the memorable defeat of Braddock, and was almost the only officer of distinction who escaped with life and honor. He had four bullets through his coat; two horses killed under him; yet escaped uninjured, discharging the perilous duties which devolved upon him as an aide to General Braddock 'with the greatest courage and resolution.' 'Washington from his youth upward, like Napoleon, evinced military capacity beyond that of all the experienced officers with whom he came in contact; and it is well known that Braddock's contempt for the advice of the 'raw young provincial,' cost the veteran his army and his life, and threw the Ohio valley into the possession of the French.' In a letter describing his first battle the bold young soldier said, 'I heard the bullets whistle, and, believe me, there is something *charming* in the sound.'

A force of two thousand Virginians was raised by the assembly, and the command conferred upon Washington. His head-quarters were at Winchester, and the duty of defending the Virginia frontier devolved upon him till the end of the war. In February, 1756, he visited Boston, the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief of the royal forces, to submit the question of precedence which had sprung up between the provincial officers and those commissioned by the crown, and had the question justly decided in favor of precedence according to seniority. On his way to and from Boston, he was the guest at the Manor house, on the Hudson, of Beverly Robinson, who had been Washington's schoolfellow. Here he became acquainted with Miss Mary Phillipse, a lady of great beauty, with whom he fell deeply in love. He was, however, as unsuccessful with the handsome heiress as with the 'lowland beauty,' Miss Grymes; Colonel Morris, his brother aide at Braddock's

defeat, carrying off the prize. Washington, like Wellington, was not a fortunate lover. After three failures, he at length proposed to a pretty widow—Martha Custis, the mother of two children; the gallant colonel was accepted, and they were married June seventeenth, 1759. Having been five years in the military service, and sought promotion without success in the royal army, he, at the close of the French war, resigned his colonial commission. After his marriage he resided at Mount Vernon, embellishing the grounds and enlarging the mansion, and as a member of the Assembly of Virginia, his winters were spent at Williamsburg. Although making no attempts at oratory, and, indeed, very rarely speaking at all, Washington exercised great influence by soundness of character and weight of judgment. Like his illustrious contemporaries Jefferson and Franklin, who excelled him in general culture, he had never formed himself to the habit, perhaps like them wanted the requisite natural talent, for parliamentary debate. Washington's summers were occupied with the duties of a planter on his large estate, which ultimately consisted of about eight thousand acres. One half of this was in wood or uncultivated lawns, the other four thousand acres—tobacco and wheat being the principal products—were cultivated by Washington himself.

In the year 1770, he made a journey to the West, accompanied by his friend Dr. James Craik, descending the Ohio in the river boats of that day, and visiting the Great Kanawha valley, with a view to selecting land in that rich and fertile region. It was during this tour that they were approached by a party of Indians, whose chief stated that he had come a long distance to see Washington; that it was he who led the hostile Indians at Braddock's defeat; that he aimed at Washington several times with his rifle, and directed his followers to do the same, but found it impossible to kill him; from which he concluded that he had a charmed life, and was reserved by the Great Spirit for a



very important career. The poor Indians of that day, who as of the present, were so frequently defrauded out of their just rights, as to be thoroughly incredulous of good faith among the pale-faces, but made him an exception to their deeply-rooted distrust. 'The white men are bad, and cannot dwell in the region of the Great Spirit, *except Washington*,' said a warrior chief in a speech delivered before the Council of his nation.

On April nineteenth, 1775, an appeal to arms was made at Lexington and Concord, and the Continental Congress, on the fifth of June following, unanimously elected George Washington commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, or, as they were then called, 'United Colonies.' He accepted with diffidence the honorable position, refusing, however, the salary voted him by Congress, and asked only that his expenses should be paid. An English journal, commenting in 1784 on this act, uses the following language,—'When General Washington accepted the command of the American army, he rejected all pecuniary reward or pay whatever, and only stipulated for the reimbursement of such sums as he might expend in the public service. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the war, he gave into Congress the whole of his seven years' expenditure, which only amounted to sixteen thousand pounds Pennsylvania currency, or ten thousand pounds sterling. In the eyes of our modern British generals the above circumstance will appear totally incredible; at least, they will deem Mr. Washington little better than a fool; for, if we judge from certain accounts, ten thousand pounds would scarcely have answered the demands of a commander-in-chief at New York for a single month.'

Before Washington could reach the seat of war, the British had received heavy reinforcements, and the battle of Bunker's Hill had been fought June seventeenth—the first important conflict of the seven years' war. Four days later the commander-in-chief, accompanied by Charles Lee,

who had been made a major-general, set out from Philadelphia for Massachusetts. On July third he appeared at Cambridge; taking up a position under a grand old elm, still standing, and ever since known as 'The Washington Elm,' and selecting for his head-quarters the mansion now owned and occupied by the poet Longfellow, he assumed command of the forces besieging Boston. With the aid of Lee and Gates, almost the only generals who had had any experience in war, Washington formed the unorganized, imperfectly armed, and poorly clad troops, into some order and discipline. The siege was continued for eight months, when the British evacuated Boston, and sailed for Halifax. The American army was now transferred to the city of New York, as Washington correctly judged that it would be the next object of attack.

On July fourth, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, was adopted by the vote of the thirteen colonies, which thus became the United States of America. 'The Declaration,' says Bancroft, 'was not only the announcement of the birth of a people, but the establishment of a national government; a most imperfect one, it is true, but still a government, in conformity with the limited constituent powers which each colony had conferred upon its delegates in Congress. The war was no longer a civil war; Britain was become to the United States a foreign country. Every former subject of the British king in the thirteen colonies now owed primary allegiance to the dynasty of the people, and became citizens of the new republic: except in this, everything remained as before; every man retained his rights; the colonies did not dissolve into a state of nature, nor did the new people undertake a social revolution. The affairs of internal police and government were carefully retained by each separate state, which could, each for itself, enter upon the career of domestic reforms. But the states, which were henceforth independent of Britain, were not inde

pendent of one another ; the United States of America assumed power over war, peace, foreign alliances and commerce.'

A British fleet, bearing General Howe and the late garrison of Boston, entered New York harbor June twenty-eighth, and landed the forces on Staten Island. The British government, unable to recruit the army to the desired number from its own people, portions of whom were opposed to the war, employed German mercenaries ; Frederick the Great levying the same toll per head on them, as upon cattle passing through his kingdom. The Hessians, and troops brought from the South by Sir Henry Clinton, augmented the force on Staten Island to thirty thousand ; Washington's army was much less in numbers, and inferior in discipline, equipment, and supplies. The campaign commenced on Long Island, where, on the twenty-seventh of August, the Americans sustained a severe defeat, were forced to abandon that Island, and, soon after, the city of New York and the river Hudson. Other disasters ensued, notwithstanding Washington's skilful generalship ; and at the close of the campaign, he was compelled to retreat beyond the Delaware, at the head of a few thousand poorly equipped and half-starved soldiers. The cause looked desperate, but Washington, like the great Frederick in similar circumstances, remained firm and undaunted, declaring that, even if driven beyond the Alleghanies, he would continue the struggle.

On Christmas night Washington crossed the Delaware in open boats, despite the snow and floating fields of ice ; and falling suddenly upon the surprised British forces at Trenton, gained a signal victory, capturing one thousand mercenaries. A few days later he defeated the enemy again at Princeton, taking several hundred prisoners. These successes revived the spirits of the nation, and enabled Washington to open the campaign of 1777, with an army increased to seven thousand men. The first that no

was fought on the Brandywine, in defence of Philadelphia, September eleventh; the Americans were overwhelmed by superior numbers, and forced to retreat with a loss of nearly a thousand men. Among the wounded was Lafayette, who had entered the service as a volunteer, and been made a major-general in the United States army. October fourth, the Americans made an unsuccessful attack on the British at Germantown, which closed the campaign, and both armies went into winter-quarters. These reverses were, however, more than counterbalanced by the great victory at Saratoga, which inspired the patriots with new courage. The surrender of Burgoyne's army led to the alliance with France; and Washington's starving army at Valley Forge, many of whom were without shoes or blankets, and suffering unheard-of hardships, early in the spring of 1778 received the glad tidings, and sent up loud huzzas for Louis the XVI.

The British evacuated Philadelphia in June, Washington pursuing with an equal force; and on the twenty-eighth the two armies fought the battle of Monmouth—Washington, by his skill and daring, converting the disgraceful commencement of the day into a substantial victory, as Sheridan did at Cedar Creek. The Americans remained masters of the field, while the British retreated to New York, remaining inactive during the rest of the season. From this time forward no brilliant success attended the forces under Washington's immediate command until he struck the final blow at Yorktown, receiving the surrender of Cornwallis, with his whole force, October nineteenth, 1781. This crowning victory substantially terminated the war, and secured the independence of the United States. In England, Lord North, the British minister, received the intelligence 'as he would have done a cannon-ball in his eachast,' exclaiming, 'O God! it is all over! it is all over!' upon administration was forced to resign, being succeeded were habinet opposed to the further prosecution of the war.

Orders were sent to the British commanders to cease hostilities ; and on September twenty-third, 1783, Great Britain, by the treaty of Paris, acknowledged the United States to be a free, sovereign and independent power. Thus ended a war which, in the language of William Pitt, 'was conceived in injustice, nurtured in folly, and whose footsteps were marked with slaughter and devastation. The nation was drained of its best blood and its vital resources, for which nothing was received in return but a series of inefficient victories and disgraceful defeats: victories obtained over men fighting in the holy cause of liberty ; or defeats which filled the land with mourning for the loss of dear and valuable relations, slain in a detested and impious quarrel.'

The following little unpublished incident of the war, received from a venerable lady still living, is worthy of preservation, if only with a view to exhibiting the exceedingly primitive condition of our country in those early days. During the closing years of the war, the American army was for a time in winter-quarters at White House, in Somerset county, New Jersey. Miss White, daughter of General White, afterwards Mrs. John Bayard, was intimate with the ladies of Washington's family, and was visiting them at his head-quarters, when on a certain day a pedlar—perhaps Cooper's hero—found his way into the house. His pack contained many valuables, but the articles that proved most attractive to the ladies were his pins and needles, for in those trying times they were obliged to substitute *thorns* for the former article ; what took the place of the latter, the writer's friend does not remember. After Mrs. Washington, Miss Schuyler, and the other young ladies had made their purchases, General Washington entered. He was greatly astonished, and highly displeased to find such a visitor in his camp ; directed all the articles to be returned, including the greatly prized pins ; called Colonel Hamilton, his favorite aide, and asked if he was not aware that peremptory orders had been issued that no



pedlars or wanderers of any kind, who might be spies in disguise, should be permitted to come within its bounds. Ordering Hamilton to see that the pedlar was taken beyond the picket lines, he added impressively, that he (Washington) hoped that Hamilton would *never* permit such a thing again in the American camp, thereby, perhaps, perilling the safety of the army.

On November second, 1783, General Washington issued a farewell address to the armies of the United States; and taking leave of his officers at New York early in December, proceeded to Annapolis, where the Continental Congress was in session; and on the twenty-second of the same month, in a parting address of great beauty, resigned his commission as commander-in-chief. He retired immediately to Mount Vernon, which he had only visited *once* during the eight years of the war, and then when he took it directly on his way to Yorktown, in company with the Count de Rochambeau. With the Revolutionary struggle terminated Washington's military career; and many readers may hesitate to believe that the brilliant *coup de main* at Trenton, the victory at Princeton, the substantial success at Monmouth, and the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army—Washington's only important successes in the field—entitle him to a place among the great masters of war. Frederick of Prussia, however, at the close of the war, pronounced him to be the 'greatest living soldier;' and when we take into consideration all that the American commander-in-chief had to contend with, we do not know where among the generals of that day we could find his superior, or even his equal, with the single exception of the hero of Rossbach, Leuthen and Zorndorf.

An eminent writer says, 'The comparison of Napoleon and Washington suggests a remark on the military character of the latter, who is frequently disparaged in contrast with the great chieftains of ancient and modern times. But no comparison can be instituted to any valuable pur-

pose between individuals, which does not extend to the countries and periods in which they lived and to the means at their command. When these circumstances are taken into account, Washington, as a chieftain, I am inclined to think, will sustain the comparison with any other of ancient or modern time. \* \* \* No one has ever denied to Washington the possession of the highest degree of physical and moral courage: no one has ever accused him of missing to strike a bold blow: no one has pointed out a want of vigor in the moment of action, or of forethought in the plans of his campaigns; in short, no one has alleged a fact, from which it can be made even probable that Napoleon or Cæsar, working with his means and on his field of action, could have wrought greater or better results than he did, or that, if he had been placed on a field of action, and with a command of means like theirs, he would have shown himself unequal to the position.' *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, says Horace; but we cannot see in surveying the military career of Washington, the American Fabius, as he has been called, where he committed a single error.

General Washington continued dispensing elegant hospitalities to his friends and neighbors, and to the many distinguished persons who desired to see the illustrious savior of his country; of whom Guizot has said, 'Of all great men, he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate.' In a letter written to Lafayette soon after leaving the tented field, he says: 'At length I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, and under the shadow of my vine and my own fig-tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life. I am relieving myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame; the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes, the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all; and the courtier who is always watching the countenance of his prince in

hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all, and this, my dear friend, being 'the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.' From this delightful dream he was soon, however, to be disturbed.

In the year 1787, Washington attended the Constitutional Convention convened at Philadelphia, and was unanimously elected its President. It is related in the History of the Constitution, by Curtis, that when Washington was about to sign the instrument, he rose from his seat, and holding the pen in his hand, after a brief pause pronounced these words: 'Should the United States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again be offered to cancel another in peace; the next will be drawn in blood.' Washington was chosen first President of the United States, and was inaugurated at New York, with John Adams as Vice President, April thirtieth, 1789. It was his wish at the close of his first administration to return to the tranquil enjoyments of private life, but he was prevailed upon by political friends of both parties to serve a second term, for which he was unanimously elected. On the approach of the third presidential election, Washington was earnestly pressed to become a candidate for another term, but positively refused, and in September, 1796, issued his 'Farewell Address.'

Hardly a twelvemonth had elapsed since President Washington retired, as he thought forever, from the public service, and withdrew to Mount Vernon, before the long standing controversy with France culminated in a quasi war. Alluding to this subject, he says in a letter to Hamilton: 'If a crisis should arise when a sense of duty or a

call from my country should become so imperious as to leave me no choice, I should prepare for relinquishment, and go with as much reluctance from my present peaceful abode, as I should go to the tomb of my ancestors.' The Directory refused to receive our Commissioners, Gerry, Marshall, and Pinckney, who had been sent by the government to adjust all difficulties, but intimated that a considerable sum of money would greatly facilitate negotiations, and that a refusal to pay the bribe would lead to war. 'War be it, then,' replied Pinckney, 'millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute.' Measures of preparation, military and naval, were adopted by Congress, and Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, with the rank of lieutenant-general. He accepted the position with extreme reluctance, but in a spirit of obedience to the call of duty, which had ever been the governing rule of his life. In a letter written at this time he makes such allusion to the young French generals, as clearly shows that the possibility of crossing swords with the hero of Lodi must have presented itself to his mind. The decided measures adopted by the United States were probably the means of averting war with France, and in September, 1800, peace between the two countries was happily re-established.

Few persons who have written of Washington have failed to allude to the grandeur and majesty of his mien and person. 'For you only do I feel an awful reverence,' wrote Lord Chancellor Erskine; and Chief-Justice Marshall has recorded the following description of the illustrious Virginian:—'His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength, united with manly gracefulness. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, mingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship, and enjoyed his intimacy, was ardent, but always respectful.

His temper was humane, benevolent and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to correct.' The testimony received by the writer from a member of Washington's family,\* and from the widow of his dearest friend,† is that no other human being they had ever seen possessed such a presence—all acknowledged its extraordinary influence. The only person who was not awed by the Pater Patriæ—at least the only one of whom we have any record—was a certain James Byrnes, who owned some land which Washington desired to have included in his plan of the federal capital. Mr. Byrnes flatly refused to part with his property, when, unused to opposition, Washington turned upon him and said, as he only could say it, 'Mr. James Byrnes! what would your land have been worth if I had not placed this city on the Potomac?' The bold Byrnes, who, like Halleck's independent Yankee,

'Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty,'

was not crushed; but, undismayed, coolly turned and said; 'George Washington, what would you have been worth if you had not married the widow Custis?'

Lafayette, when he visited the United States in 1824-5, said, 'At Monmouth I commanded a division, and, it may be supposed, I was pretty well occupied; still I took time, amid the roar and confusion of the conflict, to admire our beloved chief, who, mounted on a splendid charger, rode along the ranks amid the shouts of the soldiers, cheering them by his voice and example, and restoring to our standard the fortunes of the fight. I thought then, as now, that never had I beheld so *superb a man*.' Similar to Lafay-

\* G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington, the last of Washington's family.

† Alexander Hamilton, second commander-in-chief of the United States army.



ette's testimony is that of a venerable man,\* still among us, who recalls as vividly as if it were a circumstance of yesterday, instead of eighty years since, frequently seeing Washington in velvet coat, knee-breeches, black silk stockings and powdered hair, as represented in Stuart's full-length portrait, walking with slow and stately step on the Battery, followed by his favorite colored servant, Billy Lee, or gracefully riding on a spirited horse up Broadway, accompanied by an *aide-de-camp*.

During a visit at Arlington House, Virginia, in 1854, the writer asked Mr. Custis if Washington could, like Marshal Saxe, break a horseshoe, and received for reply that he had no doubt he could had he tried, for his hands were the largest and most powerful that he had ever seen, Mr. Custis then gave several instances of the general's strength, of which I recall the following: When Washington was a young man he was present on one occasion, as a looker-on at wrestling games, then the fashion in Virginia. Tired of the sport, he had retired to the shade of a tree where he sat perusing a pamphlet, till challenged to a bout by the hero of the day and the strongest wrestler in the State. Washington declined, till taunted with the remark, that he feared to try conclusions with the gladiator, calmly came forward, and, without removing his coat, grappled with his antagonist. There was a fierce struggle for a brief space of time, when the champion was hurled to the ground with such tremendous force as to jar the very marrow in his bones.

Another instance of his prodigious power was his throwing a stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, a feat that it is quite safe to say has never been performed since. Later in life, a number of young gentlemen were contending at Mount Vernon in the exercise of throwing the bar. Washington, after looking on for some time,

\* Judge Elbert Herring, of New York City, now (1874) nearly one hundred years old.

walked forward, saying 'allow me to try,' and grasping the bar sent the iron flying through the air twenty feet beyond its former limits. Still later in his career, Washington, whose 'age was like a lusty winter, frosty yet kindly,' observed three of his slaves at Mount Vernon vainly endeavoring to raise a large stone, when, tired of witnessing their unsuccessful attempts, he put them aside, and taking it in his iron-like grasp, lifted it to its place, remounted his horse, and rode on.

During the same memorable visit to the grandson of Mrs. Washington, he expressed his preference for Houdon's statue over all the various counterfeit presentments of the Father of his Country, and at the same time said that he perfectly recollected the arrival at Mount Vernon of the great sculptor, who accompanied Franklin to this country. Houdon was so impressed with the importance of the work, that he earnestly entreated his illustrious subject to permit casts of his entire person to be taken. Mr. Custis, then a lad, stated that he was terrified at seeing his beloved father, as he then called him, lying at full length on a table, with no covering save a sheet, which was removed as the castings of the different parts were completed. He was the only witness of this operation which was so repugnant to Washington's feelings. The original of Houdon's noble marble statue is the property of the Commonwealth of Virginia, and stands in the State House at Richmond. It is probable that Mr. Custis changed his views in regard to the French sculptor's masterpiece, as in his 'Recollections of Washington,' which appeared after his death in 1859, he expresses a preference for Stuart's head, and Trumbull's figure.

On the morning of December twelfth, Washington took his usual ride around his plantation; the day was overcast, about noon commencing to snow, followed by hail and rain. Omitting to change his dress on his return, he caught a severe cold, and so did not take his customary

ride the day following. The evening was spent in reading the papers, answering letters, and in conversation with his secretary. Between two and three o'clock in the morning of Saturday, he woke Mrs. Washington, telling her he was very unwell, but requesting her not to disturb the family. At sunrise he was bled by one of his overseers; Dr. Craik, who lived at Alexandria, having been already sent for. He arrived about nine o'clock; two other physicians came in the course of the day. Their efforts were of no avail, he rapidly grew worse; and between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday, December fourteenth, 1799, the lamp of life went out, and the soul of George Washington returned to his Maker,—

‘ He gave his honors to the world again,  
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.’

His last words were addressed to his secretary, to whom about ten o'clock he said: ‘I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault until three days after I am dead.’ He presently said: ‘Do you understand me?’ and on his secretary replying that he did, Washington said: ‘It is well.’ On the eighteenth, four days after his death, the mortal remains of the great and good man, who was ‘first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen,’ were deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon, where they still rest.

As the tidings of Washington’s death spread throughout the country, the people mourned as they have never mourned over the decease of any public man in this land, except Abraham Lincoln. His loss was felt as a personal bereavement. The tidings of his death came as suddenly and as unexpectedly upon the country, as did that of the martyr who fell under the blow of the assassin Booth. Appropriate resolutions were introduced in the Congress of the United States, expressing the public sorrow at his loss; similar tributes of respect being paid to his memory by the

different states of the Union ; by the courts ; seats of learning, and public associations of every description in the land. When the news of his death reached France, it was thus announced to the army by Napoleon : ‘ Washington is dead ! That great man fought against tyranny ; he consummated the independence of his country. His memory will be forever dear to the French people, as to all freemen of both worlds, and most of all to French soldiers, who, like him and the soldiers of America, are fighting for equality and liberty.’ In England, Charles James Fox said of him, ‘ A character, of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, as that of Washington, is hardly to be found on the pages of history.’

Thackeray, in the *Virginians*, wrote these words : ‘ Washington, the Chief of a nation, doing battle with distracted parties ; calm in the midst of conspiracy ; serene against the open foe before him, and the darker enemies at his back ; Washington inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags ; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive ; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest ; and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement,—here, indeed, is a character to admire and revere, a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw. *Quando invenies parem ?*’

The following Ode for Washington’s birthday, which is not to be found in any of the two hundred different editions of his Poems, is copied from the original manuscript of Robert Burns, possessed by Robert Clarke of Cincinnati (comparing the bold and beautiful signatures of these two great heirs of fame, it is difficult to decide which most to admire), and was written by the Scottish poet as a tribute to the spotless character of our hero, who, as has been well said, was left childless that his country might call him ‘ Father ’—that one man in whom were blended so many qualities of excellence that were never perhaps united

even in any of the heroes or sages of antiquity, and certainly not surpassed by any recorded in history—that great and good man, whose day of birth is now an annual holiday in a Republic of forty millions of people:—

## I.

‘No Spartan tube, no attic shell,  
No lyre Æolian I awake;  
’Tis Liberty’s bold note I swell,  
My harp, Columbia, let me take.  
See gathering thousands, while I sing,  
A broken chain, exulting, bring  
And dash it in a tyrant’s face!  
And dare him to his very beard,  
And tell him, he no more is feared.

No more the Despot of Columbia’s race  
A tyrant’s proudest insults braved,  
They shout, a People freed! They hail an Empire saved.

## II.

‘Where is man’s godlike form?  
Where is that brow erect and bold,  
That eye that can, unmoved, behold  
The wildest rage, the loudest storm,  
That e’er created fury dared to raise!

Avaunt! then, caitiff, servile, base,  
That tremblest at a Despot’s nod.  
Yet, crouching under th’ iron rod,  
Canst laud the arm that struck th’ insulting blow,  
Art thou of man’s imperial line?  
Dost boast that countenance divine?  
Each skulking feature answers, No!  
But come, ye sons of Liberty,  
Columbia’s offspring, brave as free,  
In Danger’s hour still flaming in the van,  
Ye know and dare maintain The Royalty of Man.

## III.

‘Alfred, on thy starry throne,  
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,  
The bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,  
And roused the free-born Briton’s soul of fire,



No more thy England own.  
 Dare injured nations from the great design  
 To make detested tyrants bleed?  
 Thy England execrates the glorious deed  
 Beneath her hostile banners waving,  
 Every pang of honor braving,  
 England in thunder calls—'The Tyrant's cause is mine!'  
 That hour accurst, how did the fiends rejoice,  
 And hell thro' all her confines arise the exulting voice—  
 That hour which saw the generous English name  
 Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

## IV.

'Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,  
 Famed for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,  
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes.  
 Where is that soul of Freedom fled?  
 Immingled with the mighty Dead!  
 Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies  
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!  
 Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;  
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,  
 Nor give the coward secret breath.  
 Is this the ancient Caledonian form,  
 Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm?  
 Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,  
 Blasting the Despot's proudest bearing;  
 Show me that arm, which, nerved with thundering fate,  
 Braved Usurpation's boldest daring!  
 Dark quenched as yonder sinking star,  
 No more that glance lightens afar;  
 That palsied arm no more whirls on the waste of war.'

*G. Washington*

## THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which their omens all men drew,  
O iron nerve to true occasion true,  
O fall'n at length that tower of strength  
Which stood foursquare to all the winds that blew !  
Such was he whom we deplore.  
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.  
The great World victor's victor will be seen no more.

TENNYSON.

**T**HE year 1769 brought into the world the two most renowned commanders of modern days—Napoleon and Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Neither the exact date, nor the precise place of the British soldier's birth is known. The capital of Ireland has claimed the honor ; while the woman who attended his mother through her accouchement asserts that he was born at Dungan castle in the county of Meath. A vote of the Irish parliament, as well as the assertion of his nurse, would appear to fix the occurrence on the sixth of March ; while a letter from his mother, and his own habit of keeping the day, marked the first of May as that on which he first saw the light. After the battle of Waterloo he kept his birthday on the eighteenth of June, the anniversary of that famous victory. He was the fourth son of Garret, first Earl of Mornington, and Anna, eldest daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Duncannon. The family of the earl was of English extraction, tracing its descent from the Colleys or Cowleys of Rutlandshire, two of whom settled in Kilkenny during the reign of Henry VIII. The great-granddaughter of one of these brothers, called Walter, married Garret Wes-

ley, who, having no children, adopted one of the sons of his brother-in-law, and made him his heir, requiring him to take the name and arms of Wesley. Richard Colley Wesley sat for some time in the Irish House of Commons, and in 1747 was raised to the peerage by the style of Baron Mornington. He was succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, who in the year of Arthur's birth was advanced by George III. to the dignity of an earldom.

Arthur Wesley was a dull boy, who was thought to be the dunce of the family. He was sent to Eton, where he was wholly undistinguished, and from there removed—as Great Britain possessed none at that time—to the military Academy of Angers, in France, where he failed to attract any notice. He however made the acquaintance of several good families, resident in the town or its vicinity, from whom he learned to speak the French language as it was then spoken at court, and to write it idiomatically. On his return he was appointed ensign in the Forty-First regiment, and during the same year—1787—was promoted to a lieutenancy. He still lacked a month or two of completing his twenty-first year, when he took his seat in the Irish House of Commons. He was then a captain of cavalry and aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant. On the thirtieth of April, 1793, he was appointed to the Thirty-Third regiment of foot as major, and in September following took the command as lieutenant-colonel. In 1794, he sailed with his regiment for Belgium, and served under Lord Moira in the Duke of York's unfortunate campaign. His good judgment and coolness attracted the attention of General Dundas, who, on the retirement of the Duke of York from the command, placed Wesley at the head of a brigade. This short and disastrous campaign was of great service to the young colonel, but though he gained considerable reputation by his conduct, we find him on his return asking to be transferred to the civil service. Fortunately for his country, his request was not complied with.

In the spring of 1796, his regiment was ordered to India. His brother Richard, second Earl of Mornington, came out the year following as governor-general, and one of his first acts was to bring to a crisis a long impending war with Tippo Saib. Hostilities began in 1799, and Colonel Wellesley (about this time the spelling of the family name was changed) was entrusted with the command of a nocturnal attack on the enemy which proved unsuccessful, so that his first essay at fighting, like Frederick the Second's, was unfortunate. He was present at the storming of Seringapatam, and was afterwards appointed governor of the territory of Mysore. In 1802, he was gazetted a major-general for gallant and meritorious services. When the great Mahratta war broke out, General Wellesley moved with a column of troops to Hurryhur, occupied Poonah, saving it from being burned, by a rapid march of sixty miles in thirty hours, and took the town of Armedungher by escalade.

On the twenty-fifth of September, 1803, General Wellesley fought his first great battle at Assaye. With a small army of only eight thousand men, he attacked a force of fifty-six thousand Mahrattas, and after a fierce struggle, during which he led the Seventy-Eighth regiment in person, completely routed the enemy, capturing ninety pieces of cannon. The general had two horses shot under him; every one of his staff had horses killed, and his orderly's head was knocked off by a cannon-ball, as he rode close by the general's side. Following up this brilliant victory, he despatched a force to pursue the retreating enemy, and again defeated them on November twenty-ninth, at Argam. Another army had meanwhile gained the battle of Delhi, and in December a treaty was concluded, which left the Mahratta power forever shattered, and transferred to the victors some of the richest provinces of India. For his valuable services General Wellesley received the thanks of Parliament, and was made a Knight Companion of the

Bath. Resigning his commission at the close of the campaign, he returned to England, and was soon after assigned to the command of a brigade in Lord Cathcart's intended expedition to Hanover. This movement, as is well known, came to nothing, and Sir Arthur was transferred to Sussex, with his head-quarters at Hastings. In April, 1806, he took his seat in the British House of Commons as member for the borough of Rye, and during the same month was married to Lady Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford—a lady for whose hand, as Arthur Wesley, with nothing but the sword of an infantry captain to second his pretensions, he had previously been an unsuccessful suitor. On the formation of the Portland cabinet in the following year, he accepted the office of chief secretary for Ireland, with the distinct understanding that it should not interfere with his military promotion or pursuits. Accordingly he joined the expedition destined for the capture of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, receiving on his return the thanks of Parliament for his services on the occasion.

In April, 1808, Sir Arthur was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and in the month following, was appointed to the command of an expedition intended to assist the people of Portugal and Spain in making head against the French invasion. He landed his army at Mondego Bay, and advanced towards Lisbon. On August seventeenth, he came up with the French under Laborde at Rolissa, and defeated them after a severe contest. Still advancing, he was attacked at Vimieira by Junot on the twenty-first, whom he repulsed with a heavy loss—the 'Sepoy-General,' thus indisputably proving that his powers were not limited to Oriental campaigns. By the convention of Cintra, which followed the armistice proposed by the French, they agreed to evacuate Portugal with all their arms and baggage. Sir Arthur receiving his full share of the opprobrium which this measure met with in



England, asked to be relieved, and in January, 1809, resumed the Irish Secretaryship and his seat in Parliament. For his victory at Vimieira, he soon afterwards received the thanks of both Houses. Within three months from the date of his return, Sir Arthur was appointed commander-in-chief of the armies in the Peninsula, and immediately proceeded to Lisbon. The Portuguese Regency on his arrival created him marshal-general of the armies of Portugal. In a brilliant campaign of twenty-eight days he crossed the Douro, defeated Marshal Soult at Oporto, and drove him out of Portugal, with the loss of all his guns, ammunition and baggage. Six thousand French deserted their standards, never to join them again. Wellesley now turned upon Victor, whom he found at Talavera with fifty thousand men; his own forces numbering sixty thousand, about two-thirds of whom were Spaniards commanded by the imbecile Cuesta. From these troops Sir Arthur received little assistance. 'The cavalry,' he says, 'make no scruple of running off, and after an action are to be found in every village and shady bottom within fifty miles of the field of battle.' Of their infantry, he remarks, 'The practice of running away, and throwing off arms, accoutrements and clothing, is fatal to everything except the reassembling of the men in a state of nature, who as regularly perform the same manœuvre the next time an occasion offers.' In Wellington's *Supplementary Despatches*, the duke says of some of the miserable general officers he had in Spain, that when he reflected on their character and attainments he trembled; but he thought the same as Lord Chesterfield said of the generals of his day, 'I only hope that when the enemy reads the list of their names, he trembles as I do.'

July twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth, a series of terrible conflicts occurred, known as the battle of Talavera, in which each side sustained a loss of nearly seven thousand in killed and wounded. The French retreated, leaving

seventeen guns in possession of the English, who, however, though reinforced next day, were in no condition to pursue. 'This victory,' says Jomini, 'restored to the successors of Marlborough the glory which for an age seemed to have passed from them. It established the fact that the English infantry was fit to contend, on equal terms, with the best in Europe.' The French, except perhaps at Albuera, never again fought so well throughout the Peninsular war, and yet France confessed in a hurried night retreat that she had been defeated.

"Far from the field where late she fought,  
The tents where late she lay,  
With rapid step and humbled thought,  
All night she holds her way;  
Leaving to Britain's conquering sons,  
Standards rent and ponderous guns,  
The trophies of the fray,  
The weak, the wounded, and the slain  
The triumphs of the battle plain,  
The glory of the day."

For this success, Sir Arthur was raised to the British peerage by the title of Baron and Viscount Wellington.

Napoleon, now victorious over Austria, and assured by his marriage with a daughter of the house of Hapsburg against future molestation on the side of Germany, prepared to overwhelm Wellington by numbers. By the close of the year 1809, he had sent three hundred and sixty thousand men across the Pyrenees. From this powerful host two armies were formed, and placed in command of Soult, and Massena, the 'Favored Child of Victory.' The former was directed to overrun Andalusia; the latter was sent against the hero of Talavera, now strongly entrenched behind the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, thirty miles in extent, flanked by the Tagus on one side, and by the Atlantic on the other. This triple line of entrenchments has been regarded as one of the grandest productions of Wellington's genius. The English fell back before the

French advance ; not even the siege of Ciudad Rodriga, the investment of Almeida, the appeals of the Spanish government and the Portuguese Regency, nor the murmurs of his own troops, could induce him to fight a battle, until in his judgment the proper moment arrived. To Don Miguel Torgas he replied in these dignified terms : ‘ I should be neglectful of my duty to the king, to the prince regent, and the common cause, if I could permit myself to be influenced by public clamor, or by fear, so as to modify the system of operations which I have adopted after mature deliberation, and which daily experience proves to be the only one which can bring the matter to a successful issue.’ Firmness like this is rare, and finds but few parallels. ‘ If you are a great general,’ said Sylla to Marius, ‘ come and fight me.’ ‘ If you are a great general,’ replied Marius, ‘ compel me to fight.’ Among moderns, the great Gustavus was equally unsuccessful in inducing the wily Wallenstein to leave his impregnable position, to be defeated on the plains of Nuremberg.

Early in the month of August, Wellington issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of that portion of Portugal which he was not able to protect, to evacuate their homes, drive off their cattle, and destroy everything that they could not carry with them. Obeying his orders, vast numbers of homeless fugitives accompanied the army in its retrograde movement, and found refuge in Lisbon or in provinces remote from the scene of war. Massena followed, only to find the country laid waste, and to entail upon his army the same sufferings from famine and sickness, which the British had so lately undergone in Spain. At last the English commander took up a strong position at Busaco, protected by fifty pieces of artillery, and offered battle to his pursuer. August twenty-seventh, Massena attacked the English with upwards of sixty thousand men and eighty guns, one of the two attacking columns being led by the dauntless Ney. The French fought gallantly,

and were gallantly led, but the ridges of the Sierra de Busaco were too strongly defended, and ere nightfall the 'Child of Victory' was severely repulsed, with the loss of four thousand men, and also a loss of *prestige* which he never recovered. The French no longer deemed the day of battle a day of assured victory, and the belief in their being invincible was lost forever, by the repeated defeats sustained at Rolissa, Vimieira and Busaco.

The English army continued to fall back in good order, and on the eighth of October Wellington entered the lines of Torres Vedras. On the tenth the French arrived, and Massena found himself face to face with an impregnable fortress, mounting six hundred guns. A British fleet in the Tagus contributed its aid to the defenders, and before the end of the month the number of troops within the lines, including Portuguese and Spaniards, was nearly one hundred thousand. Harassed by guerillas, his troops starving, his communication with Spain frequently interrupted, and too able a soldier not to know that it was impossible to carry the magnificent lines of Torres Vedras, Massena decided to retreat, and did so, followed by the English army. Wellington invested Almeida, and during the siege went to consult with Beresford near Badajos, which fortress had just been captured by Soult. Massena turned to attack the English, while their leader was absent, but Wellington fortunately arrived in time to receive and repulse an assault at Fuentes d'Onoro. A few days later, Almeida fell, but the French garrison made good their escape, and Portugal was delivered from the invaders. In January, 1812, while Marmont was collecting troops for the relief of the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, Wellington carried it by assault, and in April captured Badajos, but at the fearful cost of five thousand killed and wounded. These two fortresses, forming the keys of Spain on the side of Portugal, being in his possession, he was thenceforth free to elect his field of operations, either in the north or

the south. For these achievements he was created Earl of Wellington, while Spain made him a grandee of the first order, with the title of Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and Portugal conferred upon him the title of Marquis of Torres Vedras.

It is said by General Jomini that three courses were now open to Wellington. 'He might advance against Soult on the right, or debouch by the centre upon Madrid, or operate to the left against Marmont.' Of these plans he chose the last, and towards that purpose all his energies were directed. In July, the French under Marshal Marmont, and the Anglo-Portuguese army commanded by Wellington, crossed the Tormes, and drew up on opposite sides of the hills which skirted the south bank of that river, near Salamanca. To cut off his opponent from Portugal, the French marshal extended his left toward the Ciudad Rodrigo road. Wellington met the movement by a rapid change of front to the right, and Marmont, mistaking the manœuvre for a retreat, incautiously extended his left still more, in order to intercept them at the road. Marmont had committed a terrible mistake, which the eagle glance of his adversary at once detected. The result of the battle which ensued, though fierce and bloody, was never for a moment doubtful. Marmont, Thomière and Burnet, the three ranking officers, were all wounded; and so rapidly was the action fought, that a French officer described it as 'the beating of forty thousand men in forty minutes.' This was the most decisive battle which had as yet been fought in the Peninsula, and established Wellington's reputation as a great commander, and, according to Thebaudeau, 'settled the question of the French occupation of Spain.' Wellington pronounced the campaign of Salamanca to be 'the most perfect piece of manœuvring which the world had seen since the time of Frederick the Great.' This great victory opened the gates of Madrid to the allies, while its immediate consequence to our hero was his advancement



another step in the British peerage, with an addition to his coat of arms. He now became the Marquis of Wellington.

On the twelfth of August the Anglo-Portuguese army entered Madrid, and were greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. The month after, Wellington, with a view to opening communication with the North, invested Burgos. The siege was continued—both parties displaying equal skill and valor—for two months, when, having lost two thousand men in killed and wounded, Lord Wellington, in consequence of the threatening movements of the French armies, was compelled to abandon the siege. This was his first European failure. The junction of King Joseph's army with Suchet and Soult, and their movement toward the Tagus, left him no other course than to retreat to Portugal. In this long march of nearly two hundred miles, during which the troops suffered great privations and severe losses, Wellington's admirable generalship was shown more signally perhaps than at any other period of his career. During the winter, the English general devoted a great deal of time to the improvement of his army and to preparations for the campaign of 1813, destined to be the most glorious of any, except his last. Having received considerable reinforcements from England, Wellington assumed the offensive, at the head of nearly two hundred thousand well equipped men, his first movement being directed against Joseph Bonaparte on the Douro. Forcing him back gradually across the Ebro and toward Biscay, he then changed his base from Portugal to the north coast of Spain, and suddenly appeared upon the flank of the retreating French. Joseph decided to make a stand at Vittoria. The battle was fought on the twenty-first of June. The French were not only beaten, but routed; losing ten thousand men, one hundred and fifty cannon, all their baggage, ammunition, wagons and stores, with a treasure in money estimated at five and a half millions. Gleig says, 'They did not succeed in carrying off more than one gun and one howitzer,

the former of which fell next day into the hands of the pursuers. Such a spectacle as the field of battle presented, has not been seen since the days of Alexander and Darius. Two hundred wagons, employed to convey the baggage of the king and his personal followers, rested upon the ground. Among these wagons, actresses, nuns, women of loose character, wandered about; while cases of champagne and of other wines were mixed up, in indescribable confusion, with chests of arms and of ammunition. Side by side with these lay plate, pictures, theatrical properties, jewelry, and all the produce of two years of unsparing brigandage.'

For this most signal victory, the result of consummate generalship, Wellington was made a field marshal ('You have sent me,' wrote the Prince Regent, 'among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you in return that of England'); and it has been remarked, as a prophetic circumstance, that before his great success of June twenty-first, the Portuguese Regency had made him *Duque da Vitoria*. Napoleon no sooner heard of the disaster that had befallen his armies in Spain than he removed Joseph and Jourdain from their commands, and replaced them by Soult, who speedily reorganized the beaten army. After a series of battles and manœuvres in the mountain passes of the Pyrenees, of which Wellington said he had never seen such fighting, Soult was driven back. 'I began,' he wrote, 'on the twenty-fifth of July, and excepting the twenty-ninth, when not a shot was fired, we had it every day till the second of August. The battle of the twenty-eighth was bludgeon work.' The strong fortress of St. Sebastian, after a desperate siege of two months, was carried by storm August thirty-first, and the only remaining French post of Pampeluna surrendered on the thirty-first of October.

The campaign in France began by Wellington crossing the Bidassoa in a most brilliant manner, followed by his

cutting off Soult from Bayonne and blockading that place, with its garrison of thirteen thousand troops, after having gained the victories of Nivelle and Orthes. *L'un après l'autre*, Napoleon had sent his ablest marshals into the Peninsula, to try conclusions with the stout Englishman, and one after another he had seen them defeated; and now, his most skilful lieutenant met with the same fate which had befallen Junot, Jourdain, Massena, Marmont, Ney and Victor. Having sent a force to occupy Bordeaux, the duke advanced toward Toulouse, to which point Soult had with good judgment retired. On the tenth of April the stoutly contested battle of Toulouse took place. 'There had not been fought,' says Wellington's biographer, 'since the beginning of the war, a more desperate battle than this. It cost the victors dearer, in killed and wounded, than the vanquished.' The next day the French evacuated the town, and Lord Wellington entered, being received with the greatest joy by the populace, who rent the air with shouts of *Vive le Roi! Vive Wellington!*

A few days later came intelligence that Napoleon had abdicated, followed by a suspension of hostilities, on Soult giving in his adhesion to the government of Louis XVIII., and so ended the fierce struggle, known as the Peninsular War, which extended over six years. 'The Campaign in France,' remarks Brialmont, 'put the seal to Wellington's glory, and brought conspicuously into light, not his military talents alone, but his political sagacity. With seventy thousand Anglo-Portuguese he had done more in the south than the allied sovereigns were able to effect, with a half a million of troops, upon the northern and eastern frontiers; and yet Soult's army was stronger on the eighteenth of November, 1813, than that with which Napoleon fought the battle of Brienne. This simple statement suffices to establish the immeasurable superiority of Wellington's combinations over theirs. But there was a point in which he still more excelled: namely, the moral influence which his

generous conduct towards the French people secured for him. While the allies, in the north and east, oppressed the inhabitants, and left traces of their barbarous hatred even upon public documents, the hero of the Peninsula set an example in the south of France of unfailing respect to individuals and their property. Never have troops shown greater kindness to their fellow-countrymen than the soldiers of Wellington exhibited towards a nation with which they were at war. This will always remain one of the loftiest titles to renown of the British army and its illustrious chief.'

Sending the Portuguese and Spanish troops to their respective countries, and giving the necessary orders for the embarkation of the English troops, Wellington left Toulouse on the first of May for Paris, as ambassador of Great Britain at the court of France, and was received by the crowned heads and other illustrious personages there assembled with the highest distinction. During his six days' sojourn at the French capital, he received the gratifying intelligence of his elevation to a dukedom, and that the English parliament had voted, for the maintenance of the title, above ten millions of dollars to be expended in the purchase of a landed estate. He next proceeded to Madrid to advise with the king in respect to local Spanish difficulties, and then returned to England, where he had not set foot since his embarkation from Portsmouth in 1809. The duke's reception was what might have been expected, little business was done in London on the day of his arrival, and his stay of six weeks was one continued succession of triumphs. In spite of the presence of the allied sovereigns, the 'Iron Duke' was the observed of all observers. In August he returned to Paris, and in February, 1815, replaced Lord Castlereagh at the Congress of Vienna, where he was engaged at the time that the startling news arrived that Napoleon had left the island of Elba and landed in France. It was soon made manifest that the Bourbons

had no hold upon the French ; the men whom they employed betrayed them. By the magic of his name and presence, Napoleon regained the army and throne of France.

Wellington immediately urged upon the British government the importance of sending a strong force to the Netherlands, and the advice having been acted upon, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the armies of that country, the Prince of Orange resigning the chief command to accept a subordinate one under the illustrious English soldier. He reached Brussels early in April, and immediately established his head-quarters there. The months of April and May, and the first weeks of June, were occupied by all parties in continued preparations for the approaching struggle. On the fifteenth of the latter month, Napoleon, with an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, crossed the Belgian frontier ; the next day he defeated the Prussians under Blücher at Ligny, and at the same time sent Ney against the left wing of Wellington's army stationed at Quatre Bras. The oft-repeated story that the English general first heard of Napoleon's advance while he was attending a ball at Brussels, on the night of the fifteenth, is incorrect. He had been informed of it as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, and moved his army to the left the same evening. On the sixteenth, he was with his troops at Quatre Bras, and repulsed the repeated attacks made by the French under Marshal Ney. The duke remained on the field that night, and the next day retreated to Waterloo, where, by an arrangement made on the preceding morning, Blücher, if defeated, was to join him with the least possible delay. Napoleon followed, after detaching Grouchy with thirty-four thousand men to follow the Prussians, expecting to destroy the Anglo-Netherland army before it could be reinforced by Blücher's defeated columns. At nightfall the French reached Waterloo, where both armies bivouacked on the open field.



Wellington passed the night of the seventeenth and eighteenth in a small house in the village; at two he arose, and after dressing with his usual care, wrote cheerfully to the British minister at Brussels: 'Pray keep the English quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to retire, but neither be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well.' In another letter, written to the Duke de Berri at Ghent, he concludes with these words: 'I hope, and have every reason to believe, that all will yet turn out well.' To the governor of Antwerp he gave orders to consider that fortress in a state of siege; but at the same time directed him to give free admission, not alone to the royal family of France, but to the families of Englishmen, or of men of any other nation which might consider it judicious to flee from Brussels. This accomplished, he breakfasted, mounted his horse, and rode out to see that the troops were in their proper places. Nothing in his manner indicated that he felt any greater anxiety in regard to the issue of the coming battle, than of any other in which he had been previously engaged. He confidently relied on being joined by Blücher during the day, and did not intend to fall back an inch before the Conqueror of Europe and his superior army. Just before the battle, Admiral Sir Sidney Smith was told that the duke had decided to keep his position at all events. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'if the duke has said that, of course t'other fellow must give way.'

It is not necessary for us to say anything in regard to the battle of Waterloo, the particulars of which are familiar to all. The English general, as his countrymen predicted, made Napoleon 'give way.' During the battle he exposed himself almost recklessly. While attempting to rally a body of Brunswick hussars, he was carried away by a tide of fugitives; and the French lancers charging at the same moment, he only escaped by the speed of his horse, leaping him over a ditch in which the Ninety-Second Highlanders were lying. On no previous occasion had Wellington

exhibited more calmness, confidence and consummate generalship. He personally directed every movement, and superintended almost every change of disposition. Wherever his troops were most pressed, there he was to be found; and in the final charge he mixed with the foremost of the skirmishers, in order to keep the enemy steadily in view, only drawing bridle when he and the fiery Blücher met at the *Maison du Roi*. From that point, leaving the Prussians to continue the pursuit by moonlight, he rode slowly home alone,—for almost every member of his staff was killed or wounded,—reaching his headquarters at Waterloo about ten o'clock. 'They who were nearest to the duke,' says Captain Brialmont, 'and observed him most closely during the memorable Eighteenth of June, testify that, though he found himself for the first time in presence of that extraordinary man, and of that incomparable French army, which had heretofore triumphed over united Europe, he never exhibited the slightest symptoms of emotion.' But when the terrible ordeal was past, and he learned the fearful cost at which the victory had been won, he could not restrain his feelings. Under a reserved and cold exterior, Wellington nourished a tender heart. Writing to Lord Aberdeen, he says: 'I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow that I feel when looking round I perceive the losses which we have suffered. The glory of a victory like this, so dearly purchased, is no consolation to me.' Writing at the same time to Marshal Beresford, he says: 'Our losses quite prostrate me, and I am quite indifferent to the advantages we have gained. I pray God that I may be saved from fighting any more such battles; for I am broken-hearted with the loss of so many old friends and comrades.'

Ten years after the date of the victory of Waterloo, a friend alluded at a dinner-party to the criticisms of several French military writers, who contended that the duke had fought the battle in a position full of danger, because he

had no practicable line of retreat. Wellington said, 'at all events they failed in putting it to the test. The road to Brussels was, however, practicable, every yard, for such a purpose. I knew every foot of the plain beyond the forest and through it. The forest on each side of the Chaussée was open enough for infantry, cavalry, and even for artillery, and very defensible. Had I retreated through it, could they have followed me? The Prussians were on their flank, and would have been in their rear. The co-operation of the Prussians in the operations I undertook, I understood was a part of my plan, and I was not deceived. But I never contemplated a retreat on Brussels. Had I been forced from my position, I should have retreated to my right, toward the coast, the shipping, and my resources. I had placed Hill where he could have lent me important assistance in many contingencies, and that might have been one. And again I ask, if I had retreated on my right, would Napoleon have ventured to follow me? The Prussians, already on his flank, would have been in his rear. But my plan was to keep my ground till the Prussians appeared, and then to attack the French position; and I executed my plan.'

To screen the fame of their emperor and the glory of their veteran army, the French have assailed Grouchy as a traitor. Thiers, however, does him justice when he says: 'Nothing can extenuate the fault of Marshal Grouchy except his former services, which were real, and his intentions, which were loyal and devoted.' Joseph Bonaparte, when residing at Bordentown, received and entertained the count as a friend, and repeatedly assured American acquaintances that he was true to the emperor. Even had Grouchy made a movement by the left, he would have effected nothing beyond the delay of Napoleon's overthrow for twenty-four hours. Had he come up in the afternoon, the day would have ended, perhaps, in Wellington being compelled to retire before night into the forest of Soignies.

But in a few hours after Grouchy, Marshal Blücher would have been up also; by dawn next morning the Anglo-Prussian army would have become the attacking party; 'and with numbers far superior to his own, who will pretend to say that Napoleon's defeat on the nineteenth would not have been as certain and signal as his *déroute* on the eighteenth—upon that fatal evening which closed upon a fallen empire and a lost field.'

Lord William Lennox, for three years a member of Wellington's military family, in his pleasant 'Recollections from 1806 to 1873,' relates that the duke was once asked by a lady of rank, after dinner, to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo—a request very like that made by a French countess, who seized a philosopher at the supper-table, and exclaimed, 'While they are cutting up the fowls, and we have got five minutes to spare, do tell me the history of the world, for I want to know it so much.' However, the Iron Duke proved himself equal to the occasion, for he replied, 'Battle of Waterloo, ma'am? we pommelled the French, they pommelled us, and we pommelled the hardest; so we gained the day. As a pendant to this may be added the poet Rogers' amusing anecdote of the hero's answer to a person who, at Wellington's official dinner to the judges at Strathfieldsaye, indulged in a prolix and florid allusion to the great battle. 'Yes,' said the duke, 'it was a damned smash.'

On June twenty-first the victorious armies crossed the French frontiers, and took up a line of march for Paris. They nowhere encountered serious opposition until they reached the capital, where Blücher met with resistance; but as soon as Wellington arrived an armistice was agreed upon. The Prussian marshal was desirous of hunting Napoleon to death, and plundering Paris; and avowed his intention of destroying the bridge of Jena and the Austerlitz column at the same time. The Count Von Der Götze, formerly one of his aides, being entreated by Prince Talley-

rand to interfere, wrote to Blücher, and besought him to abandon his purpose. Here is his very characteristic answer: 'I have determined on blowing up the bridge, and I cannot conceal from your excellency how much pleasure it would afford me if M. Talleyrand would previously station himself upon it.' From this vandalism, as well as his scheme of plunder, the duke alone had sufficient influence to dissuade the fiery Prussian. 'He acted like an ally with Louis XVIII.,' is the testimony of Lamartine.

In regard to the final disposition of Napoleon's person, the duke wrote: 'Blücher wishes to kill him, but I have advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction: if the sovereigns wish him to be put to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me.' During his residence in France as the commander-in-chief of the allied armies of occupation, several attempts were made to assassinate him, but his just and conciliatory course toward the French nation was soon more generally appreciated. A little incident which occurred at the palace one evening is worthy of mention. The duke was in the habit of attending the king's levées, where he usually received the greatest attention. One evening when he entered, he noticed that one marshal after another held aloof from him. At last, as if a common feeling actuated them, they all turned about and walked away. The king saw, and, though not himself free from the contagion, affected to consider this a strong measure, for he approached the duke, and began to make some excuses for it. 'Don't distress yourself, sire,' observed the duke, quietly, 'it is not the first time they have turned their backs on me.' It was a sharp hit, and the marshals felt its force. They took good care never to turn their backs upon the duke again when they saw him approaching.

After the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, at which Wellington represented Great Britain, he returned home, and was appointed master-general of the ordnance. In



1822, he was one of the plenipotentiaries that attended the Congress of Verona; in 1826, he was sent on a mission to St. Petersburg, to induce the Czar to refrain from making war on the Turks; the year following, on the death of the Duke of York, was made commander-in-chief of the British army; and in 1829, was appointed lord-warden of the Cinque Ports. We cannot dwell on his career as a statesman, a field in which he also acquired very considerable renown. 'He was,' says the London Times, 'the CATULLUS of our Senate, after having been our CÆSAR in the field; and if the Commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the title of PARENS PATRIÆ, that touching honor would have been added to the peerage and the baton of ARTHUR WELLESLEY by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people.' On the death of Lord Hill, in whose favor he had resigned his place at the head of the army when he became premier, he returned to the Horse Guards.

The duke refused to write his own memoirs for the same reasons which were assigned by the Prince of Condé, and declined to furnish information to writers who applied to him. In his letters which have been published, the names of officers connected with unpleasant occurrences were by Wellington's orders omitted. 'It would have been too painful,' he said, 'to make mischief by such revelations, or to occasion distress in honorable families, and to add to the rigor of punishment by a degree of publicity which his orders, when originally issued, were never meant to attain.' The duke, it has been said, never allowed a letter to remain unanswered, and many persons wrote to him for the mere purpose of obtaining his autograph. There was much originality in the brevity of his replies. Some ran thus:—'F. M. the Duke of Wellington regrets that it is not in his power, etc.' 'F. M. the Duke of Wellington can give no opinion upon a matter of which he knows nothing.' 'F. M. the Duke of Wellington has no corns, therefore has no occasion for Mr. Briggs' services.' 'F. M. the Duke

of Wellington is one of the few persons in this country who don't meddle with matters with which they have no concern.' When the Queen visited Strathfieldsaye, a reporter applied for admission, in order that he might give an account of what was passing there, and received the following reply: 'F. M. the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. —, and begs to say that he does not see what his house at Strathfieldsaye has to do with the public press.' The government having applied to the duke to name three officers, one of whom might be selected as Lord Gough's successor to the command of the army in India, he wrote, 'Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Charles Napier.'

When Sir De Lacy Evans was carrying on military operations near San Sebastian, Wellington was asked what it would produce? His answer was, 'Probably two volumes, octavo.' On the occasion of a cavalry regiment being ordered unexpectedly to the Cape of Good Hope, one of the field officers, not remarkable for zeal in the performance of his duty, applied for leave to remain at home. The duke's answer was in three words: 'Sail or sell.' A gentleman not remarkable for saying the right thing at the moment, happened to dine in his company one day, and during a pause in the conversation asked abruptly: 'Duke, were you not surprised at Waterloo?' Wellington smiled, and answered: 'No, but I am now.' When a colonial bishop wrote to the government, remonstrating because guards were not turned out to him, and sentries instructed to salute, the duke, on being consulted by the Secretary of State, made this remark: 'The only attention which soldiers are to pay to the bishop must be to his sermons.' Gleig states that Wellington never met, in his rides and walks among the lanes near Walmer or Strathfieldsaye, any poor man who claimed to have served under him without giving him a sovereign. He used to laugh at himself for doing so, and acknowledged that it was ten to one

against the object of his bounty deserving it; but nothing would induce him to omit the practice.

The writer heard in England, in 1872, a striking instance related as to the liberality and determination of the old Iron Duke. A needy farmer being compelled by necessity to advertise his little tract of land for sale, his steward made an offer for it, which was accepted; and when the duke, a few days afterwards, arrived from town, the steward acquainted him with the judicious purchase, flattering himself that he should be praised for having bought the farm so cheaply. 'Cheap, sir,' exclaimed the noble duke, 'cheap, sir! I want no man's land cheap. Let two proper persons be immediately appointed to survey and value the farm.' Crest-fallen and sorely disappointed, the steward returned to fulfil the directions, and at the next interview handed him the report of the surveyors, by which the land was valued at several hundred pounds beyond the price previously agreed upon. This the duke immediately ordered to be paid to the farmer, adding: 'I can better afford to pay a fair price than the farmer can to take an unfair one; and bear in mind, I want no man's land cheap.'

At Walmer Castle, near Deal, Wellington was struck down by apoplexy, September fourteenth, 1851. In the words of a poet:

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure  
Awaken with their call!

No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old field-marshal  
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled!

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper—  
The dark and silent room ;  
And, as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley, or dissemble,  
But smote the warden hoar—  
Ah ! what a blow !—that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead—  
Nothing in nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead !'

Wellington was honored with a public funeral, similar to that of Nelson which took place January ninth, 1806. The Queen and all the noblest of the land were there ; a million of persons witnessed the procession, which went from the Horse Guards, by Apsley House, Piccadilly, through Temple Bar to St. Paul's ; and not a head was covered on that November day, as the solemn procession passed slowly along to place the remains of the greatest of Britain's military commanders by the side of those of her most renowned naval hero. Nelson and Wellington now sleep together under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, that noble monument to the genius of Sir Christopher Wren.

He was succeeded in his title and estates as Duke of Wellington by his eldest son, Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who was born in 1807. The duchess died in 1831. A few years before the old hero's death he was an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of a great heiress, and the most benevolent of women, the Baroness Burdett Coutts. An apt use of initials, in the expression of an idea, appears in the following couplet, written on his alleged wished-for marriage with this lady, whose name is Angelina Burdett Coutts :—

' The Duke must in his second childhood be,  
Since in his doting age he turns to A. B. C.'

In the words of an eminent writer, 'when men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth, no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of *Arthur Wellesley, The Great Duke of Wellington*. The actions of his life were extraordinary, but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries, we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles, who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from amongst us, an inheritor of imperishable fame.'

Earl Grey, his constant opponent in politics, said after reading Wellington's published dispatches, edited by General Gurwood (the publication of which led the duke to jocularly say, 'Really, I believe I am the most voluminous author of the day')—'I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that the Duke of Wellington is the greatest man that ever lived.' Another panegyrist of the renowned soldier, is found in the person of a French writer, whose hatred of the Bonapartes is stronger even than his patriotism. Victor Hugo, in the second part of '*Les Misérables*,' in the course of a vivid picture of the terrible field of Waterloo, thus truthfully portrays the character of Wellington: 'We find in him precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserve economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, tactics to balance battalions, carnage drawn to the line, war directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance.'

Wellington, no more than Washington, possessed a high order of genius like Napoleon's, and may have even been called, like the great American, a dull man. He was



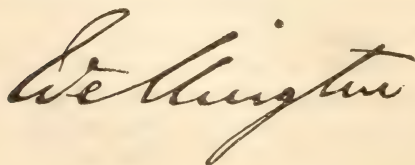
not gifted with the power of oratory, but his sagacity and wisdom gave to his public utterances, as to Washington's, immense weight. His great principle of action, like that of General Washington, appears to have been a sense of duty rather than the usual stimulus of illustrious soldiers—glory or ambition. That he possessed some of the unfortunate traits that characterized Marshal Saxe, is to be regretted no less than that he should have failed, in two signal instances, to exercise his almost regal authority in following what would have been the dictates of a more merciful and generous nature, by interfering to save the life of Marshal Ney, and by assuaging the horrors of Napoleon's captivity. It may be that he deemed it no part of his 'duty,' to trouble himself either in the affairs of the fallen emperor, or his favorite leader of the Old Guard. Yet, take him all in all, Arthur Wellesley, is a nobler character than John Churchill, as well as a greater soldier; and it may safely be affirmed, that he is the ablest general mentioned in English history.

Of the numerous portraits of the Duke of Wellington, he himself preferred, as the writer was informed by Edward Everett, the drawing of Sir Thomas Lawrence, an engraving of which appears in this volume. When Mr. Everett, in 1845, returned from the court of St. James, he brought with him to Boston, among other mementoes, an English proof impression from Lawrence's picture, which, with the frame, was a gift from the illustrious soldier to the silver-tongued orator and statesman.

It is the fate of all great men to have their names graced as well as disgraced by anecdotes—good, bad, and indifferent, some doubtless true, others, without any doubt, false. To this rule the English soldier was no exception. Wellington never said 'Up, Guards, and at them,' at Waterloo. What he really did say, according to Captain Gronow, was 'Guards, get up and charge.' Napoleon's epigram, if indeed it really is his, "'Tis but a step from the

sublime to the ridiculous,' comes before our mind's eye as we read the modified version of the hero's famous order, as it somehow sounds akin to that of a confederate colonel of cavalry, whom the writer had the duty assigned to him of hunting in the Mississippi Valley, and who in place of the usual formula would say, '*Git ready to git: git,*' varied occasionally by the combined order, that seems so suggestive of the duke's, '*Git up and git.*'

The best of Wellington's biographers, Chaplain-general Gleig, relates that in the battle of Nivelle the duke rode up to the Eighty-Fifth regiment, and said in his hearing, 'You must keep your ground, my lads, for there is nothing behind you.' Another genuine saying of the great soldier's was uttered at the storming of Badajos, in the hearing of a kinsman of the writer's, who had the honor of sharing in eight of the fifteen pitched battles fought by Wellington, including Waterloo. Riding up to a battery of artillery while the balls were falling around, and observing an artilleryman particularly active, he inquired the corporal's name, and was answered 'Taylor.' 'A very good name, too,' said the duke. 'Cheer up, lads! our Taylor will soon make a pair of breeches—in the walls.'



## NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Je fus ambitieux ; tout homme l'est sans doute ;  
Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef, ou citoyen,  
Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.

VOLTAIRE.

**N**APOLEON BONAPARTE, the greatest military genius of ancient or modern times, was born at Ajaccio, the capital of the island of Corsica, August fifteenth, 1769. The name of the family, at that period, was usually written Buonaparte ; although it is also found without the *u* in documents of the time : but Napoleon in after life dropped the *u* altogether. The genealogy of a person like the Conqueror of Europe is certainly a fair subject of antiquarian curiosity, though no character in history had less occasion to borrow honors from his progenitors. He himself paid but little attention to the subject, saying, ‘ A captain who renders his country illustrious, and by his own merit rebuilds the throne of Charlemagne, has no need of noble ancestry.’ When he married Marie Louisa, the Emperor of Austria sent him some documents to show that his ancestors had been among the lords of Treviso. He is reported to have thrown them aside, and said, that, ‘ He dated his nobility from Monte-Notte and Millesimo.’

A biographer has traced his family back to Emanuel II., a Greek emperor, whose sons, after the fall of Constantinople, fled under the name of Bonaparte to Italy, where their descendants were numbered among the most distinguished nobles of the middle ages. In the ‘ Golden Book of Bologna,’ the Bonapartes appear among the Florentine patricians, and their names are also inscribed in the ‘ Golden

Book of Venice,' and in the nobility records of Treviso. About two hundred years ago the immediate ancestor of Napoleon is believed to have emigrated from Saranza in the territory of Genoa, and settled at Ajaccio, where we know his father Charles Bonaparte was born March twenty-ninth, 1746. This Charles married in 1767 Letizia Romolino, also a native of Corsica, who in due course of time became the mother of eight children, Napoleon being the second. Carlo became a most worshipful *podesta*, or magistrate, and subsequently assessor of the royal court of justice; dying in the year 1785, while his son was still a schoolboy.

The submission of Corsica to France took place in 1769, a few months before Napoleon's birth, so that he was born a French subject. Had England interfered against the cession of the island,—as many thought she ought to have done,—Corsica might probably have been English, and *le petit caporal* a British subject! 'How little,' observes an eminent writer, 'could the Duke of Choiseul suspect, while he was sending army after army to make sure the acquisition of Corsica to his Bourbon monarch, that a child was born the very year of the event, destined to usurp his throne, and drive out the princes of that family like outcasts and traitors.' The traditions of Napoleon's boyhood are: that he manifested a violent temper, and in disputes with his elder brother Joseph always came off victorious; that he delighted in running after the soldiers, who taught him military manœuvres; that his favorite plaything was a small brass cannon; and that he regularly drilled the children of Ajaccio in battles, fought with stones and wooden swords. In his tenth year he obtained through Count Marboeuf, the French commissioner, a place in the military school at Brienne, where Pichegru, afterward celebrated as a successful general, was one of his instructors. The stories of his assuming undue authority over his comrades while at this school are mere

fictions ; *au contraire*, he was little known, being of a retiring disposition, although to those who, like Bourrienne, showed sympathy to the poor, but proud, charity scholar, he was susceptible of strong attachments.

In regard to his scholastic attainments, the annual report of 1784 says : ‘ Distinguished in mathematical studies, tolerably versed in history and geography, much behind in Latin and belles-lettres, and other accomplishments ; of regular habits, studious and well-behaved, and enjoying excellent health.’ At the age of fifteen Napoleon was sent to the military school at Paris, to complete his studies ; and in September, 1785, he was commissioned a sub-lieutenant of artillery. Promotion soon followed : he was made first lieutenant of the Grenoble artillery regiment, then stationed at Valence. He visited Corsica every year ; and took a deep interest in the welfare of his family—furthering the education, as well as the fortunes, of his brothers and sisters. Joseph, as we have already mentioned, was the eldest son ; but Napoleon was instinctively recognized as the head of the family from the time of his father’s death. ‘ *In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.* On February sixth, 1792, he became a captain by seniority ; and in the same year, being in Paris, he witnessed the insurrections of June twentieth and August tenth. He saw the mob break into the palace of the Tuileries, and compel the weak Louis XVI. to appear at a window with the *bonnet rouge* on his head, when he exclaimed to his companion Bourrienne : ‘ What madness ! A few discharges of grape would have sent all those despicable wretches flying.’

Napoleon’s military career may be said to begin with the year 1793. In September he was ordered to Toulon, then held by the English and Spanish. During the siege he displayed such extraordinary skill and activity as to attract very general attention. After reconnoitring Toulon for a month, he communicated to the council of war a plan for attack, which was adopted, and executed by him-



self in the most gallant manner. This brilliant success laid the foundation for his wonderful career. He was strongly recommended for promotion by his commanding officer, who, in his letter to the Committee of Public Safety, very sagaciously said: 'Reward this young man, and promote him; for, should he be ungratefully treated, he will promote himself.' He was accordingly rewarded by being made a brigadier-general of artillery, his commission dating from February sixth, 1794. Notwithstanding his promotion, he was for a considerable time unemployed, and during this period he wrote the following recently published letter to his friend Talma, the Garrick of the French stage. We find it in Raikes' Journal, among the most amusing volumes of contemporary gossip that have appeared since the days of Horace Walpole:—'My dear Talma—I have fought like a lion for the Republic. But, my good friend Talma, as my reward I am left to die with hunger. I am at the end of all my resources. That miserable fellow Aubry (then Minister of War) leaves me in the mire when he might do something for me. I feel that I have the power of doing more than Generals Santerre and Rossignol, and yet they cannot find a corner for me in La Vendée or elsewhere, to give me employment. You are happy; your reputation depends upon yourself alone. Two hours passed on the boards bring you before the public, whence all glory emanates. But for us soldiers, we are forced to pay dearly for fame upon an extensive stage, and, after all, we are not allowed to attain it. Therefore do not regret the path you have chosen. Remain upon your theatre. Who knows if I shall ever appear again upon mine. I have seen Mauvel (a distinguished comedian)—he is a true friend. Barras, President of the Directory, makes fine promises, but will he keep them? I doubt it. In the meantime I am reduced to my last sous. Have you a few crowns to spare me? I will not refuse them, and promise to repay you out of the first kingdom I win by my sword.

How happy were the heroes of Ariosto! they had not to depend upon a Minister of War. Adieu. Yours,

‘BONAPARTE.’

His next important service was quelling the revolt of the Sections or primary assemblies of Paris. They were sustained by the National Guard, while the convention held at its disposal about five thousand regular troops. Barras, who had known Napoleon at Toulon, recommended him to the committee of the Convention as the proper person to take command. When they saw the boyish looking soldier with his pale face and slender frame, they were greatly surprised, and one of the members said: ‘Do you know that this may be a very serious affair—that the Sections’ — ‘Very well,’ somewhat fiercely interrupted the young Corsican, ‘I will make a serious affair of it, and the Sections shall become tranquil.’ He received the command and immediately made his dispositions, leaving no point undefended by his artillery, while he stationed bodies of troops in the best positions. On the morning of October fifth, 1795, the National Guards, as the defenders of the Sections were named, advanced to the number of thirty thousand, by the various approaches leading to the Tuileries, but were driven back with great slaughter, Napoleon replying to their musketry by murderous volleys of grape and canister. In an hour, ‘the Sections had become tranquil.’

Moving in the Paris circles of that day was a young widow named Josephine Beauharnais, a native of Martinique, with whom Napoleon became acquainted through his friend Barras, who it is said persuaded him to marry her by offering as a dowry the command of the army of Italy. Be this as it may, he on February twenty-third, 1796, was appointed to the command of the forces which for several years had been carrying on an indecisive war with the Austrians and Sardinians. His marriage took place March ninth, and within a week he departed to as-

sume the command of the army of Italy. On his arrival the old officers, some of whom had fought at Fontenoy under Marshal Saxe, looked with astonishment at their youthful commander, but the sudden activity infused into every department, soon satisfied them that they were obeying the orders of no common commander. On April eleventh, he gained the victory of Monte-Notte, on the fourteenth, that of Millesimo, which he followed up with other successes and compelled Sardinia to sue for peace. In a single fortnight the young soldier of twenty-seven had changed Scherer's disasters into victories, and had entirely altered the aspect of things, when he issued this address to his army :

‘Soldiers! You have in fifteen days gained six victories, taken twenty-one standards, fifty pieces of cannon, several fortresses, made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men! You have equalled the conquerors of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of all necessaries, you have supplied all your wants—without cannon, you have gained battles—without bridges, you have crossed rivers!—without shoes you have made forced marches!—without brandy and often without bread, you have bivouacked! Republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, alone could have survived what you have suffered! Thanks to you, soldiers!—your grateful country has reason to expect great things of you! You have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Is there one among you whose courage is relaxed? Is there one who would prefer to return to the barren summits of the Appenines and the Alps to endure patiently the insults of these soldier slaves? No!—there is none such among the victors of Monte-Notte, of Millesimo, of Dego and of Mondovi! My friends, I promise you this glorious conquest; but be the liberators, and not the scourges, of the people you subdue.’

Such addresses had an electrical effect on the French

army. Napoleon passed from triumph to triumph in Italy, with a facility and rapidity which resembles the shifting views of a phantasmagoria. On May ninth he fought the brilliant battle of Lodi, which he well designated as 'the terrible passage of the bridge of the Lodi.' He was the second man across, Lannes, the 'Orlando' of the French army, being the first. From Milan, which Napoleon entered on the fifteenth, he again addressed his victorious legions:— 'You have descended from the Alps like a cataract. Piedmont is delivered. Milan is your own. Your banners wave over the fertile plains of Lombardy. You have passed the Po, the Ticino, the Adda—those vaunted bulwarks of Italy. Your fathers, your mothers, your sisters, your betrothed, will exult in your triumph, and will be proud to claim you as their own. Yes, soldiers, you have done much ; but much more is still to be accomplished. Will you leave it in the power of posterity to say that in Lombardy you have found a Capua ? Let us go on. We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, and insults to avenge. To re-establish the capitol, and re-erect the statues of its heroes : to awaken the Roman people sunk under the torpor of age, of bondage : behold what remains to be done ! After accomplishing this, you will return to your hearths, and your fellow-citizens, when they behold you pass them, will point at you and say : *'He was a soldier of the army of Italy.'*

During the summer Napoleon gained victories over the Austrians at Castiglione, Della Stivere, at Roveredo and at Bassano ; and on November fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth fought the battle of Arcole, during which, for the purpose of inspiring his soldiers, he stood with a standard in his hand amid a tempest of balls and grape shot. In this terrible three days battle occurred the hardest fighting of the Italian campaign. Early in 1797, Austria sent another formidable army to the field, which Napoleon encountered and defeated at Rivoli, January fourteenth.

Immediately Wurmser was besieged in Mantua, and compelled to surrender. He next defeated the Papal troops on the Senio; towns and fortresses fell, and the Pope was forced to conclude a treaty. The hero of Lodi now invaded Austria, carrying everything before him, and leading to the treaty of peace which was signed at Campo Formio October seventeenth, 1797. By that arrangement Austria ceded Belgium and the Italian provinces to France, with the extension of its boundary to the left bank of the Rhine. His journey to Paris in December was one continued series of ovations; he was everywhere hailed as the liberator of Italy, and on his arrival the Parisians could not restrain their enthusiasm. Endless festivals and celebrations in his honor took place.

The Directory then in power had created what they called '*L'armée d'Angleterre*,' with a view to the invasion of *la perfide Albion*, and conferred the command upon Napoleon. Knowing it to be impracticable, he persuaded them to substitute Egypt for England, and on May nineteenth, 1798, the expedition sailed from Toulon. On June ninth, Napoleon took possession of Malta, which submitted without resistance. When lying off its harbor he then addressed the magnificent army which floated around him:—'Soldiers!—You are a wing of the *L'armée d'Angleterre*, You have made war on mountain and plain, and have made sieges. It is still reserved for you to make a maritime war. The legions of Rome, which you have sometimes imitated, but not yet equalled, warred with Carthage by turns on the sea and on the plains of Zama. Victory never abandoned them, because they were brave in combat, patient under fatigue, obedient to their commanders, and firm against their foes. But, soldiers, Europe has its eyes upon you, and you have great destinies to fulfil, battles to wage and fatigues to suffer.' When from the mastheads of the vessels his troops discovered the town of Alexandria, Napoleon first announced to them the destination



of the expedition:—‘Frenchmen!—You are going to attempt conquests, the effect of which upon civilization and the commerce of the world is incalculable. Behold the first city we are about to attack. It was built by Alexander.’ Having captured and garrisoned Alexandria the army crossed the desert by a ten days march; ascended the Nile accompanied by a flotilla, arriving at Cairo on July twenty-first. On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes drawn up in order of battle under Mourad Bey, Bonaparte riding before the ranks cried:—‘Soldiers! from the summits of yonder Pyramids forty generations are watching you.’ The battle of the Pyramids was a bloody one, but after a most obstinate and determined resistance, the Mamelukes were routed and driven from the field. This repulse struck terror far and wide and numerous tribes at once submitted to the French conqueror. A few days after this victory the French fleet at Aboukir was, with the exception of four vessels which succeeded in making their escape, utterly destroyed by Lord Nelson, and war was soon after declared by the Sultan against Napoleon for invading one of his provinces. Early in 1799, Bonaparte crossed the desert, took El Arish and Gaza, stormed Jaffa where a large number of prisoners were deliberately murdered in cold blood, and advanced into Syria. On the seventeenth of February the French reached Acre, where Napoleon spent three months in ineffectual attempts to carry the place by storm, and then retreated to Cairo, the Syrian campaign having cost him nearly four thousand men. After the recovery of Aboukir from the Turks, Napoleon returned privately to France, in time to secure his position as the First Consul of the Republic.

Napoleon now directed all his energies to the restoration of France, exhibiting the same genius in the administration of the internal affairs of the government, as he had previously done in the field. The threatening attitude of Austria, England and Turkey, soon, however, compelled

him to prepare for active hostilities. Putting down the insurrection which had broken out in La Vendée, Napoleon concentrated an army near Lake Geneva, with which he crossed the Alps by the St. Bernard Pass, and descended into Italy, defeating the Austrians at Marengo on the fourteenth of June, 1800. This has been considered one of his most brilliant victories, and, in conjunction with the victory gained by Moreau in the great battle of Hohenlinden, led Austria to sue for peace. Treaties were also made with most of the other European nations, and it seemed as if a universal cessation of hostilities was to take place. Bonaparte continued to devote his untiring energies to the advancement of France: his genius gave a new birth to the nation. Stupendous public works and buildings were carried forward to rapid completion—the resources of the country were developed—commerce was revived—the laws administered with justice and energy—the various administrative departments of the government were reformed, and the wounds of the reign of terror and of the more recent wars were fast healing. A general amnesty allowed all French emigrants who had been driven from their native land to return; and a new order of knighthood, known as the Legion of Honor, was established. On August third, 1802, Napoleon was proclaimed, by a decree of the Senate, Consul for life, which was confirmed by a popular sanction of some three millions of votes. He soon after inspired the Civil Code, which has ever since been the law of the nation; and established the College of France, the Lyceum, the Polytechnic, and other military schools.

England charged France with violating the treaty of Amiens—while she certainly violated its solemn stipulation to give up Egypt and Malta; and in a short time there was an open resumption of hostilities. ‘In coolly reviewing the circumstances,’ says Alison, ‘under which this contest was renewed, it is impossible to deny that the British government manifested a feverish anxiety to come

to a rupture, and that, so far as the two countries were concerned, they were the aggressors.' On March twenty-first, 1803, a *senatus consultum* placed one hundred and twenty thousand conscripts at Napoleon's command; while England also prepared for war, which she formally declared against France on May eighteenth, laying an embargo on all French vessels in her ports. France retaliated by a decree that all Englishmen found on her territory should be detained as prisoners of war; and sent an army to occupy the Electorate of Hanover, as belonging to Great Britain. Napoleon resolved to invade England; he collected a vast army and an enormous flotilla at Boulogne. and made the most herculean efforts to hasten and render perfect his preparations; but nothing came of it. 'Unforeseen circumstances,' as one of his biographers remarks, 'prevented his carrying out this project, which would have shaken the British throne to its foundations.'

A motion was made in the French Senate May, 1804, that Napoleon be made Emperor of the French with a right of succession to his family, and was carried by a large majority; a sanction was given by the people, when the question was being submitted to them, and on the eighteenth of the month the 'soldier of fortune' was consecrated by the Pope at the altar of Notre Dame, 'the high and mighty Napoleon First, Emperor of the French.' He was afterwards formally anointed king at Milan, Italy, in the midst of the most imposing pomp and ceremony. The summer of 1805 witnessed a gigantic coalition instigated by England, against the new emperor. Russia, Austria and Sweden joined with Great Britain, in declaring war. By September, the French forces were on the Rhine, and in November the emperor, after capturing Mack's army, entered Vienna. A month later he met the combined Russian and Austrian army on the plains of Olmutz. On December second, Napoleon won the victory at Austerlitz, the most glorious perhaps of all his great victories. The

allies were thoroughly routed; the Emperor of Austria made instant peace; while the Emperor of Muscovy withdrew into his own dominions. Pitt's heart was broken by Austerlitz, and his last intelligible words were: 'Oh, my country! How I leave my country!' It is related that on the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him. 'Sire,' said he, 'let me be shot. I have suffered my guns to be taken.' 'Young man,' was the reply, 'be consoled! Those who are conquered by my soldiers, may still have titles to glory.' Napoleon's speech after the battle is a *chef-d'œuvre* of military eloquence. He declares his satisfaction with his soldiers,—he walks through their ranks,—he reminds them of whom they have conquered, what they have done, and what will be said of them; but not one word does he utter concerning their chiefs. The emperor and the soldiers—France for a perspective—peace for a reward—and glory for a recollection! what a commencement and what a termination! 'Soldiers! I am satisfied with you: you have covered your eagles with glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the emperors of Russia and Austria, has been, in less than four hours, cut to pieces and dispersed: whoever has escaped your sword has been drowned in the lakes. Forty stands of colors, the standards of the Imperial Guard of Russia—one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty thousand prisoners, are the results of this day, forever celebrated. That infantry, so much boasted of, and in numbers so superior to you, could not resist your shock, and henceforth you have no longer any rival to fear. Soldiers! when the French people placed the imperial crown upon my head, I intrusted myself to you: I relied upon you to maintain it in the high splendor and glory which alone can give it value in my eyes. Soldiers! I will soon bring you back to France; there you will be the object of my most tender solicitude. It will be sufficient for you to

say '*I was at the battle of Austerlitz,*' in order that your countrymen may answer, '*Voilà un brave!*'

In 1806 Prussia joined the coalition against France and entered into active preparations for war. Napoleon, with characteristic celerity, instantaneously marched with a powerful army in the direction of Berlin. A few short weeks was destined to see

‘Prussia’s beam,  
Quench’d in Jena’s fatal stream.’

On the fourteenth of October Napoleon defeated the Prussians with dreadful slaughter at Jena, and the same day Davoust gained a victory at Auerstadt. By this double encounter, in which twenty thousand Prussians were killed, the strength of the monarchy was shattered. After occupying Berlin and all the principal fortresses, he issued from the Prussian capital the famous decree, declaring the British Islands in a state of blockade, the property of all British subjects lawful prize of war, etc. The emperor now drove back the Russians through Poland. In February, 1807, the two armies fought the indecisive battle of Eylau, in which both sides claimed the victory. These months later Napoleon took the fortress of Dantzic, and having been heavily re-enforced again marched against the Russians. June fourteenth was fought the battle of Friedland. On hearing the first gun the emperor exclaimed! ‘Soldiers! it is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo.’ The Russians were so fearfully beaten in this action that the Czar asked for an armistice. Napoleon and Alexander met for the first time on a raft in the middle of the river Niemen, and on July seventh, a treaty of peace was concluded at Tilsit. To this time Napoleon was free from the guilt of deluging Europe with blood, for his wars had been defensive. Sir William Napier says: ‘Up to the peace of Tilsit, the wars of France were essentially defensive; for the bloody contest that wasted the



Continent so many years, was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some accession of territory—nor for the political ascendancy of one or other nation—but a deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate—whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments.’

Portugal having disregarded the Berlin decree against England, a French army entered Lisbon November thirtieth, 1807, and in a few months Napoleon found a pretence for interfering in the affairs of Spain. Its capital was occupied by Murat, March twenty-third, 1808, and Joseph Bonaparte proclaimed King of Spain. A war was thus inaugurated which continued for seven years. During the first year of the Peninsula war occurred the memorable siege of Saragossa, where for six weeks Palafox made a most heroic resistance, rendering his name forever famous; and the defeat at Vemiera of Marshal Junot by Sir Arthur Wellesley, led to the Convention of Cintra, by which the French evacuated the territory of Portugal. Other armies having met with reverses, Napoleon hastened in person to Spain to redeem the disasters which had befallen his marshals. He defeated the Spaniards in several battles, and on December fourth entered Madrid, from which Joseph had been driven in August. Hastening to the north to encounter the British troops under Sir John Moore, he was suddenly compelled when within sight of their rear guard, which he saw from the heights behind Astorga, to hasten to Paris, owing to the threatening attitude of Austria. Soult was left in command, and on the fourteenth of January, 1808, fought the battle of Corunna, in which the lamented English commander was killed, and in accordance with his request, interred on the field of battle:—

‘No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.’

Austria, taking advantage of the emperor's absence in Spain, had sent forward large bodies of troops to take possession of the Tyrol and Italy, but within a few months Napoleon had completely routed their armies. April twenty-second\* he gained the victory of Eckmuhl, and on May thirteenth he entered the capital of the Austrian Empire for the second time. The French were defeated in the battle of Aspern, fought May twenty-first and twenty-second, and sustained a terrible loss in the death of Marshal Lannes. The emperor, forgetting his defeat and danger, rushed to the litter on which the dying hero was stretched, and embracing him, and bedewing his forehead with tears, uttered these untranslatable words: '*Lannes! que reconnais tu? C'est Bonaparte: C'est ton ami!*' On July sixth he avenged the Duke of Montebello's death and more than recovered all his losses by the astounding victory at Wagram. In this battle Napoleon equalled Condé and Prince Eugene in the reckless exposure of his person, riding his white horse backward and forward, for a whole hour, before his shattered lines, to keep them steady under the terrific fire of the Austrian artillery. The victory of Wagram again enabled Napoleon to dictate his own terms of peace to the House of Hapsburg.

The French Empire had now reached its greatest extent and highest glory: the emperor's brothers were all occupying thrones; Murat was king of Naples; to Sweden a king was given in the person of Marshal Bernadotte; and the emperor himself having been divorced from Josephine, who retired to Malmaison with a broken heart, was allied by marriage with one of the oldest and proudest dynasties of Europe. From this union there was born a son on March twentieth, 1811, who was proclaimed, in his cradle, King of Rome. He is also known in history as the Duke of Reichstadt and Napoleon the Second. The commencement of the year 1812 witnessed the most gigantic preparations for war on the part of France and Russia. Napoleon

assembled on the frontiers of Poland a grand army of half a million of men, while Alexander collected three hundred thousand Russians on the banks of the Neimen, to oppose the invasion of his dominions. The campaign began on the twenty-fourth of June, the enemy falling back step by step before the French advance towards Moscow. September sixth, both armies halted at the small village of Borodino, and on the morning following began the bloodiest battle of modern times—one thousand cannon being used in the terrific conflict. Darkness fell on a field covered with ninety-thousand killed and wounded. On the fifteenth, Napoleon entered the ancient capital of Russia. It was but a smouldering volcano, which soon burst forth and left Moscow a heap of blackened ruins. A month later all attempts at reconciliation having failed, the irresistible soldier confessed himself at last beaten, by ordering a retreat of the French army. We will draw a veil over the terrible sufferings of his army, almost annihilated by the remorseless pursuit of the Russians—by the constant and harassing attacks of the wild Cossacks—and by cold and starvation. But the iron-willed emperor's spirit was still unsubdued, and though his legions were melting away like the snow in spring-time, he was already forming magnificent plans for the future, as he moved along through the Russian deserts, with the Old Guard reduced to a few thousands, closing round him as they marched past a Russian battery and singing their favorite air, 'Where can a father be so well as in the bosom of his family.'

The Emperor no sooner reached France than he ordered new conscriptions, and in the spring of 1813, advanced to meet the allied forces of a coalition formed against him consisting of England, Prussia, Spain, Sweden and Russia. On the plains of Lutzen, where Gustavus Adolphus fell, Napoleon defeated the allies May second, and again joined battle with them at Bautzen on the twenty-first and twenty-second. From August twenty-fourth to twenty-seventh,

a terrible carnage raged round the city of Dresden, which though favorable to the French, was indecisive, owing to their want of cavalry to take advantage of their success. After an equally savage conflict at Leipsic, Napoleon was compelled to retreat, and crossed the Rhine with but eighty thousand men. Hurrying to Paris with a fertility of resource unparalleled in history, and a genius for combination which was almost miraculous, he was prepared in less than three months to enter upon another campaign. The indomitable emperor, surrounded by overwhelming numbers, still dazzled Europe with his victories; but yet his superhuman exertions were of no avail, the allies succeeded as the Germans did in 1870, in reaching Paris, which capitulated and opened its gates to their armies March thirty-first, 1814. On the eleventh of April the senate of France having declared that, 'by arbitrary acts and violations of the constitution,' Napoleon had forfeited the crown, and his marshals having said he ought to abdicate, he signed the surrender of power. The day following, deserted like the unfortunate James Second, by his friends and even by his own family, the wretched emperor swallowed poison. To Caulaincourt, who found him in convulsions when he entered his room, he said, 'I am about to die. I recommend to you my wife and son;—defend my memory. I could no longer endure life. The desertion of my old companions in arms has broken my heart.' He however recovered, and the next day before his departure for Elba, of which he was allowed the sovereignty with a revenue of above a million of dollars, took leave at Fontainebleau of his Old Guard. Passing into their midst as he had been in the habit of doing when he pitched his tent in their squares, he said: 'For twenty years I have ever found you in the path of honor and glory. Adieu, my children: I would I were able to press you all to my heart—but I will at least press your eagle.' And so he clasped the general in his

arms, kissed the eagle, and disappeared amid the sobs of those stout old soldiers.

The position of Napoleon at Elba, within sight of Italy and within a few days sail of France, was most favorable for intrigues with both countries. A constant correspondence was carried on and a vast conspiracy was soon formed, having for its object Napoleon's return to France. On the night of February twenty-sixth, 1815, after a brilliant *fête* given to the inhabitants of Ferrajo, he embarked on board the brig *Inconstant* and sailed, accompanied by six smaller vessels and about one thousand of his Old Guard, for the French coast. Landing at Cannes and marching by the mountain road towards Grenoble, Napoleon was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm; when one of the regiments sent to oppose him hesitated, he with a remarkable instinct sprang from his horse and unbuttoning the breast of his gray surtout, laid bare his breast, while he advanced towards them alone and said: 'Here is your emperor; if any one would kill his general, let him fire!' words which as by an electric shock, awakened old associations in the hearts of the soldiers. They threw themselves at his feet, embracing his knees, with tears of joy, and shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* Colonel Labodoyer followed with his regiment, and Napoleon entered Grenoble amid the acclamations of the troops and the people. Here he formally resumed the sovereignty of France, by ordering that all public acts should henceforth run in his name; while his proclamations thrilled every heart with emotion: 'Soldiers, in my exile I have heard your voice! Come and range yourselves under the standards of your old chief, who was raised to the throne on your bucklers, and has no existence but in yours. Victory will march at charge-stép; the eagle, with the national colors, will fly from steeple to steeple, till it alights on the towers of Notre Dame.'

While the French Government affected to make light



of the danger, and spoke of its ability to destroy the invader, he was moving on towards Paris, and it was soon made manifest that the Bourbons had no hold upon the hearts of the people. Marshal Ney, sent to destroy him, had hardly quitted Paris before Bonaparte began to ply him with those arts he knew so well how to use, and at Lyons 'the bravest of the brave' forgot his duty, his honor, and joined the standard of his old master. By the magic of his name Napoleon won the empire back again, entered Paris almost alone and took quiet possession of the Tuileries, deserted by Louis the Eighteenth. When the news of his landing reached the Congress of Vienna, then in session, they instantly set their armies in motion for the French frontiers. Napoleon, hastily reorganizing the government, prepared for the impending struggle. He sent pacific letters to all the powers of Europe, but he did not for a moment intermit his preparations for war. Every soldier absent upon furlough, every officer retired upon half-pay, as well as all the prisoners recently restored to France, to the number of one hundred thousand—all veterans—hastened to join the army. In three months the emperor had a force of four hundred thousand men ready for the field, and having resolved to attack the Anglo-Prussian troops in Belgium, before the overwhelming Russian and Austrian armies should come up, advanced by the Sambre at the point of junction between Blücher and Wellington, hoping by celerity of movement to destroy each in detail. On June sixteenth he defeated the Prussians at Ligny after an obstinate resistance of five hours; but Ney, who had been sent to carry the strategetic point of Quatre Bras held by the Prince of Orange, failed to act with his accustomed promptness, and gave Wellington time to bring up heavy reinforcements.

On the night of the sixteenth the Prussians retreated in good order to Wavre; and the English at Quatre Bras, when they learned of Blücher's defeat, fell back on the

morning of the seventeenth to Waterloo, where by a previous arrangement made between the two commanders, Blücher was, if defeated, to join Wellington with the least possible delay. Napoleon, instead of instantly falling upon the English army, lost the whole morning of the seventeenth, and about noon, after detaching Marshal Grouchy with thirty-four thousand men to follow up the enemy, marched with the main body of his army towards Waterloo. The hours lost at Ligny were fatal, for he came up with Wellington when the day was too far spent to give battle. Both armies bivouacked for the night on the open field, and as the weary soldiers lay upon the wet earth, or among the dripping corn-fields, under heavy rain, with thunder, lightning, and violent gusts of wind, they longed for the morrow—that morrow which was to close upon a dreadful field of battle, stained with the blood of twenty-five thousand killed and wounded men. The final hour at length arrived, the battle of Waterloo was fiercely waged during that long eighteenth of June, and when the English army seemed almost lost, Blücher appeared, the tide was turned, the French were not only beaten but routed, flying from the field crying, ‘*Tout est perdu, sauve qui peut.*’ Napoleon had one regiment of the Old Guard left, and with this thrown into a square, and a few pieces of cannon, he endeavored to form a rallying point for the fugitives: but it was of no avail, and he expressed his determination to die within the square, but was hurried off the field by his chief of staff, Marshal Soult, the Guard covering his retreat. This noble phalanx were soon surrounded and called upon to surrender. ‘The Guard dies, but never surrenders,’\* is the reply popularly attributed to General Cambronne; and with one last shout of *Vive l’Empereur*, they charged upon the enemy, and perished almost to a man. ‘That

\* The surrender of the whole Imperial Guard (sixteen thousand strong) at Metz, forms an awkward comment on *La garde meurt et ne se rend pas.*

glorious immolation,' says Brialmont, 'consoles to this day, the French people for the most terrible disaster which their arms ever sustained.' In reference to the charges brought against Grouchy, who has been charged with being a traitor, it is only necessary to quote the language of his countryman Thiers, who says, 'Nothing can extenuate the fault of Marshal Grouchy, except his former services, which were real, and his intentions, which were loyal and devoted.' His defense of himself is less happy. While in New York when asked, 'How is it, Marshal Grouchy, that you did not, when you heard the heavy cannonading at Waterloo, leave Blücher and march thither?' he replied, 'Why, you see, if I had, Blücher might have marched on Paris!' The idea of the Prussians marching on the French capital with Napoleon in their rear, was too absurd even for the politeness of his friends, who could not refrain from smiling at his imbecility. If Grouchy had marched without orders when the firing was heard at Waterloo, as Desaix did at Marengo, the current of the world's history would not have been reversed—a drawn battle and a short respite were we think the utmost that his timely arrival could have gained for Napoleon.

At Waterloo, as at Moscow and Leipsic, the emperor resolved to win or lose all, and allowed no *tertium quid*. He forced up his fortune to the last moment as Hannibal is said to have done at Zama. Thiers remarks that, 'as for this battle (Waterloo), no one can deny that the plan and the execution were all that could be expected of a consummate commander.' But the fates were against him and the end had come. Napoleon hurried to Paris, and on the twenty-second of June, just one hundred days after his resumption of power, he signed a second abdication of the throne of France in favor of his son, and fled to the coast with the purpose of embarking for the United States. Finding on his arrival at Rochefort, that there was little chance of his escaping the British cruisers, he

voluntarily surrendered himself to Captain Maitland of the *Bellerophon*. The British Government ordered his detention as a prisoner of war, and consigned him for life to the island of St. Helena. He was landed at his place of imprisonment October sixteenth, 1815, and remained on the inhospitable rock in the midst of the ocean for six years, occupying a portion of his time in dictating memoirs of his life. We can imagine him on his island prison exclaiming in the words of that most eloquent valedictory :—

‘ Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue ! O farewell !  
Farewell the mighty steed and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner ; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war !’

One of the officers who guarded Napoleon, the writer’s friend Captain Lahrbush, formerly of the Sixtieth British Rifles, now (1874) upwards of one hundred, is still living to relate anecdotes of the great commander, and his opponent the Duke of Wellington, under whom the old soldier served throughout the Peninsular war, receiving at the battle of Busaco a souvenir from a French cuirassier, in the form of a blow on the scone from his sabre, the mark of which is still visible, although the frosts of sixty-four winters have silvered his hair since he was left for dead on that bloody field.

On the night of May twenty-first, 1821, Napoleon ceased to live. His spirit took its departure, like Cromwell’s, amid a terrible storm, and the last words that he uttered in his delirium as his friends hung over his dying bed, were *Tête d’armée*. On the eighth of May, his remains were interred under some weeping willows, near a fountain, but twenty years later his ashes were removed to France, where they now repose, beneath a magnificent monument, in the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris.

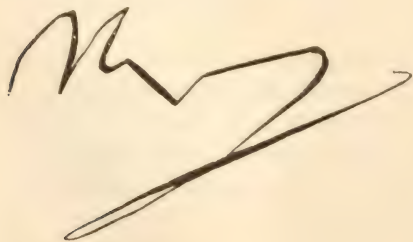
Napoleon left one son, in whose favor he abdicated

after the terrible 'pounding match' at Waterloo, as Wellington described it. He was proclaimed in 1815, as Napoleon II., but the young prince never assumed the title, inasmuch as the abdication in his favor was never admitted by the allies, nor was it ever claimed by the French Government. He was educated by his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, but was cut off by consumption before he had reached an age at which he might have displayed any abilities that he possessed. In 1852, when the resumption of the empire by Louis Napoleon rendered some title necessary, the new emperor took that of Napoleon III. The latter having been recognized by the nations of Europe, the right of Napoleon François to the title of Napoleon II. is implied.

Josephine's divorce was urged by the Bonaparte family, and by such statesmen as Fouché and Talleyrand, for the sake of an heir to the throne, and the consolidation of the new dynasty; and when resolved upon, she meekly retired to Malmaison, and was succeeded by the Austrian bride of her husband. Before her departure, she drew Napoleon to the window, and pointing to the sky, said, prophetically; 'Like those two stars we have risen together, and separated we shall fall!' On the fourth of April, 1814, Josephine's prediction was fulfilled, and on the twenty-ninth of the month following she breathed her last in the arms of her children. Like her husband, she was born for empire; and he, however blinded by dynastic ambition, must have lived to feel that her divorce was as mistaken in policy as it was indefensible in principle, and cruel in the execution. It is singular and only poetical justice to add that Josephine, after all, should have given an heir to Napoleon in the person of her grandson, Napoleon the III., who in the year 1867 erected a beautiful statue of the Empress Josephine in the boulevard bearing her name, and leading to the buildings of the great Paris Exhibition.



The illustration which appears as the frontispiece of this volume is taken from Gerard's portrait of the unsurpassed military genius, who was also one of the greatest of painters through the medium of language, as well as the first of poets by deed and action, and is the one that he himself preferred to all others. The late Emperor expressed to the writer at Chiselhurst, a few months before his death, his admiration of Gerard's noble counterfeit presentment of that extraordinary man—that Great Captain whose presence on a field of battle was said by his adversary Wellington to be worth a reinforcement of fifty thousand men—that idolized Chief, whose eloquence on the field has no example in history. The same instinct of improvisation which prompted so many of his strategical evolutions, was manifested in his language and sentiments. He gained this knowledge from no teacher, for he never had a mentor, nor did he derive it from experience, for he had not the years. He had it as a gift. According to Buckle he was one of the three men of modern times who could command an army and govern a nation—the others being Oliver Cromwell and George Washington.



## GENERAL SCOTT.

'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth give his valor  
To act in safety.

SHAKESPEARE.

**I**T is difficult to believe that Winfield Scott, who was among us so recently—one whom we looked upon as a contemporary—was really a prominent actor in the early days of the Republic, and, as one of the heroes of the second war with Great Britain, was on terms of intimacy with many of the leading men of the Revolution. To tell the story of his life—a life protracted to fourscore years—is to describe nearly all that is glorious in the military annals of our country, from the commencement of the war of 1812 to the beginning of the late Rebellion. For more than half a century he was one of the foremost men of the land, and at the close of the war with Mexico, he was ranked among the greatest living Captains. His name and fame were as familiar in Europe as those of Lord Raglan, Napier, Moltke and McMahon, are now to us. His life extended over the whole history of the United States under the Constitution, and it was truly said of him that he was the bodily presence of his country's history. Few men have while living attained so wide a popularity, and been so firmly enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen as Winfield Scott,—Brevet Lieutenant-General in the army of the United States, fifty-two years one of its major-generals, and twenty-three years its commander-in-chief. To borrow the words applied to another great soldier and statesman, 'when we consider the fulness of his years, and the abun-

dance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, '*Satis diu vixisse dicito*,' since being mortal, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her insuperable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on that honored head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms, and the last counsels of his age, until by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century, became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carried with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements. To what a century, to what a country, to what achievements was that life successfully dedicated !'

Winfield Scott—most appropriately named, for he never lost a battle—was a native of Virginia, having been born near Petersburg, on the thirteenth of June, 1786, the year of the Great Frederick's death. He was the grandson of an adherent of Prince Charles Edward, who fled to America from the bloody field of Culloden, where the Pretender's cause was lost, and the son of Captain William Scott, an officer of the army of the Revolution. His preparatory studies having been completed in part, under the learned and eccentric James Ogilvie, afterward Earl of Finlater, he entered William and Mary College, where he remained about two years. He studied law in the office of David Robertson; in 1806 was admitted to the bar; and in the autumn months of the year following proceeded to Charleston, South Carolina, to practice his profession. The failure to procure from the legislature a special exemption from the general law requiring practitioners to have a year's residence in the State, defeated the object in view, and not improbably turned the whole current of his career; although it may be doubted from his subsequent life, whether the inclinations of young Scott qualified him for the duties and labors of the legal profession. His

mind was naturally adapted to a more vigorous and active life. On his return to the north, after his visit to Charleston, the country was in the midst of the political excitement which attended renewed difficulties with England, and the enactment of the embargo law. Scott, who had during the summer of 1807, when hostilities with Great Britain seemed imminent, ridden twenty-five miles by night as soon as he heard the call for volunteers, and appeared on parade in the ranks of the Petersburg dragoons next morning in a borrowed uniform, now hastened to Washington and applied for a commission in one of the new regiments about to be raised.

In April, 1808, a bill was passed by Congress authorizing the increase of the regular army by the addition of eight new regiments; and on the third of the next month, Scott received a commission as captain of light artillery. He recruited his company in Petersburg and Richmond, and was sent with it to join the command of General Wilkinson in Louisiana. Young, frank, ardent and bold, and cordially detesting Wilkinson, whom he regarded as a traitor and an accomplice in the treason of Aaron Burr; Scott, with the hot-headed contempt of consequences, which was a strong characteristic of the man through life, publicly expressed his opinion of the commanding general. At a public table he said: 'I never saw but two traitors, and these were Burr and Wilkinson.' The consequence was a Court of Inquiry, partly into this matter, and partly into a technical irregularity in his own accounts, involving, however, no personal dishonor. He was found guilty, and sentenced to suspension from rank, pay and emolument for one year. The sentence was a severe one, and its effect upon the popular mind was to make the young captain to be regarded as a martyr to military discipline; and soon after his sentence he was entertained by leading citizens and army officers at a handsome public dinner in testimony of their appreciation of his character. The

period of Scott's suspension he employed under the roof of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, in studying law and in reading works on military science. 'Should war come at last,' he wrote during this interval, 'who knows but that I may yet write my history with my sword?' Very soon after rejoining his company he was assigned to a position on the staff of General Wade-Hampton, grandfather of the confederate cavalry leader, who had relieved Wilkinson, 'that unprincipled imbecile,' as Scott used to call him, of the command of the New Camp of the United States Army near Natchez, on the Mississippi.

The repeated insults offered to the American flag by Great Britain, through her cruisers, at length led to a declaration of war. The proclamation was issued in June, 1812, and in July, Captain Scott was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Artillery; and with the companies of Barker and Towson hastened to the Niagara frontier. He took post at Black Rock, near Buffalo, charged with the duty of protecting the navy-yard established there. The expedition planned against Queenstown Heights was carried into execution October thirteenth, 1812. Here he witnessed his first battle. Early on that morning Scott arrived at Lewiston by a forced march from Black Rock, having offered his services in the proposed movement. They were declined, the arrangements having been already completed; but permission was given him to post his command at Lewiston, and act according to the requirement of circumstances. He placed his batteries on the bank of the Niagara river, near the present Suspension Bridge. The Americans crossed, but their gallant efforts were unequal to the superior number of the enemy. It was just after every commissioned officer of our forces had fallen on the field dead or wounded, that Colonel Scott arrived and assumed command. He was dressed in full uniform, and standing six feet five inches, with his magnificent presence and martial bearing, at once infused new courage



into the troops. Standing in front of his little army, he thus addressed them: 'The enemy's balls begin to thin our ranks. His numbers are overwhelming. In a moment the shock must come, and there is no retreat. We are in the beginning of a national war. Hull's surrender is to be redeemed. Let us then die, arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Those who follow will avenge our fall and their country's wrongs. *Who dare to stand?*' 'ALL!' was the emphatic response.

The engagement was one of the most desperate recorded of that miserable war; and although it ended in the defeat of the American forces, who were vastly outnumbered, the victory of the enemy was dearly purchased. They lost their gallant leader, the brave General Brock, to whom a beautiful monument was erected in 1860, on the spot where he fell. In the battle, Scott's lofty stature and personal daring rendered him a prominent mark for the Indian sharp-shooters, who, as in the instance recorded in the career of Washington, exerted their skill to the utmost to bring him down, but without success. When urged by several of his officers before the battle began to change his dress, he smiled and said, 'No, gentlemen, I will die, if I must, in my robes.' Failing in open conflict on the field to destroy him, two Indians gained access to his prison, after his surrender, and endeavored to murder him, but were foiled by his great agility and strength, until he was rescued from the savages by the timely arrival of an English officer.

Scott's bravery on the heights of Queenstown was recognized after his exchange by his promotion to the position of adjutant-general and chief-of-staff to General Dearborn. In May, 1813, he led the attack against Fort George, where he was severely wounded, and was knocked from his horse, but soon recovering, forced the gate and with his own hands pulled down the British flag, hoisting in its place the stars and stripes. Colonel Porter had

dashed forward to perform the same service, when finding he had been anticipated, he said: 'Confound your long legs, Scott! you have got in before me.' Among other engagements in which he bore a brilliant part in this campaign, was the descent upon Toronto—then known as York—in July, and the capture of Fort Matilda on the St. Lawrence. In March, 1814, he was made a brigadier-general, and early in April joined General Brown on his march to the Niagara frontier. Almost immediately after their arrival at Buffalo, Brown was called to Sackett's Harbor, and left Scott in command, with orders to establish there a camp of instruction.

The good effects of General Scott's labors were strikingly displayed at the battle of Chippewa, fought July fifth, 1814, when after a long series of disasters, the American arms gained a signal victory, small in itself, but most important in its moral effect, and wrung from the enemy the written acknowledgment of 'the important fact that we (the British) have now got an enemy who fights as bravely as ourselves.' Scott, by his decision, dauntless courage and impetuosity, gained a victory over equal if not superior numbers of England's best troops—veterans who had been pitted against the French in the Peninsula. As Scott led a battalion to the charge against the British right, he called out loudly: 'The enemy say that we are good at long shot, but cannot stand the cold iron; I call upon the Eleventh instantly to give the lie to that slander! *Charge!*' The men who had defeated Massena and Soult in Spain were beaten and driven from the field before the arrival of the reserve under General Brown. By this victory, which the commanding officer generously acknowledged was due to Scott, he added another leaf to the chaplet which was one day to adorn his brow. 'Brigadier-General Scott is entitled to the highest praise our country can bestow. His brigade covered itself with glory,' is the language of the commander in his official report.

After this came Scott's brilliant achievement at Niagara, which won for him his title of the Hero of Lundy's Lane, by which he was popularly known to the country. The battle began about an hour before sunset on the twenty-fifth of July, and continued with unabated fury for several hours. At nine o'clock the enemy's centre alone remained firm, being posted on a ridge, and supported by nine pieces of artillery, which caused great carnage in the American ranks. 'Can you take that battery?' said Scott to Colonel James Miller. 'I'll try,' was the gallant fellow's curt reply. The guns were soon in our possession; and before midnight the renowned veterans of England were again driven from the battle-field by the Americans, whom they had boastfully threatened to drive from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. Scott was borne from the glorious field, near the close of the engagement, with two wounds, and after having had several horses killed under him.

He was taken to Buffalo, and thence to Williamsville, where he was placed in the charge of good nurses, under the same roof with the wounded British commander. For weeks his life was despaired of. In September, Philadelphia and Baltimore were threatened; and Scott, although still an invalid, was requested to take command of the troops assembled for the defence of those cities. Accompanied by his aide, the late General Worth, he proceeded to Philadelphia, the Governor of Pennsylvania marching out at the head of the militia to receive him.

For his distinguished gallantry at Chippewa and Niagara, or, as it is more frequently called, Lundy's Lane, Scott was promoted to the rank of major-general. When, in 1812, he was recommended to the President for a lieutenant-colonelcy, Madison objected on the ground of his youth, but at last yielded; and when his name was presented for the commission of a brigadier-general at the close of the campaign of 1813, the President made the

same objection, but a second time yielded the point. When Scott's friends, after his two victories had crowned the American army with glory, again presented his name to Mr. Madison for promotion, the President replied: 'Put him down a major-general; I have done with objections to his youth. He was then but twenty-eight years old. But this was not all. He received the thanks of Congress, and in 'testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of his distinguished services in the successive conflicts of Chippewa and Niagara, and of his uniform gallantry and good conduct in sustaining the high reputation of the arms of the United States,' he was awarded a gold medal.

When the City Bank of New York was robbed of a large amount of bullion, this medal, which General Scott had deposited there for safe-keeping, was left. All else of value had been taken. Some years afterward the old hero caught a rascal in the act of robbing him of his purse. The thief was put in custody, and placed in the same cell with the robber of the City Bank, who reproached his light-fingered comrade for robbing the general. 'When I took the money,' said he, 'from the bank, I saw and well knew the value of that medal; but I scorned to take from the soldier what had been given him by the gratitude of his country.'

Peace having been declared between the United States and Great Britain in 1815, the position of secretary of war was offered to General Scott, but declined, as he was still suffering from his wounds. After assisting in reducing the army to the peace establishment, he was ordered to Europe, for the restoration of his shattered health and for professional improvement. He was also instructed with an important diplomatic mission, which he executed in such a manner as to elicit a letter of thanks from the State Department, by order of the President. Scott sailed July ninth, 1815, before the news of the battle of Waterloo had reached the United States. That great event burst upon

him on his arrival at Liverpool, together with the astounding fact that Napoleon was a prisoner of war in an English port. He was in Paris during its occupation by the allied armies of half a million of men, and saw, as well as made the acquaintance of, many of the great Captains then in the French capital, with whom he discussed the principles of his profession. He was present at several reviews attended by his aide-de-camp, and mounted on a magnificent black charger fully seventeen hands high, was the most majestic of all the group of crowned heads, field-m Marshals and generals, who were grouped around Wellington, the commander-in-chief. He 'o'er-topped them all,' and like Saul, 'from his shoulder and upward he was higher than any of the people.' The writer's friend, William Bayard, of New York, who saw him on one of these occasions, tells us that Scott refused to uncover as the French troops marched past, so great was his feeling of contempt for soldiers who would take part in such a spectacle with the invaders of their country. After spending a week with General Lafayette at La Grange, he returned to England.

While Scott was a member of the Petersburg troop, he was posted with a small detachment near Lynn, Haven Bay, to observe a point near the anchorage of the British squadron, and where it was supposed they might attempt a landing for water and provisions. As was expected, a boat's crew, consisting of two midshipmen and six sailors, made a descent on the shore near Scott's position (he being in charge as 'lance corporal'). Scott captured them all, and was awarded the exclusive custody of his prisoners. The next day he entertained the two midshipmen at dinner with his own men, who were all, like himself, young lawyers, planters, or merchants. The scions of English aristocracy were astonished to find a private in the American service doing the honors of his military table with the courtesy of a gentleman. When Scott was in London, he met one of his former captives (then Captain Fox of the



Royal Navy) at Holland House. Fox asked to be presented, and opened the conversation by apologizing for the supposition that the Major-General Scott then before him, who had won such distinction in the war with England, *could* be the private soldier whose prisoner he had been but a few years before; but, said Fox, 'the name, the height, the bearing, exclude all doubt.'

Dining on another occasion at Holland House, Captain Maitland, who received Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*, asked Scott 'if the Americans continued to build line-of-battle ships, and to call them frigates?' The general replied to his offensive remark by saying, 'We have borrowed a great many excellent things from the mother country, and some that discredit both parties—among the latter is the practice in question. Thus when you took from France the *Guerriere*, she mounted forty-nine guns, and you instantly rated her as a thirty-six gun frigate; but when we captured her from you, we found on board the same number, forty-nine guns!' 'General Scott,' said the Earl of Lauderdale, 'I am delighted with your reply to my kinsman. Please take a glass of wine with me.'

Scott returned from Europe in 1816, and in 1817 was married to Miss Maria Mayo, of Richmond, Va., who died a few years since in Rome, by whom he left three married daughters, and several grandchildren. With the exception of the publication of his 'General Regulations for the Army,' in 1825; 'Infantry Tactics,' in 1835; and a series of difficulties with General Jackson and others, which threatened to come to hostile meetings, he did nothing to bring himself into notice until the outbreak of the Indian troubles in the west, in 1832. He was sent to Illinois in command of an army, but had no opportunity of fighting. He however distinguished himself in another and nobler manner. During the passage from Buffalo to Chicago with about a thousand troops, the cholera broke out with such terrible violence, that on one vessel, on

board of which were two hundred and twenty men, no less than one hundred and thirty cases of cholera and fifty deaths occurred in six days. On his arrival at the Mississippi River from Chicago, then a frontier village of less than three hundred inhabitants, the same fearful pestilence made its appearance, causing dreadful havoc among the troops. Nothing could exceed the kindness and delicate care with which Scott attended to the sufferers, fearlessly exposing himself to the contagion in his all-absorbing desire to alleviate the misery and suffering by which he was surrounded.

Soon after the termination of the Black-Hawk war, General Scott was sent to South Carolina, which then threatened the country with the civil war inaugurated by her in 1861, and by his prudence and firmness saved the country from the horrors of an intestine struggle. In 1835 he was ordered to Florida, but was soon recalled and sent to the Creek country. His campaign here, too, was brief, and was closed by a Court of Inquiry, which terminated in his favor. He attributed the summoning of this court to the personal spite of his old enemy, President Jackson. Following the regular course of events, we next find him consummating his successful mission to the Canada frontier, then greatly excited by the burning of the Caroline in 1837; superintending the removal of the Cherokee Indians, in which he displayed both energy and humanity; and settling, by his judicious course, the North-eastern Boundary disputes, which threatened to embroil us in war with Great Britain. In 1841, on the death of General Maccomb, Scott became Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the United States.

The crowning success of Winfield Scott's career was his glorious achievements during the Mexican war, which elicited the highest praise from Wellington, and placed him among the Great Captains of the present century. The march of Alexander to the Indus, of Marlborough

to the Danube, of Napoleon to Moscow, or of Sherman to the sea, were not more marvellous than Scott's triumphant campaign from Vera Cruz to the halls of the Montezumas with his little band of heroes. Following in the footsteps of Cortez, he fought his way to the capital of a nation numbering eight millions of inhabitants, with a less number of muskets than Hancock's corps mustered on the morning of the battle of the Wilderness, and entered the city of Mexico at the head of six thousand men. The military critics of the London Times spoke of Scott and his army, one half of which was composed of volunteers, with undisguised contempt, predicting the most disastrous failure, and pronouncing the *dictum* that the Mexican capital was impregnable against forces threefold greater than those with which Scott was undertaking the campaign.

The American translator of Jomini's Grand Military Operations, says in his preface:—'General Scott disposed of Santa Anna at Cerro Gordo very much as Frederick the Great did Daun at Leuthen; he turned his position, attacking first nearest to his line of retreat, and engaging somewhat in the oblique order, proving himself a great commander. So at Contreras, and likewise at Cherubusco, as soon as the enemy's position was defined; and so with a climax of skill and judgment at the city of Mexico, in changing the line of operations from the side of El-Pévon to that of Coyacan!' The occupation of the city of Mexico virtually ended the war, and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed March second, 1848. Having attained the object of his campaign, the American leader was so generous a conqueror, that after he had occupied the Mexican capital for a few weeks, he was invited to remain as President, Protector, King, or even Emperor, if he chose.

General Scott, of course, received a succession of popular ovations on his return to the United States. The Senate and House of Representatives presented him

with a joint resolution of thanks. A motion was repeatedly introduced to confer upon him the brevet rank of lieutenant-general, but the persistent opposition of Jefferson Davis defeated it, and Scott did not receive this merited recognition of his noble services until 1855. The rank, in his commission, dated from March twenty-ninth, 1847. George Washington, Winfield Scott, Ulysses S. Grant, William T. Sherman and Philip H. Sheridan have been the only recipients of this military grade since the foundation of the Republic.

He was a candidate for nomination in the Whig Presidential Convention of 1848, but General Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista, was preferred to Scott. Four years later, he received the nomination, but was defeated by Franklin Pierce. In 1859, serious differences as to the boundary line of the United States and British America, through the Straits of Fuca, having arisen, and a disputed military possession occurring, he was sent to that distant locality, where he happily established a satisfactory state of affairs, and settled the difficulty into which the impetuous and high-spirited Harney had brought us. His counsel in peace was prized as highly as his leadership in war; and his love of peace, his moderation, and his single-hearted devotion to the true honor of his country, regardless of its military glory, have more than once saved the United States from the scourge of a foreign war, in which Scott would have been the principal figure, and which would have been accepted almost with enthusiasm. The late Rebellion found Scott still in command of the army, and every inducement was offered him by the South to join their cause; but his loyalty, like Farragut's, was proof against them, and he unhesitatingly threw the weight of his great reputation on the side of the Union and the government. In reply to a commissioner from Virginia, who tendered him, in behalf of that commonwealth, the command of her forces in the coming struggle, he said: 'I have served my country under

the flag of the Union for more than fifty years, and so long as God permits me to live I will defend that flag with my sword, even if my own native State assails it.' As early as October, 1860, Scott urged President Buchanan to garrison the Southern forts, and he repeatedly begged leave to send such troops as he could reach to Charleston, Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans.

General Scott on the breaking out of the war urged wise precautions to prevent the avowed withdrawal of the eleven seceding States from the Union; secured the safe inauguration of President Lincoln; the defence of the National Capital; the organization of the army; and its establishment upon the strategic points of the country. He continued at the head of the army, but too infirm to undertake an active campaign in the field, until October thirty-first, 1861, when he addressed an application to the Secretary of War requesting to be retired. 'For more than three years,' said the old hero, 'I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount my horse or walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities, dropsy and vertigo, admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man.' The next day the President and all the members of the Cabinet waited on the general at his residence, when Mr. Lincoln read the order relieving him, and conveying to him expressions of sadness and deep emotion at his withdrawal from the active control of the army. By special act of Congress he retained his full pay and allowances.

‘Not like the famous warriors of the world,  
Goes back to civic life our captain now,  
Sheathing his sword that he may guide the plough,  
Till war's red banners be again unfurled !  
Not when his country needs his arm no more  
Quits he the field, but when she needs it most,  
Too worn and old to lead her patriot host,



And lead it on to victory as before !  
Faint with the glorious wounds of Lundy's Lane,  
(Wounds half the century old !) broken with years,  
And bowed with sorrow for his weeping land,  
What could he do that would not be in vain ?  
Nothing but turn and with a soldier's tears  
Submit his good sword to a younger hand !'

An eye-witness relates that one of the last occasions on which the general appeared before his departure from Washington, was at a Saturday afternoon instrumental concert in the White House grounds by the Marine Band. It was Mr. Lincoln's habit to appear for half an hour or so on the southern portico of the executive mansion during these concerts. Happening to be there on this afternoon with some friends of the president, I was included in the invitation to accompany him to the portico. We had been there a quarter of an hour, perhaps, when one of the servants came to say that General Scott was at the door. The president immediately went to meet him and returned with the lieutenant-general, in full uniform, leaning on his arm. It was a sight worth something to see. The crowd in front of the house saw it, was hushed in reverence a moment, and then broke out into a hearty hurrah and clapping of hands. The general stepped to the front and raised his chapeau in acknowledgment. At this instant the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief,' while the people continued their plaudits. 'You have a great many young generals, Mr. President,' said he, turning to Mr. Lincoln, 'but they *don't* forget the old general yet, do they?' with a motion toward the people and a decided emphasis on 'don't,' as if he had turned the question over and over in his mind. 'We could spare a hundred of them better than we could him,' answered Mr. Lincoln, as he supported the hero to a chair. 'I thank you, Mr. President—I thank you,' said the general, in conclusion. Were there tears in his eyes? At least there were in the eyes of several of the persons who stood near.

General Scott sailed for Europe early in November, with the hope of benefiting his health. He took passage in the steamer *Arago* for Havre. When they reached Southampton, it was ascertained that the *Nashville* was lying at that port, waiting to follow and capture the *Arago*. This report brought the old soldier upon deck, and it is said he seemed quite equal to the action for which he promptly prepared the ship, on board of which were a cannon and a number of muskets and pistols. But the Confederate cruiser did not follow, and General Scott lost the opportunity of gaining a naval victory, or at least, of fighting a battle at sea. Within a week after his arrival at Paris, came the news of the capture of Mason and Slidell, and of England's preparations for war. Though he had an audience-day appointed with the emperor, General Scott, with the alacrity which always characterized his action, returned home in the same steamer that took him to France, for the purpose of using his influence with the Administration in the cause of peace. His years and infirmities—his desire for rest, were all forgotten by the noble old soldier, and he only remembered that his country needed and was entitled to his services.

During the years which followed, his advice was frequently sought by those in authority, and the President once went to West Point to counsel with him. In November, 1864, he published his autobiography, which, as he said to the writer, 'seemed to have excited the ire of the English.' Among the autobiographies left by men of mark, whose lives have had a national and even world-wide influence, few will eclipse Scott's in its varied and entertaining incidents. By Americans it must ever be regarded with interest. Among the writer's most cherished literary souvenirs is a copy of this work which he received from the author, containing these words, 'For Colonel Grant Wilson, Aide-de-camp, etc., with the kind regards of Winfield Scott. New York, November fifteenth, 1864.

In December, 1865, Scott visited the South, and spent a portion of the winter at Key West, Florida, and in New Orleans. On his return to the North, the general remained a few weeks in New York, and then went to West Point, always his favorite summer resort. There it was that he received the Prince of Wales and his party; there also the President spent several hours with him during the dark days of the Republic; and there, too, occurred the memorable interview between Scott and Grant, at which transpired the beautiful incident—a gift ‘from the oldest to the greatest general.’ Our venerable friend was not perhaps aware how closely he was treading in the path of Frederick the Great, who sent Washington a sword with the inscription, ‘From the oldest general in the world, to the greatest.’ Like the Prussian king he was in error on both points. There were several older general officers living when both presentations were made, and as Frederick was Washington’s superior as a soldier, so was Scott a greater captain than Grant.

On his arrival at the West Point Hotel, he said: ‘Roe, I have come here to die.’ Two weeks he lingered, and on the morning of May twenty-ninth, fell for a short time into a stupor, from which he emerged, retaining entire possession of his mental faculties, and recognizing his friends and attendants to the last. A few minutes after eleven, he passed away so calmly and serenely that the exact moment of his death was not known. As Frederick the Great’s last completely conscious utterance was in reference to his favorite English greyhound, Scott’s were in regard to his magnificent horse—the same noble animal that we saw occupying a place in his funeral procession a few days later. Turning to his servant, the old veteran’s last words were, ‘James, take good care of the horse.’ In accordance with his expressed wish, he was buried at West Point, a place so distinguished by historical and military associations. His funeral occurred June first, and his remains were accom-

panied to their last resting-place by a numerous assemblage of the most illustrious men of the land, including General Grant and Admiral Farragut.

General Scott was a man of true courage—personally, morally and religiously brave. He was in manner, association and feeling, courtly and chivalrous. He was always equal to the danger—great on great occasions. His unswerving loyalty and patriotism were always conspicuous, and of such a lofty character, that had circumstances rendered the sacrifice necessary, he would have unhesitatingly followed the glorious example of the Swiss hero of Sempach, who gave his life to his country six hundred years ago. All who appreciated his military genius regretted, when the late war was inaugurated, that the oldest and greatest of American generals was not in the prime of life—was not as in the days when he drove back the veterans of the Spanish Peninsula at Chippewa—was not like the leader that led our invincible legions through the chaparral-covered heights of Cerro Gordo; against the *pedrigal* surrounding the field-work of Contreras, and stormed the castle-crowned fortifications of Chapultepec.

We cannot claim for our hero the popularity acquired by many great commanders among their soldiers. He was too stately in his manners, and too exacting in his discipline—that power which Carnot calls ‘the glory of the soldier and the strength of armies.’ It was to these characteristics that the old chieftain owed his title of ‘Fuss and Feathers,’ the only nickname ever applied to him. A brief anecdote will illustrate the strictness of his discipline. While on duty he always required officers to be dressed according to their rank in the minutest particular. The general’s head-quarters in Mexico comprised two rooms, one opening into the other. In the rear room General Scott slept. One night after the general had retired, a member of his staff wanted some water. The evening was warm and the hour late, being past midnight. The officer rose

to go in his shirt sleeves. He was cautioned against the experiment as a dangerous one, for if Scott caught him in his quarters with his coat off, he would punish him. The officer said he would risk it; that the general was asleep, and he would make no noise. He opened the door softly and went on tip-toe to the water-pitcher. He had no time to drink before he heard the tinkle of the bell, and the sentinel outside of the door entered. 'Take this man to the guard-house,' was the brief order, and the coatless captain spent the night on a hard plank under guard.

General Scott was a man who spoke his mind so freely about people he disliked that he made many enemies. The last time we talked together he alluded to Jefferson Davis as 'a dangerous person,' 'an unmitigated scoundrel,' 'the most malignant man I ever met,' etc. His temper was exacting, which occasioned himself and others much uneasiness; and he once, in reference to this infirmity, quoted to the writer the words of Gustavus, whose temper was fiery, and who said to those about him; 'I bear with you in many things, you must bear with me in this.'

Another of the old soldier's foibles was his excessive vanity—not professional, but personal. He was tolerant of criticism of his military movements, and would receive with kindness a suggestion from a subordinate, but he would not pardon to his next in command, a lack of personal consideration, not to say the slightest liberty. He was punctilious to the last degree. With but slight literary ability, he possessed excessive literary vanity. He was vain of his game of chess, of his whist-playing, and of his familiarity with Shakespeare. He also prided himself as greatly on the purity of his French accent, the felicity of his 'retort courteous,' his critical acumen and apposite quotation, as on his ability to lead serried ranks to victory. And, indeed, his taste for literary discussion and allusion inspired his staff with a salutary terror, as he required his aides to be as conversant with the classics as with field tac-



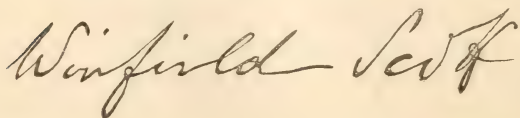
tics and the science of fortification. A gentleman present described his amusement at the consternation of the general's military family on one occasion, when their chief, in the presence of a distinguished circle, was arguing some literary point, illustrating it by a quotation from Pope, whereupon one of his aides, whose usual accuracy was, perhaps, a little obscured by a late dinner, incautiously asked, 'Is that from Shakespeare, general?' Scott turned majestically, and, transfixing the unfortunate querist by his severity of look and tone, replied: 'Sir, I am deeply humiliated that a member of my personal staff should be so ignorant as to confound Pope with Shakespeare. Be good enough to leave the room, sir!'

Physically, General Scott was 'framed in the prodigality of nature.' Not Cæsar, the 'Lion of the Midnight,' or our own immortal Washington, had a more majestic presence. His bearing was such as became his person and his high office. As Suwarrow was the smallest and, physically, the most insignificant looking, so was Scott the most imposing of all the illustrious soldiers introduced in our military Valhalla. With his leonine features all Americans are familiar through his numberless portraits and statues. We may say of him as of Banquo:

'He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.'

He has bequeathed to his country a name pure and unspotted—a name than which the Republic has few indeed that shine with a brighter lustre, and a name that will go down to future generations with those of the greatest Captains of the nineteenth century. Like the old Roman,

'The man is noble, and his fame folds in  
This orb o' the earth.'

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Winfield Scott". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background. The first name "Winfield" is written in a flowing, connected style, and the last name "Scott" is also in cursive, with a prominent "S" and a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right.

## LORD CLYDE.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !  
To all the sensual world proclaim  
One crowded hour of glorious life  
Is worth an age without a name.

SCOTT.

**A**MONG the many illustrious soldiers which Scotland has furnished to the British army and to the armies of France, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Turkey and the United States, we have space but for one portrait in our Gallery of Great Captains—the portrait of a man who was every inch a soldier. Lord Clyde, better known as Sir Colin Campbell, had not military genius, which his distinguished countryman Sir Walter Scott pronounces the highest order of genius. He rose from humble birth by the mere force of sterling ability, perfect knowledge of his profession, sound sense, high honor, and laborious performance of duty. These qualities alone, and unaided, made him a field-marshal, a member of the most distinguished orders in Europe, and raised him to the British Peerage. He was in the truest sense of the word a soldier of fortune, and a ripe and good one. Lord Clyde was a striking example of how long talent and merit may be kept in the background in the British service, if unaided by the *prestige* of high birth. He was fighting on fields of glory in the Peninsula under Wellington sixty-six years ago, and yet he was only made a general officer in 1853, and his commission as general only dated back five years before his death at upwards of three-score and ten. He has gone from the world, but his ‘works do verily live after him,’ and his memory will remain to his country and to the service of

which he was so great an ornament, an honored and a sacred heirloom.

Lord Clyde was born October twentieth, 1792, at Paisley, a manufacturing town near Glasgow, which has given birth to many illustrious men and several Scottish poets. His father was a Highlander in humble circumstances, named John McIvor, who pursued the vocation of a carpenter and cabinet-maker; his mother a Campbell of Islay. Mrs. McIvor died early, and young Colin was educated by his aunts—sisters of his mother—in whose house he had been born and brought up. He appears to have adopted the name of Campbell at the suggestion of his maiden aunts, and his father as a workingman, to have acquiesced in his son being made a gentleman. They gave him a good education, first at the High School of Glasgow, and afterwards at a Military Academy at Gosport. This adoption of a military life as his profession by young Colin was chiefly influenced by the counsel and aid of his mother's brother, an officer of the army, who in the campaign of 1793-4 had obtained the favorable notice of the Duke of York. Through this influence, and having shown his eligibility for a commission, Colin Campbell was gazetted as ensign of the Ninth regiment of Foot, in the summer of 1808, when he had reached the age of sixteen. He was soon sent out on foreign service, and was present at the battle of Vimiera, August twenty-first, in which Wellington defeated Marshal Junot.

Campbell then followed the disastrous fortunes of Sir John Moore's army both in its advance and retreat, until the campaign closed with the battle of Corunna. He no sooner landed in England than he was sent off in 1809, with the unfortunate Walcheren expedition. In this fatal enterprise, after enduring his full share of service and privations, he was struck down by the fever contracted there; and although cured, the disease was so deeply seated in his system, that until he went to China thirty years after-

wards, it never failed to make its periodic return. 'Walcheron,' he was wont to say, 'was with me every season.' Nothing but his iron constitution could have survived such inflictions, and nothing but an indomitable will and devoted love of his profession, have retained him in the service.

In 1810, Campbell accompanied his regiment to Spain under better auspices than those of the Corunna campaign, and was present in most of the great actions that distinguished the Peninsula war. He shared in the battle of Barrosa, March, 1811, and the defence of Tarifa, January, 1812, and during the same year he was transferred to a corps of the Spanish army commanded by General Ballasteros. With this column he went on an expedition to relieve Terragona, and took part in the actions of Malaga and Osuna. In 1813 he rejoined the British army, and accompanied it in all the brilliant actions of that memorable year. Through the fire of Vittoria, which he entered with his characteristic intrepidity, he passed unscathed, but was less fortunate at the siege of St. Sebastian, for in leading a forlorn hope to the aid of the neglected stormers, the young soldier was twice wounded. At the passage of the Bidassoa, he was again severely wounded by a musket shot which passed through his right thigh.

He called himself Campbell, but neither the social weight of the great houses of Argyll or Breadalbane were at his back, neither had he fortune or political friends to promote his advancement. Nothing but his own merits and his noble ambition which spurred him on, like mighty Nelson, to act out Sidney's gallant and lofty motto, '*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam!*' In the meantime he had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and for his gallant conduct in the deadly breach at St. Sebastian, was brevetted captain. 'Thus in about four years,' says a biographer, 'we find this unknown and penniless ensign, after seeing the most arduous service which an officer can hope to survive, with the rank of captain, which he had so well deserved.

and so far it is right. In times like those from 1808 to 1813, an officer who does his duty, and is lucky enough to be sent on service, gets on as a matter of course; and when, like Colin Campbell, he volunteers in addition, for a forlorn hope, and is lucky enough to survive it, he is fairly promoted. But then he may stick, in time of peace, forever, unless he has money to purchase over the heads of his seniors, or what is worse, he will see younger men with no service at all, continually passing over his own head without any hope of relief, but the prospect of another war, and this is not what it should be. A man like the then Captain Colin Campbell ought not to have been passed over during thirty succeeding years by lads who had never seen a shot fired, 'nor the division of a battle knew,' more than a spinster.'

Early in 1814, on his return to England, the young soldier exchanged into the Sixtieth Rifles, and soon after accompanied his regiment to the United States. He was present at the battle of Bladensburg, August fourteenth, and shared in the disgraceful defeat of the British army at New Orleans, January eighth, 1815. As in the ever-memorable cavalry charge at Balaklava, 'Somebody blundered.' Packenham lost his life, and his veterans suffered a loss of nearly three thousand in killed and wounded, while the Americans, under Jackson, had seven men killed and six wounded! The old lion never received such severe punishment before or since, as was administered by his young whelp on the banks of the Mississippi sixty years ago. History records but few instances of British armies suffering defeats with anything like equality of numbers, except at the hands of her own children, as at Bannockburn, Prestonpans and the second battle of Falkirk on Scottish soil, and Marston Moor, Naseby and Worcester, where Charles Second was routed, horse, foot and dragoons by Cromwell. And we do not at the moment recall any instance of English armies surrendering as at Saratoga and Yorktown to the



Americans under Gates and General Washington. Peace being happily established between this country and Great Britain by the treaty of Ghent, as well as between the latter government and France, all hope of further promotion for soldiers of fortune like Captain Campbell vanished. Unluckily for him, he was not at that famous struggle between Napoleon and Wellington, and whatever his merits, a man who was not fortunate enough to have been a victor at Waterloo, had for many years no claim at the Horse Guards. Many officers on the return from France, in 1818, of the English army of occupation, believing there were to be no more wars and no more promotions, resigned their commissions; but Colin Campbell, with Scotch pluck and pertinacity, characteristically held fast. In 1823, we find him in the West Indies acting as brigade major at Demerara; and two years later, having been for twelve years a captain, he secured a majority by purchase. Major Campbell's next field of action was in Ireland, where he was employed in the inglorious service of protecting by military force the ejections and sales for the recovering of tithes. He often referred to this as the most disgusting of all the military duty in which, during his long career, he had been engaged.

In 1832, he obtained another step by purchase, and thus after serving almost a quarter of a century as Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, he obtained command of a regiment. Ten years later, while on duty in India, his regiment, the Ninety-Eighth, was ordered to China to take part in the Opium War. In the siege of Chin-Kiang-foo, Campbell so greatly distinguished himself that his abilities were recognized by his promotion to the rank of colonel. In the second Punjab War of 1848-49 he was placed in command of a division, and at once displayed his soldierly qualities. He took an active part in the battle of Ramnaggur, and in the bloody engagement of Chillianwallah he was severely wounded in saving the army from a crushing defeat. 'Col-

onel Campbell,' wrote Lord Gough the commander-in-chief, after the battle, 'with that steady coolness and military precision for which he is so remarkable, carried everything before him.' Wellington declared that the Sixty-First regiment, which was under the personal leading of Campbell, had performed one of the most brilliant exploits that ever signalized a British regiment. He was also in the action of Goojeret, and aided in the pursuit of Dost Mohammed. The government now acknowledged his eminent military abilities and important services, by making him a K. C. B. Sir Colin Campbell also received the thanks of the British Parliament and of the East India Company, and on the arrival of stout old Sir Charles Napier was appointed to the command of the mountainous district of Peshawur, with the rank of acting brigadier-general. During the years 1851-52, while occupying this, the most advanced part of the British frontier, Sir Colin was 'like a pike in a carp pond,'—constantly in chase of some of the wild tribes living adjacent to the district of Peshawur. By his indomitable energy and perseverance he soon succeeded in subduing the Momunds and other insurgent tribes, completely 'treading them under foot,' as the Eastern metaphor expresses it.

In 1853, Sir Colin Campbell, after battling for his country's flag for forty-five years in the East and West Indies, Portugal, Spain, France, the United States, China and India, returned to England at the age of sixty-one, with a reputation second only to that of Napier himself, to enjoy for a season his London club, and the society of his old friends. He had received the thanks of Parliament, and been knighted as a reward of distinguished merit, but was still only an unattached colonel. In 1854, he volunteered his services for the Crimean war, and received the command of the Highland brigade, which, with the Guards, formed a part of the first division, under the command of the Duke of Cambridge. Sir Colin and his famous brig-

ade took a conspicuous part in deciding the battle of the Alma, fought September fourteenth, 1854. At a critical moment, when the conflict seemed to be doubtful, he electrified his gallant mountaineers with new life by the short and pithy saying, 'Highlanders never retire.' The loss of the allies in the action was nearly four thousand killed, wounded and missing, while the Russians were estimated to have suffered in killed, wounded, prisoners, and by desertion, a loss of at least six thousand. For his gallantry in this great victory he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and entrusted with the important post of guarding the approach to Balaklava, which was the most critical of the whole position.

On October twenty-fifth, the Russians made an attack upon the advanced posts of the allied army, driving the Turks before them. The defeated Osmanli took refuge on the flanks of Sir Colin's brigade, which he had drawn up in line, a little in advance of the town of Balaklava. Thither they were pursued by the victorious Russians, who in one grand line dashed forward at the Highlanders; their horses gathering speed at every stride, they moved on gallantly towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The 'Turks fired a volley at *eight hundred yards*, and ran. As the Muscovites came within six hundred yards, down falls that line of steel in front, and there rings out on the morning air a sharp rolling volley of minie musketry. The distance is too great: the Russians are not checked, but move on through the smoke, with here and there a man or horse knocked over by the shot of the British batteries on the heights above. With breathless surprise the thousands of spectators—English and French, Turk and Russian—await the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock: but on they come within a hundred and fifty yards, a fearful and unerring volley, full in their faces, flashes from Sir Colin's rifles, carrying death and terror among the Russians. They wheeled, opened file, right and

left, and rode back faster than they came, pursued by the British cavalry. The Highlanders never altered their formation to receive the Russian charge. 'No,' said Sir Colin, 'I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!' The temporary repulse of the Turks had been gallantly redeemed, when an action occurred which will remain forever famous—an action which has been celebrated by Tennyson in immortal song, and by Russell in equally undying prose. While salmon fishing in Canada in company with two friends, during the summer of 1873, we had the pleasure of meeting a gigantic Gael who was with Sir Colin at the Alma and Balaklava, as we had the previous season met on a trans-Atlantic steamer with one of the gallant six hundred.

'The Scotch soldiers,' remarks a French writer on the British army, in the *Moniteur de Soir*, 'form, without contradiction, the cream of the British troops. The Highlander is the prototype of the excellent soldier. He has all requisite qualities, and not one defect. Unluckily for Great Britain, the population of Scotland is not numerous. Saving, it is true, to the point of putting by penny after penny, the Scotchman, for all that, is honest, steadfast, amiable in his intercourse with others, enthusiastic and proud; chivalrous when the question is about shedding his blood. The old traditions of clanship subsist; each company is grouped round an illustrious name, all and every man in it is sure to be the captain's cousin. The Highlanders have a strange sort of bravery, which partakes at once of French fire and English calm. They rush on with impetuosity; they charge with vigor, but they are not hurried away by anger. In the very hottest moment of an attack, a simple order suffices to stop them. Formed in a square, one would take them for Englishmen; in charging with the bayonet, you would swear they were French. For the rest, they are of Celtic origin, and the blood of our fathers flows in their veins; but the blood has a little

cooled down by the severity of their climate. In the eyes of the Turks, the Scotch had one enormous fault, that of showing their legs. In our eyes they have but one defect, a slight one, but still excessively annoying—their depraved taste for the screaming of the bagpipes. We know that the Highlanders would not get under fire without being excited by their national airs, played on this discordant instrument. One of their generals having put down this piercing music, they attacked the enemy on one occasion so languidly that the bagpipes had to be restored to them, and they then took the position. In a word, we repeat the Scotch are magnificent soldiers.'

Sir Colin Campbell was engaged at Inkerman, known as the Soldier's battle, in which fifty thousand Russians were defeated by one-half that number of English and French troops. Russell remarks: 'The battle of Inkerman admits of no description. It was a series of dreadful hand-to-hand fights, of despairing rallies, of desperate assaults—in glens and valleys, in brush-wood glades, and remote dells, hidden from all human eyes, and from which the conquerors, Russian or British, issued only to engage fresh foes,—till our old supremacy, so rudely assailed, was triumphantly asserted, and the battalions of the Czar gave way before our steady courage and the chivalrous fire of France.' Captain Hawley, who bore his part in this terrible struggle, which in some respects is suggestive of our two days' strife at Shiloh, sums it up in these terse sentences: 'On our part it was a confused and desperate struggle. Colonels of regiments led on small parties, and fought like subalterns—captains like privates. Once engaged, every man was his own general. The enemy was in front advancing and must be beaten back. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, not in wide waves but in broken, tumultuous billows. At one point the enemy might be repulsed, while at a little distance they were making their most determined rush. To stand on the crest and breathe awhile,



was to our men no rest, but far more trying than the close combat of infantry, where there were human foes with whom to match, and prove strength, skill and courage, and call forth the impulses which blind the soldier to death or peril. But over that crest poured incessantly the resistless cannon shot, in whose rush there seemed something vindictive, as if each was bestridden by some angry demon : crashing through the bodies of men and horses, and darting from the ground, on a second course of mischief. Rarely has such an artillery-fire been so concentrated, and for so long, on an equally confined space. The whole front of the battle field, from the ravine on the left to the two-gun battery on the right, was about three-quarters of a mile. Nine hours of such close fighting, with such intervals of cessation, left the victors in no mood for rejoicing. When the enemy finally retired, there was no exultation, as when the field of the Alma was won : it was a gloomy though a glorious triumph.' In this fierce encounter, as at the Alma, the British bore the brunt of the conflict. Three general officers were killed on the field, and their total loss was but little less than three thousand.

On the death of Lord Raglan it was supposed that Sir Colin would have been named to succeed him, but he acquiesced in the appointment of General Simpson, who had gone out as chief of the staff of the old Waterloo veterans. But when Simpson gave up the command, and it was conferred on Sir W. Codrington, who had never seen a shot fired until he was in the Crimea, the old Scottish soldier at once requested to be allowed to return to England. The country could not however afford to lose his valuable services at such a time, and at the request of the queen, he returned and resumed the command of his division. When peace was concluded with Russia, Sir Colin was made a lieutenant-general ; received the colonelcy of the Sixty-Seventh regiment ; was appointed aide-de-camp to the queen, and promoted to the honor of a Grand Cross of the Bath ;

had the freedom of the city of London presented to him as well as that of Oxford; was made a Doctor of Laws, and was universally admitted to be *the* general of the British army, in case of emergency.

It soon came. The troops were no sooner placed on a peace establishment, than the Indian mutiny again called forth the resources of the nation. 'It was,' says Dr. Russell in his Diary, 'just as our journalists and statesmen were somewhat feebly glorifying our rule in India, and mildly rebuking the neglect which was allowing the centenary of Plassey and the grandeur of Clive to pass away, that the day of whose advent Metcalfe had prophesied and Napier had warned, dawned in Hindostan, and cast its blood-red light over the land. Hideous massacres of men, women and children—compared with which Sylla's proscriptions, the Sicilian vespers, the great *auto da fé* on Bartholomew's eve, or the Ulster outbreak of 1641, were legitimate acts of judicial punishment,'—were being perpetrated by the rebellious Nena Sahib, and his Sepoy desperadoes.

The Horse Guards for once confirmed the unanimous voice of the country by appointing the old hero to the supreme command in India. For once the 'powers that be,' put the right man in the right place, in lieu of placing the square peg in the round hole and the round pin in the square one. Resigning his position of inspector-general of infantry to which he was appointed at the close of the Crimean war, Sir Colin proceeded to India on twenty-four hours' notice—arriving at Calcutta August fourteenth, thirty-two days after the issue of his commission, dated July thirteenth, 1857. He bore with him the news of his own appointment, and was most cordially welcomed by the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, nearly weighed down by the death of General Anson, commander of the forces, and the terror which had seized on all the government officials. Sir Colin of course took no troops with him, but his arrival at once inspired confidence.

Considerable additions to the army having arrived at Calcutta, the general hastened to Lucknow, the seat of the Sepoy rebellion, when Sir James Outram and Sir Henry Havelock, who had gone to the relief of the beleaguered garrison under Sir John Inglis, were themselves besieged in turn by the Sepoys, as was the case with Prince Eugene at Belgrade. Sir Colin reached the Benares October thirty-first; crossed the Ganges November eleventh, and arrived at Alumbagh on the evening of the twelfth. After an encounter with a body of two thousand mutineers, he left one of his regiments in garrison at that place, and resumed his march on the fourteenth. He was received on his approach toward the pleasure ground of Dilkhoosha by the fire of the enemy, but soon routed them, not, however, without sustaining the loss of many brave men. He next advanced against Secundubagh, a walled enclosure, through which a breach was effected, enabling the British forces to enter and make terrible havoc among the rebels, two thousand of whom were killed. On the following day the mess-house was taken, the troops bursting into the enclosure round the Pearl Palace where the Sepoys made a last stand. A communication was now opened with the Residency, permitting Outram and Havelock to welcome their deliverer the same afternoon.

Sir Colin Campbell, however, recognized at once the impossibility of holding Lucknow in the face of the overwhelming masses of the rebels, but masking his real designs by opening a terrible fire on the Kaiserbagh, he succeeded in dividing the insurgents' attention, and while they were preparing for the anticipated assault, the garrison withdrew during the night of the twenty-second, through the lines of pickets. Toward the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, Sir Colin reached Alumbagh, where, on the following day, he was joined by the rear-guard under Sir James Outram (the Christian hero, Havelock, having died at Alumbagh, November twenty-fourth), and hastening on toward Cawnpore.

arrived at the Pandoo Nuddee, within a few miles from thence, on November twenty-sixth. Sir Colin came in time to save the beleaguered British from destruction. A force of fourteen thousand Sepoys, with numerous cavalry and forty pieces of artillery, was threatening an army of but two thousand Europeans under General Windham. Forced to retire within their intrenchments, the British suffered severely from the fierce assault of the rebels, and were almost entirely at their mercy when, alarmed by the long-continued sounds of firing, Sir Colin Campbell crossed the Ganges, and soon drove the rebel force before the intrenchments, capturing sixteen of their guns. His first care was to have the women and children and the wounded sent under safe escort to Allahabad, whence they were forwarded to Calcutta; and turning his attention next to the enemy, he commenced the attack in the forenoon of December sixth, shelling them out of the town, falling on them with his infantry, and forcing them to take for safety to the Ganges, whence they reached the other side, on their flight into Oude.

The rebellion was soon completely quelled by Sir Colin, and we question if Clive, Wellington, or Napier, could have done the work more thoroughly, or in less time. He punished the leaders with, it must be admitted, most unchristian and savage cruelty; disarmed the population, and restored the blessings of peace to India. His work done, he returned to England loaded with honors and renown, and for the third time received the thanks of the British Parliament. He was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Clyde of Clydesdale, taking his title from the river near whose banks he was born, as he had not an acre of hereditary or purchased land from which to derive his designation. With his title he received a pension of two thousand pounds per annum. In 1858, he was created a full general, and in 1860, he was transferred from the colonelcy of the sixty-seventh to the Coldstream Guards,

one of the household regiments. On the Prince of Wales coming of age in November, 1862, Lord Clyde was raised to the rank of field-marshal. The closing years of his life were spent chiefly in London, in the congenial society of his old companions in arms, where he

‘ Wept o’er the wounds and tales of sorrow done ;  
Shoulder’d his crutch, and show’d how fields were won.’

When he so willed it, the illustrious captain could throw into his manner and conversation such a wondrous charm of simplicity and vivacity, as fascinated those over whom it was exerted, and women admired and men were delighted with the courteous, polished, gallant old soldier. With his own countrymen on the north side of the Tweed, the old field-marshal was of course a great favorite. The cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, presented him with the freedom of their respective corporations, and every borough town which he visited in Scotland, followed their example. In every way possible they manifested their admiration and esteem for the hero who by the splendor of his renown, had reflected so much glory on the land of Bruce and Burns.

In person Lord Clyde, as we remember him, was well-knit, symmetrical and graceful. To the last, his teeth remained full and firm ; and his eye pierced the distance with all the force of youthful vision. His crisp grey locks still stood close and thick, curling over the head and above the wrinkled brow ; and there were few external signs of the decay of nature which was, no doubt, going on within, accelerated by so many wounds, such fevers as he had at Walcheron and during seven years’ service in the trying climate of the West Indies. A good idea of the old hero’s appearance may be obtained from his bronze statue set up, a few years ago, near Carlton Garden Terrace, London.

Lord Clyde owed, in a very great measure, his success



in life to his magnificent constitution. As our friend Professor Mathews has said in a recent work : \* ' It is true there have been men who, despite of frail and miserable health, have done immortal things. Great and heroic were the achievements of Paul, 'in bodily presence weak ;' of the blind Milton ; of Pascal, a confirmed invalid at eighteen ; of Johnson, bravely carrying through life the weight of a diseased and tortured body ; of Nelson, little and lame ; of Channing, with his frail, clayey tabernacle ; of the pale Lawrence, weighing from day to day the morsels of bread which alone his dyspeptic stomach could bear. It is true that Julius Cæsar was troubled with epilepsy, and never planned a great battle without going into fits ; that the great Suwarrow stood but five feet one in his boots ; that Pope was a hunchback and an invalid ; and that Aristotle was a pigmy in body, though a giant in intellect. But these are brilliant exceptions, which only prove the rule. The general fact still remains that it is the man of tough and enduring fibre, of elastic nerve, of comprehensive digestion, who does the great work of life. It is Scott, with his manly form ; it is Brougham, with his superhuman powers of physical endurance. It is Franklin, at the age of seventy, camping out, on his way to arouse the Canadas, as our hardiest boys of twenty now camp out in the Adirondacks. It is Napoleon, sleeping four hours, and in the saddle twenty. Rarely does the world behold such a spectacle as that presented in 1693 at Neerwinden in the Netherlands, when, among the one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshalled under the banners of all Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged on the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England.'

Clyde died peacefully at the residence of his friend General Eyre, the Governor of Chatham, on August four-

\* *Getting On in the World.* By William Mathews, LL.D.

teenth, 1863, and was buried in Westminster Abbey without any honors, as, by his own express desire, the funeral was to be like 'that of a quiet country gentleman, and of the most simple, unpretending kind.'

Lord Clyde never married; and the only near relation whom he left to lament his loss was a sister. His worthy old father had long before passed away from this world without, as we were pained to learn in England a few summers since, having been visited for many, many long weary years by his illustrious son. A Scottish writer, who is well known as 'The Country Parson,' and as 'A. K. H. B.,' and who is perhaps even more read and admired on this side of the Atlantic than in his native land, thus refers, in an essay on 'Some Sons and their Parents,' to this stain on Lord Clyde's character: 'I don't say,' he writes, 'whose fault it was, or whether it was anybody's fault, but it always grated on one painfully to hear of old John Mc-Ivor working for his eighteen-pence a-day, an old laboring-man, when his son, not seen by him for many a day and year, was known to fame as Sir Colin Campbell and then as Lord Clyde. That eminent man was unlucky in the matter of names. To the name of Campbell he had no more right than I have; and his title was taken from the name of a river with which he had nothing earthly to do. Perhaps it would have been so awkward for the field-marshal to have walked into the old laborer's cottage, perhaps father and son would have found so little in common, that it may have been wise in the peer, instead of going to see his father, to send a little money now and then to the parish minister to be applied to the increase of his comforts. No doubt Berkeley Square and the little island in the Hebrides were not five hundred, but five hundred millions of miles apart. All I say is, that as a young man, it pained one's heart to know that utter alienation. Never was a huge ram, with great curling horns, more estranged from the sheep it was taken from as a trembling little lamb six years

before, amid piteous bleatings on either part, than (by the very nature of things) was F. M. Lord Clyde from old John McIvor. If I were such an old John, I would rather my son did not become so great. For then, in my failing days, he would cheer me by kind words and looks (better than a five-pound note sent to the minister to give me by instalments); he would be by me when I breathe my last, and he would lay my poor weary head in the grave.'

In his strong energy and resolute Scottish perseverance, Lord Clyde was a fair illustration of those qualities which have won for the Anglo-Saxon race its proud pre-eminence among the nations of the earth:—

‘Indomitable merit  
Of the Anglo-Saxon mind,  
That makes a man inherit  
The glories of his kind:  
That scatters all around him  
Until he stands sublime,  
With nothing to confound him  
The conqueror of Time!  
O mighty perseverance!  
O courage stern and stout!  
That wills and works a clearance  
Of every rabble rout:  
That cannot brook denial,  
And scarce allows delay,  
But wins from every trial  
More strength for every day!’

To borrow the words of an eloquent writer, ‘Such a life, so simple, so true, so independent of all artificial and even of all extraordinary advantages, is more honorable than more brilliant and less steady careers, and has a far higher value to Englishmen. This country has never been wanting in men of great genius at critical periods of its history, and our great names may match with those of any country and any time; but our greatness as a nation is due more to the steady ability and true integrity which are spread so largely among all classes, than to the power of

extraordinary and occasional genius. The qualities which in a superior degree raised Lord Clyde to his position are those which have been always most highly valued by Englishmen, and which every one in his degree may imitate. He has been taken away too soon for his own honor and for our good, but he has lived long enough to illustrate a noble principle, and to give an example of duty, truth and modest worth which Englishmen will not willingly forget. His memory will long be dear to the hearts of his friends; and when those who, like him, have themselves passed away, it will be cherished in the grateful and affectionate heart of his country.'

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Humphreys". The letters are fluidly connected, with a prominent loop at the end of the word.

## MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.

A man who fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hath ta'en with equal thanks.

SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HE first among living men to find a place in our biographical gallery is one who has just claims to immortality, and yet when he had reached the mature age of sixty-four he was as unknown to the world as was the first commander of the army of the Potomac on his re-entering the United States service in 1861. Like Lord Clyde, the great German soldier had long to wait for a field on which to display his generalship, but like the patient Scotchman, secure in his possession of consummate military talent, he quietly bided his time. It came in 1864, when he defeated Denmark—in 1866, when the star of Austria sank on the bloody field of Sadowa—in 1870, when the same masterly combinations crushed Napoleon the Third and fair France, even as Prussia had been crushed at Auerstadt and Jena, in the sixth year of the present century by the then irresistible French. Had the silent and thoughtful Moltke died at as early an age as the majority of the illustrious soldiers who occupy places in our Valhalla, his name had never filled the trumpet of fame. Happily for himself and his country, he was spared to plod on with German patience, laboriously perfecting himself in all the details of his profession, believing, as Longfellow remarks, that 'The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame.' Toil alone could not have provided Prussia with the greatest strategist of our time, but toil combined with talent of the highest order,



produced the consummate generalship which so recently electrified the whole world with its overwhelming successes.

Helmuth Charles Bernard Von Moltke, Prussian field-marshal and chief of the general staff of the German Empire, was born at Parchim, October twenty-sixth, 1800. He is descended from a distinguished Mecklenburg family, and his father, a former officer of the Mollendorf regiment, possessed the estate of Greutz. In the twelfth year of his age, Helmuth was sent to Copenhagen to be educated for the military profession. Entering the Prussian service in 1822 as a second lieutenant in the Eighth Infantry, he at the same time studied in the Military Academy. Thrown entirely on his own resources, the young officer early showed that spirit of self-reliance which prepared him for the future struggles and energetic career through which he was destined to pass. Spending some time in the School of Division of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, he was made a member of the general staff, and in 1833 was advanced to the grade of first lieutenant. Undertaking a tour in Turkey in 1835, after he had been promoted to a captaincy, he was favorably received by the Sultan Mahmoud, with whom he advised on the reorganization of the Turkish army. Remaining several years in the dominions of the Sultan, in 1839 he took part in the Turkish campaign in Syria against Mehmed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, and his adopted son Ibrahim Pasha. He was decorated by the Sultan for distinguished services rendered at the battle of Hisili. Moltke was recalled soon after, and returning to Prussia in 1841, he was assigned to the general staff of the Fourth Army Corps, and in 1842 became major. In 1845 he published an interesting narrative of his sojourn in Turkey, and during the same year was appointed adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia.

After the Prince's death in 1847, Moltke was engaged on the Rhine; in 1848 he was assigned to the grand general

staff, and in 1849 was promoted to the chief of the staff of the Fourth Army Corps in Magdeburg. Advanced to the rank of chief of the grand general staff of the Prussian army in 1858, he was in the year following created a lieutenant-general. Present in the Austrian head-quarters at the time of the Austro-Italian war, upon the termination of hostilities he began developing to the fullest extent the capacities of the Prussian general staff and the Prussian army.

The war of 1864 against Denmark being declared, Moltke sketched the plan of the campaign, and gave to its execution his personal assistance, contributing the same experience and skill in the more important war of 1866. The brilliant plan of the brief Bohemian campaign of this war was made by Moltke. Leading at the battle of Konigsgratz, he also planned the advance of the Prussian columns against Olmutz and Vienna, and the armistice and preliminaries of peace which followed were negotiated by him. For these eminent services he was rewarded with the order of the Black Eagle and a national dotation.

It is remarkable that so recently as within six years the popular records of contemporaneous public men, in England and America, contained no mention of the name of Marshal Von Moltke, although the 'Men of the Time,' in the edition of 1868, includes the name of Comte de Moltke, a Danish statesman born August twenty-fifth, 1785, who held the post of minister of finance under Christian VIII., and who exercised great influence under that monarch. But while the great soldier was unknown to the world at large, and glittering names were dazzling for the hour, he was perfecting with all the conscientious zeal of a hard and practical student, those plans of war and strategy which his prescience told him were to place Germany in the foremost ranks of military nations. At length the fatal fifteenth of July, 1870, arrived, and Prussia was destined, after an interval of more than a half century, and

under more than ordinary circumstances, to invade France; and over the very battle-grounds on which so many signal defeats of their fathers had been encountered, to achieve victories only paralleled by those gained on them by the first Napoleon. Such are the retributions of history as well as its analogies.

We have an interesting account of Von Moltke published before the war of 1870—in which General Frossard of the French army was also conspicuously introduced. Frossard was on a semi-diplomatic visit to Prussia, and being a favorite of the emperor and the instructor of the prince imperial, he was received with distinguished honor. The two generals conversed unreservedly upon the discipline and internal arrangements of the respective armies, and Von Moltke pointed out several things in which he thought the superiority of the Prussians over the French was manifest. Of course this conversation was conducted with all the unreserved freedom of two soldiers, intensely interested in their profession, and was not of a character to divulge any secrets or weaknesses that might reflect upon the armies of either nation. General Frossard, a few years afterwards, had ample opportunities of testing practically, not only the superiority of General Moltke's judgment, but the superiority of his strategy and his troops—for it was at Forbach, the first battle of the war, that Frossard was defeated;—the beginning of that series of formidable disasters which were destined to annihilate the French Empire and place the name of Von Moltke at the very summit of military distinction, as the greatest strategist of the age.

The studies and active life of Field-Marshal Moltke serve to illustrate the strength of the intellect, controlled by rigid discipline and mental habits, preserved in their greatest vigor at a very advanced age. Seventy years old at the declaration of the war, he was as ready to take the field as the youngest officer; and to direct the operations

of the army with all the skill of an experienced and veteran commander, with no faculty impaired by years, or infirmity produced by the dissipations of the court or camp.

It would be an imperfect sketch of Marshal Moltke were we not to introduce some of the more important military operations in which he participated; and the successful result of which was principally due to his strategic genius. We allude particularly to those operations which, beginning with Worth, ended so triumphantly for the Germans with Sedan, the second French Waterloo. This, however, would be incomplete in narrating the more recent military record of Von Moltke, did we not recur to the war declared against Austria by Prussia on the eighteenth of June, 1866. Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, allied themselves with Austria, whose position enabled her to exercise a controlling influence in the Diet. Under the strategic movements of Moltke, the Prussian armies marched into Bohemia. Gaining several minor victories, the Austrians were defeated at the decisive battle of Konigsgratz or Sadowa, July third, 1866.

Peace having been restored by the treaty of Prague, signed August, 1866; the Emperor of Austria, by its conditions, was compelled to renounce his position as the head of the new German Bund, or even to be considered a member. This Bund composed the North German Confederation, and consisted of all the states located north of the river Main. By this treaty also, Hanover, Holstein and Hesse were annexed to Prussia. In August, 1866, a secret treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was negotiated between Prussia, Bavaria and Baden, which was made public in April, 1867.

Any one who has investigated German history will be surprised to find how often the fate of Austria has been determined in the neighborhood of Konigsgratz, and how important a strategic point it has always been regarded. Eastern Bohemia was the battle-field of the Hussite war,

the severest conflict on German ground which preceded the 'Thirty Years' War. In the latter, the hardest fought battle, Janikau, was fought near Königsgratz, and the tide ebbed and flowed in the same channels as in the war of 1866. In 1745, in the second Silesian war, the Prussians beat the Austrians at Soor, the very field occupied by the Austrians in their principal futile attempt to prevent the juncture of the two main Prussian armies. In 1757, when the Prussians commenced the Seven Years' War, Marshal Schwerin assumed a position not far from Königsgratz to hold in check the principal Austrian armies. In 1778—just as 1745—the Prussian head-quarters were about where Josephstadt was subsequently built; at Königsgratz were the Austrians. The first Silesian war, 1742, was decided at Czaslau or Chotusiz, near Königsgratz. Tobitschau, the stage of an engagement peculiarly glorious for the Prussians, was the location of the Swedish Generalissimo's camp in 1643, when he menaced all the conterminous districts and even Vienna. The defense of Brunn in 1645 saved Vienna. Near it Austerlitz was fought in 1806. The preservation of Olmutz was the lure which summoned the Swedes from the Baltic in 1645, and the failure of Frederic's siege in 1758 frustrated all his plans. Thus it will be seen that the lines of the Prussian advance by the Elbe and through Glatz, etc., were the channels invariably followed by invasions from the north, and the circle of Königsgratz, the theatre of action on which the Austrians have experienced their greatest overthrows, ending with the elimination of Austria as a first rate European power; as an 'irrational quantity' from the European problem.

We cannot take leave of the Seven Weeks' War without introducing what appears to be a just tribute to Moltke's opponent, Marshal Benedek, from the Cornhill Magazine: 'I do not think,' remarks the writer, 'one officer or one soldier of Austria felt that his love and confidence in him were affected a straw's breadth by the disastrous issue of



the late war. When, at the time of his being dispatched against Prussia, he observed to the emperor, 'Your Majesty, I am no strategist,' he did himself less than justice; he was, and is, a most able, brave, and sagacious commander, and unwearied in his attention to the comforts and welfare of his men. A Protestant in religion, and a Hungarian by birth, with troops under him drawn from every nation in the empire, he yet possessed their confidence absolutely; and this in itself is a great merit. The numerous grave and never-ending difficulties against which he had to contend will never, in all probability, be made known, still less will the Prussians ever willingly admit how largely they were indebted to their vast and perfect system of espionage for their rapid success; but it is my own conviction that if the secret history of that war, especially in the beginning, were unfolded, Benedek would be considered as great a general as Todleben was commonly supposed to be after the Crimea; the one had to bear the blame really due alike to those who commanded him and to those whom he endeavored to command, whereas the other reaped the exclusive credit which ought in justice to have been shared by others. After the war with Prussia had commenced, I had an opportunity of conversing with an Austrian officer who had been an old comrade of mine in the Jagers, and he said: 'Whichever way matters go this time, we are convinced that we are in good hands, for Benedek is our commander-in-chief, and he is a man of action and no boaster.' The least intelligent and reliable portion of the Austrian army was committed to his care, and he was sent to fight on ground with which he was but little if at all acquainted; whereas the line of the Italian battle-fields was as well known to him as his playground is to a schoolboy. Moreover, the troops kept in Italy were chiefly Germans, and they were the very flower of our army; they were intelligent, brave, steady soldiers, dogged fighters, hating bitterly the Prussians and adoring Benedek.

Yet these men were reserved, in order to win for the Archduke Albert an easy victory. It was a terrible mistake to send the best army against the least formidable foe; for, whatever the qualities of the Italians may be, they can bear no sort of comparison with the Prussians as soldiers. The self-indulgent, dilatory conduct of Count Clam-Gallas is a matter of notoriety. Others were equally to blame; and I have heard that some of these haughty aristocrats openly reproached Benedek with being an innkeeper's son, and on that ground declined to obey orders. 'What could Benedek do,' the people vaguely asked, 'when those others would not go where they were told?' Yet even after defeat, his last action was that of a gentleman of chivalrous honor and noble heart, for he begged of the emperor that others should not suffer, but that he alone should bear the burden of ruin and disaster, so that the prestige and credit of the Austrian army should be saved, if that might still be.'

The Emperor Napoleon III. declared war against Prussia, July fifteenth, 1870. Nominally commanded by King William, but under the controlling spirit of Moltke, the German armies crossed the frontier early in August. Europe and America looked on, breathless with expectation at the gathering of the hosts destined so soon to mar the fair face of France—hundreds of thousands of men,

'All furnished, all in arms,  
All plumed, like ostriches that with the wind  
Bated, like eagles having lately bathed;  
Glittering in golden coats like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
As gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.'

Encountering Marshal McMahon at Worth, August sixth, 1870, they obtained a signal victory. The effect of the news of this French reverse in Paris was of the most disheartening kind. Napoleon's efforts at consolation, in his brief dispatch to the empress, that Marshal McMahon had 'lost a battle,' but urging fortitude and

sacrifices under difficulties, will be vividly brought to mind, when we consider that McMahon now holds the reins of government in France, and that the empire is dead with the unfortunate emperor now sleeping on English soil. Rapidly following the disaster at Worth, came the defeat of Bazaine, in a great battle of Gravelotte, fought near Metz, August fourteenth and eighteenth. Shutting himself up in Metz, Bazaine was besieged by Prince Frederick Charles, while McMahon, with his retreating columns, was hotly pursued by Moltke and the Crown Prince, towards Chalons.

After collecting there a large army, McMahon marched northward towards the valley of the Meusé. When Wellington at Salamanca saw Marmont's circuitous move he is said to have exclaimed, 'Now I have him!' Whatever the thoughtful and silent master of seven languages said, or whether he made any remark on the subject, when informed of McMahon's march, he must have felt that he was sure of his game; for he had not waited till then to guard the northern passage. 'A general,' says the Archduke Charles, 'must suppose that his opponent will do against him whatever he ought to do.' McMahon's movement was one of the possibilities that Moltke provided against. Then came the final catastrophe of the war, for the French! The German army, amounting to two hundred and forty thousand men, attacked McMahon near Sedan, and a battle lasting several days, made Napoleon a prisoner of war with his army of one hundred thousand men. This occurred on the second of September. Marching on Paris, a few days later, the Germans began the investment of the city about the fifteenth day of September. The crowning point of all these disasters, unprecedented almost in military history, was the surrender of Metz by Marshal Bazaine to the Red Prince on October twenty-seventh, 1870. The surrender of the city, with an army of one hundred and seventy thousand men, including

three French marshals and the Imperial Guard, some sixteen thousand strong, which according to Cambronne, ‘dies but never surrenders!’ was without doubt the act of a coward or a traitor. The spectacle of one hundred and seventy thousand well armed and effective troops—the very flower of the French army—held captive for three months by a force only one fourth greater, and then surrendering without striking a blow for freedom, is certainly new in the annals of warfare.\* At the close of 1873, the same marshal was justly condemned, by a French military tribunal sitting at Versailles, to be reduced to the ranks and shot. His sentence was commuted by his old companion-in-arms the President, to twenty years imprisonment on the island of St. Marguerite. Honor, in defeat, is elevated to the Presidency; while dishonor, in disgrace, is sentenced to exile and degradation. The French were outnumbered and outgeneralled in the great battles of the war by the Germans, and to the genius of Von Moltke in directing the movements of the armies, is to be principally ascribed their victories.

The siege of Paris was maintained with constancy and courage. Commanded by General Paladines, the army of the Loire defeated the Bavarian General Von der Tann, near Orleans. Failing to move on Paris promptly as he should have done after his victory, Paladines threw away the only opportunity that the French ever possessed of effectually raising the siege. Subsequently the army of the Loire was defeated in several engagements. A vigorous sortie from Paris was made on the twenty-ninth of November, continuing during the thirtieth; but the accession to the besieging force by the addition of a portion of the army of the Red Prince, made further resistance hopeless. As food became scarce the cry of resistance *à l’outrance* ceased, and the famous siege ere long came to an end by the surrender of the city January twenty-eighth, 1871. Already a Baron, for his great

\* Some authorities place the number of prisoners as high as one hundred and seventy-three thousand, exclusive of officers.

services Moltke was created a Count, on his seventieth birthday, and in September, 1871, was advanced to the Chief Marshalship by the German Emperor, again receiving a national dotation. Added to these high honors from his own sovereign and nation, the distinguished marshal received from the Czar of Russia the order of St. George, the highest military order of Russia.

France believed when beginning the war that she would hold the Rhine and occupy Berlin, a belief shared by many persons living beyond her borders. The contest continued but a few months when the Germans were masters of Strasbourg and Metz, all the great frontier fortresses and the Vosges, and at its close, the coveted provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were added to the conquests of Germany. So much for the present time. In 1807 Prussia had a population of seven million inhabitants. The war levy which Napoleon impressed upon that kingdom was one hundred and thirty million dollars, besides severing from her half her territory. Eight years had hardly elapsed before the reverses upon the first Napoleon fell, crushing him like the earthquake which crushed the third, and the conquered cities and provinces and fortresses were restored. France was occupied by more than half a million of foreign troops, who were supported out of the treasury of Paris. In November, 1815, Napoleon being then a prisoner at St. Helena, France was forced to pay one billion five hundred and thirty-five million francs, equal to three hundred and seven million dollars in gold as indemnity for a war which, ending at Waterloo, had not lasted over ten days. Added to these humiliations one hundred and fifty thousand men occupied all the French frontier fortresses from Cambria to Fort Louis, of course at the expense of France, for a period of three and five years. This army of occupation, including thirty thousand Prussians, was placed under the Duke of Wellington as commander-in-chief.

Carlyle concludes a letter on the 'Latter Stage of the



French-German War, 1870-71,' with these words: 'That noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany should be at length welded into a nation, and become the Queen of the Continent, instead of vamping, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time.' That the sturdy William is to-day Emperor of Germany, in lieu of being, as he was a few years ago, King of Prussia; and that France has been stripped of her territory and fortresses, and a crushing pecuniary fine—sacrifices that the flood of Lethe cannot wash out, is unquestionably chiefly due to Moltke's genius, and those superb soldiers, who were as calm and steady in the hour of bewildering triumph, as if the conquest of huge hosts were ordinary every-day events.

With all his genius; with all his able subordinates, such as 'the Red Prince,' Von Blumenthal, Von Werder, Von der Tann and Manteuffel; and with the magnificent, disciplined devotion of the German army, would the deliberately planned programme of 'Vater Moltke,' as he is familiarly called, have been successful, had he, in place of fighting against poor generals—sometimes against the very worst, fallen in with a great soldier such as France possessed in the days of Austerlitz? It may be doubted whether the thoughtful strategist's combinations would have been attended with the same surprising success, had he been pitted against the lightning-like conception, so valuable in warfare, which the first Napoleon would have brought to the struggle. In such a case there would have been no Sedan, no surrender at Metz, no loss of territory, and the campaign would have been on German soil; for, in lieu of lingering on the left bank of the Rhine, in the helpless manner of the men of 1870, his ever victorious banners would have been seen on the road to Berlin.

Under date Berlin, January seventeenth, 1874, the marshal writes: 'In reply to your question of the second ult.,

I reply that the following works of mine have been published: Letters on the Condition and History of Turkey from 1835 to 1839. Published by Mittler, Berlin, 1840. The Russo-Turkish Campaign in European Turkey, 1828-29. G. Reimer, Berlin, 1845. Remarks respecting the influence of accurate-arms upon modern tactics has not yet been written by me.' This latter work, like another London publication, appears to be mistakenly attributed to Count Von Moltke. In 1854 an English publisher issued a translation—from the German of Baron Von Moltke, Major in the Prussian Army—of a work entitled 'The Russians in Bulgaria and Rumelia in 1828 and 1829, during the Campaigns of the Danube, the Sieges of Brailow, Varna, Silestria and Thumla, and the Passage of the Balkan, by Marshal Dieblitch.' The book having been published at the time England and France were at war with Russia, it attracted considerable attention. The fact of General Von Moltke having served with the Turks against Mehemet Ali, and having issued a work of his experience in the Turkish service, upon his return to Europe, has caused him to be confounded with the other Von Moltke, who also served in the Turkish army.

In General Hazen's Diary of Siege Life at Versailles, we find the following passage: 'October thirtieth—This Sunday, and while going to church, I noticed near me, in a new uniform of a general officer, some one who at first impressed me as the youngest, blandest and slenderest general officer that I ever saw; and I tried to divine how promotion could have been so rapid in an army where everything is so regular. I looked again; and the quick, elastic step, the slender, almost womanly waist, contrasted strangely with his rank, which I now noticed to be that of a full general. On looking into his face I was still more surprised to recognize General Von Moltke. We continued on the remaining hundred yards to the chapel door together. He is a man of few words, of a singularly youth-

ful expression of countenance and eye; and although one knows that he is seventy years of age, and heavy time-lines mark his face, it is hard to shake off the idea that he is a boy. He has a light and nearly transparent complexion, a clear blue eye, flaxen hair, white eyebrows, and no beard. He speaks good English; and on calling at his room, I found him very affable, and full of sagacity and accurate knowledge. In his room were a few chairs, a desk, on which was displayed a map of France, and not another scrap of anything to be seen.'

Russell, in his *Diary of the Last Great War*, alludes to Moltke as 'a thin, wrinkled, round-shouldered old man, with hairless face, who passed by, puffing his cigar, through the files of dukes and princes, who arose and saluted him.' Another of the great word-painter's allusions to the marshal, of whom we imagine he is not an enthusiastic admirer, is the following: 'October twenty-sixth. It is Count Moltke's birthday, and there was a gay scene at the Reservoirs (Versailles), for the Crown Prince and his staff came to dine with the veteran strategist, and the tables were crammed, all the great officers who could attend being present. The great strategist seemed to have more wrinkles than ever on his imperturbable face; but he was not so silent in seven languages as he usually is, and was visibly touched when the Crown Prince drank his health. It was this day sixty-four years ago that Napoleon halted outside Berlin preparatory to his triumphal entry next day; and as we are sitting at dinner there comes intelligence that the days of Metz are nearly numbered.'

The General of the army has, under date of Washington, January fifth, 1874, kindly favored us with his impressions of Marshal Moltke, whom he met during his visit to Europe in 1872: 'I saw him twice, first in his own room at perfect ease, in a sort of military negligée dress, when he reminded me of many a German doctor or professor I had met in this country. He is rather slender, not very military in his

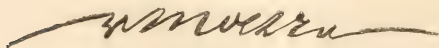
form, about six feet or a little less in height, wears a wig, and his face is clean shaven and smoother than the photographs represent him. His complexion is quite fair, and unless you knew him to be a man of fame, he would not arrest your attention in a crowd. I next saw him in his uniform at a dinner-party, where he wore a military frock buttoned up to the throat, with one or two orders on his breast. His face was the same, calm and thoughtful, and his speech slow and measured. He remarked that he could read and write English fluently, but in speaking was not confident that he always conveyed his exact meaning. He must be now upwards of seventy, and well preserved; of good habits and even temper.

‘His fame is well earned, derived from a large experience in the East, in Turkey, in Asia, and in Europe. He is a close observer of men and things, and a hard student of geography, statistics, and facts. His value in war was his rapid divination of the purpose of his enemy and his accurate knowledge of all the data that enabled him to make the wonderful concentrations by convergent lines, that marked the campaign of Konigsgratz and Sedan. The movements preceding the battle of Konigsgratz were his, and form as good a model for study as any battle of the century.’

After being the unsuccessful candidate of the loyal conservatives of the city of Berlin, Count Moltke was, in January, 1874, elected by another constituency to the German Parliament. There, as well as in the emperor king's cabinet, the Chief Captain of the Empire, who concerns himself only with the strictly military side of political problems, advocates, with particular reference to her present relations with France, the idea that ‘between State and State there is no arbiter but power. Small States can entrust themselves to neutrality and international guarantees, but a great State exists only in itself and out of its own power, and fulfils the object of its existence when it

is determined and prepared to assert its existence, its freedom, and its right.' To Moltke may be chiefly ascribed the activity now prevailing in the Prussian service. In a few months the whole of the line infantry will be armed with the new Mauser muskets. The cavalry have already received carbines on the Chassepôt system. New heavy guns will be supplied to the artillery in the course of the summer, and new light guns will be in use by next winter. At present (March, 1874), five thousand men are engaged on the fortifications of Metz, and ten thousand at Strasbourg.

The other field-m Marshals of Prussia are the Crown Prince, Victoria's son-in-law; Frederick Charles, commonly known as 'The Red Prince,' who received the surrender of Metz and Bazaine's army; Von Roon, the minister of war; the Crown Prince of Saxony; Von Bittenfeld; Von Steinmetz; and the veteran Wrangel (good name for a soldier), who entered the service in 1796, and of whom the sad story is related, that having paid some disreputable debts incurred by his only son, an officer of the army, the stern old soldier handed young Wrangel a pistol, saying, briefly, 'For a Prussian officer who has disgraced himself there is no way but this.' The son, obedient to command, then and there blew his brains out before his father's eyes; and the stoical old marshal has never mentioned his name from that day to this. Of such grim iron stuff are some of the soldiers of the German Empire.





## GENERAL LEE.

He was a man, setting his fate aside,  
Of comely virtues :  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice  
(An honor in him which buys out his fault):  
But, with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose this foe :  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,  
As if he had but proved an argument.

SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HE Lees of Virginia are descendants of an ancient family of Essex in England, whose ancestor accompanied William of Normandy eight hundred years ago to the battle-field of Hastings, when Harold the Saxon's sun went down forever, as was so graphically described by Canon Kingsley in New York, early in the spring of 1874. Another member of this family, Lionel Lee, followed Richard Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, striking some stout blows at the siege of Acre. The first of the Virginian Lees was an ardent monarchist, who disgusted with the iron rule of Cromwell, took ship for the New World, where he purchased extensive tracts of land in Westmoreland county and erected the manor-house of Stratford, an exact reproduction of Stratford Laughton in Essex, the seat of his ancestors. In this house—once burnt, but immediately rebuilt—Henry Lee, the father of the Confederate leader, was born, and from this opulent home went, soon after graduating at Princeton College, New Jersey, to offer his services in defense of his country. Receiving a cap-

tain's commission from Congress, he gained renown as a cavalry commander in the war of the American Colonies against Great Britain. 'No man in the progress of the campaign, had equal merit with yourself;' wrote General Greene to 'Light Horse Harry,' high praise that was confirmed by Washington's words of 'love and thanks,' in a letter of later date.

Robert Edward Lee was the second son of General Lee and Anne Hill Carter. He was born January nineteenth, 1807, in the same room at Stratford where his patriotic kinsman, Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most energetic friends of American freedom, first saw the light. His birthplace is one of those fine old manor-houses like Brandon, Shirley and Westover on the James river, which so much delighted Thackeray, that he expressed a wish to take up his quarters in the library of some one of them, and write the history of the times of good Queen Anne. The early influences of the mansion at Stratford, doubtless had much to do with shaping the character of the boy. He saw around him portraits—mostly painted in England—of his ancestors and kinsmen, so many of whom are included in the bead-roll of American worthies, for there are few if any families in the land, who have for so long a period, and in the persons of so many representatives, enjoyed such honorable distinction. He saw also his venerable father, the friend of Washington, writing the history of his battles in which he so modestly speaks of his gallant deeds and so highly praises his dashing adversary Colonel Tarleton. Here too he saw around him family furniture and silver brought from the old and fast-anchored isle of his ancestors, and well-stocked shelves filled with the literature of the Augustan age of Queen Anne. He was fond of reading the memoirs of great masters of the art of war, and the story of such chivalric characters as The Cid, Cœur de Leon and Condé, Du Guesclin, Bayard

and Sir Philip Sidney, of whom Dr. Aiken says: 'He approaches more nearly to the idea of a perfect man, as well as a perfect knight, than any character of any age or nation.' Said his venerable father in a letter to a relative, written the year before his decease, 'Robert was always a good boy.' After General Lee's death, in 1818, the family removed to Alexandria that the children might enjoy greater educational advantages than were afforded at Stratford.

Before attaining the age of sixteen Robert had decided on a military career. His father's great services and the social influence of the family, enabled them to easily obtain an appointment as cadet in the Military Academy, and in his eighteenth year he was admitted at West Point. During the four years course of study no charge was recorded against him; and when graduated, in 1829, he stood second in a class of forty-six. Lee was appointed second lieutenant in the Topographical Engineers, then as now, the élite branch of the service, and the reward of the best scholarship, as the honors are in our colleges and universities. Three years later he married Mary Custis, the only daughter and heiress of G. W. P. Custis of Arlington House, Washington's adopted son. We have his testimony as well as that of General Scott, for the statement that Lee was at that time, as well as later in life, the handsomest young officer in the army—tall, well-made, a superb carriage, perfect health, combined with great physical strength, and altogether a worthy representative of Washington.

In 1846, when war was declared against Mexico, Lee accompanied General Wood's brigade to Vera Cruz, the reduction of which having been in a great measure attributed to his superior talents as an engineer, he was placed by the commander-in-chief on the general staff. He was three times brevetted for gallantry, at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco and Chapultepec, where he was severely

wounded. Scott says, 'I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, Engineer. This officer, greatly distinguished at the siege of Vera Cruz, was again indefatigable, during these operations (at Cerro Gordo), in reconnaissances as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy.' Again Scott writes of Lee characterizing him as being 'as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring,' and in his report of the battle of Chapultepec says: 'Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries.'

Remaining three years at the head of the Military Academy, it received through his vigilance and care many important and valuable improvements. The course of academic studies was rendered more thorough by being extended from four to five years. During his superintendence of the Academy, Congress passed an act authorizing the raising of two cavalry regiments; in the second of which, Lee was appointed to the lieutenant-colonelcy. Organized in 1855, the regiment was sent to Texas, remaining on duty on the southwestern border until 1859, engaged in Indian warfare. Returning to Washington in the autumn of this year, Colonel Lee was called upon to discharge the disagreeable duty of putting down the John Brown invasion of Virginia. His firmness and humanity on this occasion are both highly commended by all parties who realize the trying circumstances under which, as a military man, he was compelled to act.

Rejoining his regiment at San Antonio, Texas, in February, 1860, he remained there until December, when he returned to the North on leave of absence. Commissioned a full colonel March sixteenth, 1861, Lee, after a service of twenty-five years, left the United States army April

twentieth, 1861. In his letter of resignation to General Scott, dated at Arlington, he expresses his deep regret in being compelled to follow the course which his sense of duty to his native State required him to take. His letter breathes unaffected devotion to his old chief and former comrades-in-arms, and even affection for the Union. Lee should have remembered and imitated the example of the immortal Washington, who never spoke of himself as a Virginian, apparently believing his fealty to his State to be subordinate to his allegiance to the Republic. Thus in his Farewell Address, although written and published in Philadelphia, it is signed, 'United States, nineteenth September, 1796,' and his will, written only six months before his death, begins: 'In the name of God, amen. I, George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States and lately President of the same, do make and declare this instrument, etc.' Scott said the defection of Lee was equal to the loss of a hundred thousand men; and to the writer he remarked that had Lee remained loyal to the Union, he would likely have been his (Scott's) successor as commander-in-chief, at the same time admitting that he believed his favorite staff-officer had taken the step from an imperative sense of duty.

His resignation accepted, he made his head-quarters at Richmond, as commander of the Virginia forces, with the rank of major-general, conferred by Governor Letcher, and began the organization of the State troops. Montgomery, Alabama, being the Confederate capital at this time, the Virginia troops were considered independent. Soon after Lee took command, the seat of government was removed to Richmond, when he accepted a commission from the war department of the South of general in the Confederate army; thus officially and publicly forgetting his personal pledges of not drawing his sword outside of his native State. Placed third on the list of the Confederate service, Albert Sydney Johnston and Samuel



Cooper outranking him simply in priority of appointment, Lee was appointed to command the forces in Western Virginia.

His reputation, so well established in Mexico, and which acquired so much brilliancy in so many subsequent campaigns, did not rise auspiciously in the beginning of the war in Western Virginia. McClellan's star was in the ascendant there, and with Rosecrans, for the time being, he carried everything before him. Sir Walter Scott, speaking of Napoleon, said his military genius shone resplendent in mountain warfare. McClellan descending from the mountain to the valley seemed to have lost his prestige of glory, and Lee, as soon as he reached the plains, and had anything like an army to lead, showed himself a master of tactics, and if not the greatest, a great strategist. The campaign in Western Virginia was a failure for the Confederates; and General Lee was transferred to Charleston, South Carolina, where a new field of operations was committed to him in defending the coast.

The Confederates growing tired of Jefferson Davis as a military leader, were clamorous for the advancement of Lee as commander-in-chief of the army. Obeying this unmistakable choice, Davis yielded, and Lee assumed the chief command, transferring his head-quarters to Richmond. It was in March, 1862, just as McClellan was reorganizing his forces for the Peninsula campaign. New vigor and hope seemed to inspire the Confederate army and cause, upon Lee's assuming the chief control. General McClellan in May was lining with his forces the northern approaches of Richmond, and the North, miscalculating the work that was before them, were as vociferous for, as they were expectant of, the fall of the southern capital.

The last day of May came, and with it the beginning of that series of terrible battles which showed the superior generalship of Lee, if the disasters of the Union army

are to be accepted as evidence. At Seven Pines General J. E. Johnston was badly wounded, and Lee took the field in person. Establishing his lines firmly, he at once assumed the offensive against the entire right wing of the Union army. Following this movement with energy, in less than a week McClellan's army was forced to seek protection under the gunboats at Harrison's Landing on James River. These successes of the Confederates, however, met with a sudden reverse at Malvern Hill, where they were defeated with heavy loss.

Co-operating with this series of offensive movements, Lee had despatched Stonewall Jackson \* to move rapidly up the valley and force McDowell and Banks back upon Washington and Harper's Ferry. Lee now commenced a northward movement with his entire force, and soon joined Jackson in the valley, and on the plains of Manassas. Beginning the movement August thirteenth, Pope's army was defeated in the second battle of Bull Run, and hurled back upon Washington September second. This was doubtless the most brilliant, vigorous and successful of the Confederate campaigns during the war, and presents General Lee's military genius in the most resplendent light. Reverses, however, were destined to counteract these achievements. At Antietam General McClellan met the Confederate forces, after their series of victories, and forced them back bruised and bleeding.

General Burnside, succeeding McClellan, on January twenty-ninth, 1863, attacked Lee's position at Fredericksburg, and met with a terrible reverse. This useless slaughter cost the country the lives of many of the best and bravest of her sons, and among the number the writer

\* General T. J. Jackson, we are able to state on the authority of a Confederate general, obtained the name of 'Stonewall' at the first battle of Bull Run, when a brigade commander pointing to Jackson's command, said, reassuringly to his soldiers, 'Look at those Virginians! They stand like a stone wall.' Jackson and his brigade was ever after known as 'Stonewall.'

had to mourn the loss of a younger brother, stricken unto death on that fatal field. In the words of Coleridge,

‘The knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.’

A renewed invasion of the North having been determined upon early in the spring, Lee, after defeating Hooker at Chancellorsville, marched northward in several columns, crossing the Potomac at Harper’s Ferry, Williamsport and Edwards Ferry, invading Chambersburg, York and other towns along his line of march through Pennsylvania. Forming his combinations, General Meade, who succeeded Hooker, hastened towards Gettysburg, and mustered a formidable force when Lee marched up with his veterans to meet him.

A signal, some think a decisive victory, was gained by Meade. The advantages of this victory, however, if a decisive one, was singularly enough neglected, or not successfully followed up. Lee, by skilful manœuvring led his retreating troops through a long line held by the Union forces, and with but little opposition, fell back on the Rappahannock. In the face of this defeat, renewed energy and activity seemed to inspire the Confederate army through the genius of Lee. Creating out of his old command mixed with the raw material of recruits, a new army, he met Grant in almost daily combat and kept him for a year at least in check.

Meeting the western general in the Wilderness with an unequal army, variously estimated at from fifty-five to seventy thousand men, so skilful were his movements and so consummate his generalship, that the result of the second days’ struggle was but a drawn battle. Following in rapid succession the terrible conflicts through the Wilderness, came the change of front to Cold Harbor, the crossing of the James River and the protracted siege of Petersburg. Panegyrists of the South have pronounced

this campaign of Lee's one of the most splendid in military annals. It certainly proves, together with his other campaigns, that Lee is to be ranked with the school of which Wellington was such a bright example. 'Wellington's system of combat,' says Napoleon, was what is called the *defensive-offensive*: awaiting his adversary on chosen ground, he fatigued his assailants with his artillery and a murderous fire of musketry, and when they were about to pierce his line, he avoided this formidable movement by falling on them with his united forces.'

Fighting against such fearful odds in the Wilderness and on the Chickahominy, Lee was not unmindful of the approaches to Richmond, and ordered Beauregard from South Carolina to confront Butler on the Appomattox. Continuing to keep Grant's army in constant activity, Lee found himself at length secure in Richmond, and in this brief breathing time he was enabled to reorganize his army and fill up its broken ranks with such material as could, 'by robbing the cradle and the grave,' be collected together. But little respite was given, however. Grant, vigilant and untiring, was striking at the southern defences of Richmond. Moving upon Petersburg, Lee was enabled to arrive before him, and holding the town with a small force, it, with the capital of the Confederacy, trembled in the balance until his favorite corps arrived. Threatened upon all sides, the besieged city still held out with firmness and valor, if without hope. Finally, on the second of April, 1865, Lee's line was broken and he began that famous retreat that may be justly classed with the celebrated but more successful retreat of Marshal Soult from the Douro and that of the 'Child of Victory' from Portugal. Five days of marching, fighting and starving, found Lee at length surrounded; the struggle was virtually over and the shattered remains of the gallant army surrendered at Appomattox Court House, on the ninth of April.

'His parting words to his troops are historical. 'Men,

we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more.' But it is not so well known that whilst he uttered them with voice slightly trembling, tears from the rough soldiers he was parting from, answered those in his eyes, as they pressed round him to wring his hand lovingly, and offer their response in the rude prayer, 'May God help you, General!' In his last army order, issued the next morning, he replied to their sympathy: 'You will take with you to your homes the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.' His last official act was to intercede with Grant that the mounted soldiers might be granted the use of their horses, so as to set at once to work on their neglected farms; a favor the Federal commander at once accorded with a readiness as courteous in the giver as it was politic in the disturbed state of the country. Indeed, the whole conduct of General Grant on this memorable occasion reflects on him a credit which the severest critic of his checkered life can never lessen. That the two armies, so fiercely opposed for four long years, could have parted as they did without one word but those of sympathy and respect, seems to pre-  
sage with certainty the day when the last wounds of the recovered Union shall be fully healed, and the great constitutional victory of the rights of the Federation over those of the States shall be spoken of with as little bitterness in South and North as its petty prototype, the War of the Sonderbund, is to-day in all parts of Switzerland.'

In speaking of Lee and Grant, the *Hector and Achilles* of the American '*Iliad*,' the *Saturday Review* says: 'The Virginian's character was of that noble kind which retains its full measure of dignity in the shadow of adversity. Though 'nothing succeeds like success,' yet, in the last meeting of the hostile generals, our admiration and respect are given chiefly to him who surrenders his sword; and,



viewing them as they appeared in later years, when their fortunes diverged so widely, the President of the great republic looks small and commonplace compared with the broken-hearted school-master of Lexington.'

It is a curious circumstance that the late tremendous war which convulsed the United States for a period of four years, desolating a large portion of the South and robbing the land of a half million of her sons, whose graves are scattered over the country from Gettysburg to the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic coast to the western limits of Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana, should have produced so few soldierly *sobriquets* expressive of admiration and love for the leaders of the hosts that shared in the great conflict. Many renowned captains have received from their affectionate soldiers names less formal than their official titles. Neither Cromwell, Marlborough, Cumberland nor Wellington, were men calculated to inspire affection, yet they all had their nicknames of *Old Noll*, *Corporal John*, *The Duke*, likewise stigmatized by his soldiers and others as *The Butcher*, on account of the cruelties perpetrated on the unfortunate Highlanders; and *The Iron Duke*. Turning to France, we find Soult called *Le Vieux Renard*; Murat, *Le Beau Sabreur*; and Napoleon, *Le Petit Caporal*, a name well-won on the Bridge of Lodi. Frederick was known as *Alter Fritz*, *Old Fritz* and *Vater Fritz*, also as *Marshal Vorwärts*—a name which Blücher shared with his king, together with that of *Old Hickory*; so that the *sobriquets* passed into history and the lyrics of Arndt and Béranger. Gonsalvo of Cordova was known as the *Great Captain*; Ruy Diaz, the flower of Spanish chivalry, as *The Cid*, and *El Campeador*—a hero without an equal; the Prince of Orange, as *Vater William* and *William The Silent*; and Charles of Sweden, as *Iron Head*, on account of his obstinacy.

Turning to the New World, we find comparatively few nicknames. Washington, although trusted and respected

by his soldiers, was too stately and reserved to have any endearing name bestowed on him by the troops, who called General Marion the *Swamp Fox*; Wayne, *Mad Anthony*; and Lee,—the father of Robert E.,—*Light Horse Harry*. At a later day, the hero of New Orleans was known as *Old Hickory*, curiously translated by a French journal into *Vieux Noyer*; Harrison, as *Tippecanoe*, from a victory gained on that battle-field; and Taylor, the victor of Buena Vista, as *Rough and Ready*. With the exception of *Baldy Smith*, *Bull Sumner*, *Fighting Joe*, *Old Brains* (Halleck), and *Little Phil*, applied to the American Murat, there were no popular army names applied to the Northern generals, while *Stonewall Jackson*, and *Uncle Robert*—the endearing title applied to the subject of this sketch by the soldiers of the South, are the only nicknames universally received and used during the late rebellion.

Soon after the close of the war General Lee assumed the Presidency of Washington College, Lexington. His previous experience as Superintendent of West Point fitted him, as an instructor of youth, for this position; while his seclusion from political or military life qualified him pre-eminently for the task of building up this ancient institution of learning. Hence, under his five years' presidency, it rose rapidly into prominence and usefulness; laying a foundation, as well for future eminence as a seat of learning. A pleasing incident is related as having occurred during his residence at the college, and one which, as an auld lang syne friend of Lee's, we have pleasure in relating: 'This is one of our old soldiers who is in necessity,' were his words to a friend who discovered him in the act of relieving a broken-down wayfaring man, and adding kindly words to his gift. 'He fought on the other side,' he added in a whisper, 'but we must not think of that.'

In 1869 General Lee published a new edition of his father's 'Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department,' to which he prefixed an unostentatious life of the author;

and as the writer happens to know from the very best authority, he contemplated imitating his father's example by preparing a memoir of his own military campaigns in Virginia. But, a few months before his death, he said the time had not yet arrived when he could write a truthful history of the great events in which he had borne so prominent a part, without engendering and re-awakening controversy and bitterness of feeling: the correctness of which statement is fully vindicated by the recent appearance of '*Narration of Military Operations*, directed by General J. E. Johnston during the late War between the States.'

Lee's death was professionally ascribed to cerebral congestion; but those who knew him best knew it was caused by the effect of long-suppressed sorrows. He died tranquilly of a broken heart at Lexington, October twelfth, 1870, while still President of Washington College; and since then Mrs. Lee has been laid by his side. The illustrious soldier requested that no funeral oration should be pronounced over his remains; and in accordance with his wishes, the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal Church was read as his body was committed to the grave, beneath the Chapel of Washington College, three days after his death:

'This earth that bears the dead,  
Bears not alive so stout a soldier.'

Three sons survive, who served in the army of the South; and the eldest has succeeded to the presidency of the institution so ably presided over by his renowned father. Lee was, like Havelock, a Christian soldier, and never, even amid the alarms of war, did he partake of food without first asking a blessing. He was a communicant of the Episcopal Church: and to one who congratulated him on the prosperity of the College while under his care, he said, 'I shall be disappointed, I shall fail in the leading

object that brought me here, unless the young men I have charge of become real Christians.' The story of Lee's life and campaigns was written and published in 1869 by McCabe, and two years later John Esten Cooke appeared as the loving biographer of the illustrious soldier.

Three indelible stains must ever rest upon the otherwise spotless character of Robert E. Lee—his abandonment of the government and flag that he had solemnly sworn to forever uphold and defend against all enemies foreign and domestic, to take part in a slaveholders' rebellion; his failure to protect Union prisoners from the savage atrocities to which they were subjected in Southern prisons—atrocities never in modern times committed by any Christian nation, on helpless prisoners of war—barbarous cruelties unworthy of a civilized people and for which as commander-in-chief with ample power to prevent, Robert E. Lee must ever before God and man be held accountable, and lastly, his clinging to Scott's staff till the last minute in order to carry to the South a full knowledge of the confiding veteran's plans for the approaching campaign.

An English military critic who shares Cooke's and Chesney's measureless admiration of the Confederate chieftain, writes in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*: 'The fame and character of General Lee will hereafter be regarded in Europe and America in a dual aspect. In Europe, we shall consider him merely as a soldier; and it is more than probable that within the present century we shall have accustomed ourselves to regard him as third upon the list of English-speaking generals, and as having been surpassed in soldierly capacity by Marlborough and Wellington alone. In America, when the passions of the great Civil War shall have died out, Lee will be regarded more as a man than a soldier. His infinite purity, self-denial, tenderness and generosity, will make his memory more and more precious to his countrymen when they have purged their minds of the prejudices which civil war inva-

riably breeds. They will acknowledge before long that Lee took no step in life except in accordance with what he regarded as, and believed to be, his duty; and they will hold up his example, no less than that of Abraham Lincoln, as one of the brightest patterns which they can set before their children.'

Colonel Chesney of the British army, in his eulogy on Lee, makes no allusion to the fact that the question at issue was the preservation of a Republic of forty millions of people, that it was a war between Freedom and Slavery, and that his hero's sword was drawn in defence of the wrong. He concludes with these words: 'The day will come when the evil passions of the great civil strife will sleep in oblivion, and North and South will do justice to each other's motives and forget each other's wrongs. Then history will speak with clear voice of the deeds done on either side, and the citizens of the whole Union do justice to the memory of the dead, and place above all others the name of the great chief of whom we have written. In strategy mighty; in battle terrible; in adversity, as in prosperity, a hero indeed; with the simple devotion to duty and the rare purity of the ideal Christian knight he joined all the kingly qualities of a leader of men. Is it a wondrous future, indeed, that lies before America; but in her annals of years to come, as in those of the past, there will be found few names that can rival in unsullied lustre that of the heroic defender of his native Virginia, Robert Edward Lee.'

Nothing but the revolution of the Southern States brought Lee into the prominence he will hold in history; a revolution brought about by other minds than his own. A revolution, or a rebellion which he had no part in forming, no ambition in moulding. Had his views respecting the Union been adhered to, the modest engineer who had led an army to success by his skilful strategy and generalship, would have retired from his superintendency of West Point,



to have ended his days it may be as a colonel of cavalry beyond the distant frontier borders of civilization, or perhaps, like Washington, upon the decline of a life passed in loyal devotion to his country, have retired to his noble seat on Arlington Heights, the finest place in the neighborhood of the capital, more beautiful even than Mount Vernon. But the fates, otherwise the politicians of the South, decreed it otherwise, and Robert E. Lee, the unambitious and modest soldier, became the military leader of the most formidable rebellion of modern times.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "R. E. Lee". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of each name being capitalized and prominent.

## GENERAL SHERMAN.

No carpet knight  
That spent his youth in groves or pleasant bowers,  
Or stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,  
Sung to his lute such soft and melting notes  
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

**F**OR four years our country was convulsed by a war between Union and Secession, as terrible as ever tried the nerve of any nation. During that period the South produced three great captains,—Lee, Johnston and Jackson, better known as Stonewall Jackson, whose character was that of earnest religious conviction, united to high military zeal and genius. Among Oliver Cromwell's invincible legions there was not a more puritanical character, nor one in which more heroic qualities were united. In the army of the North, we find four soldiers, who, had they served under Napoleon, would have been created field-mars-hals; Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas. The most brilliant of the quartette, who has been pronounced by a high authority—no less than the President—to be the greatest of living Captains; William Tecumseh Sherman was born February eighth, 1820, in the town of Lancaster, Ohio—a State which has given birth to more eminent soldiers than any other in the Union. Grant, Sheridan, Rosecrans, Gillmore, and the lamented McPherson—

‘A braver, bolder, gentler man,  
Ne’er served his native land,’

were all born in Ohio.

From Cothren's History of Ancient Woodbury, it appears that the general of the army is descended from

Samuel Sherman, a Puritan of the Cromwell school, and one of the original proprietors of Woodbury, Connecticut, where he settled in 1635. His descendant, Daniel Sherman, was contemporaneous with Roger Sherman, but the relation between them was several degrees removed. Daniel Sherman was evidently a man of considerable ability and great influence. He was a member of the Committee of Safety, in Connecticut, during the entire revolution, and served for sixty-five consecutive sessions, or thirty-two and a half years, as the Representative of his native town in the General Assembly of Connecticut. Numerous anecdotes are told of him, which prove him to have been full of humor, as well as full of sense. He died shortly after the adoption of the Constitution. His son, Taylor Sherman, was General Sherman's grandfather. Taylor was a lawyer in Norwalk, Connecticut, and became a judge. He was one of the commissioners sent by the State of Connecticut to designate the 'Fire Lands' in Ohio, now comprising the counties of Huron and Erie. These lands were ceded by Connecticut to the sufferers by the fire of the British and Tories of the war of the Revolution, and were afterwards subdivided among the sufferers. This duty, with the ownership of some of those lands, probably directed the attention of the oldest son of Taylor Sherman—Charles R. Sherman, to Ohio.

In 1810, when first of age, he emigrated to Ohio, starting for Cincinnati, but was detained by the high waters of the Hockhocking, at the town of Lancaster, then a mere hamlet. Settling there as a lawyer, he soon attained eminence, and became judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, in 1823. By the concurring testimony of all the old lawyers of the State, he had rare abilities as an advocate, and was a genial, liberal and very popular citizen. The subject of this sketch entered West Point as a cadet in 1836, through the influence of Thomas Ewing, the eminent jurist and statesman. Mr. Ewing states that he hesitated

for some time between 'Cump' and his younger brother John, now a member of the United States senate. Mrs. Sherman had been left a widow with five daughters and six sons. He determined to relieve her of the care of one of the boys, and selected 'Cump,' as the most talented. He had observed in him great ingenuity in the construction of mud walls and artificial earthworks, and from this cause came to the conclusion that he ought to be educated for a soldier. It cannot be said that the youthful propensity grew into the man, for of late years he has been a kind of iconoclast—tearing down, rather than building up. Accordingly, as the son of his intimate deceased friend, Mr. Ewing adopted young Sherman at the age of nine years, as a member of his own family, and sent him to a school where he remained until he entered the military academy. He was graduated June thirtieth, 1840, standing sixth in the order of general merit of his class of forty-two members—all that passed of one hundred and forty who had entered the institution with him. Of his cadet life we have no record beyond what is contained in the following letter, written March eighth, 1866, by Professor D. H. Mahan of West Point:—

'Now I can truly say that, not having met General Grant from the time he graduated, in 1843, until he visited the Academy, in June, 1865, and General Sherman only twice, at long intervals, from his graduation, in 1840, until the same time, I felt, when I saw them in this last visit, that I was in the presence of two remarkable men. The feeling was not simply that which Dr. Johnson somewhere described as what every person instinctively feels who enters the presence of an admiral or general who has encountered the perils of battle, nor that which causes me instinctively to uncover when I approach either of those two octogenarian Nestors of our old army, Lieutenant-General Scott or General Thayer. Alas! how few are left,

*'Rari nantes in gurgite vasto,'*

but what all must feel who see, for the first time, men who have done deeds that have called forth the plaudits of nations, and have won for themselves the respect and gratitude of their country.

‘Of the student life of each of these men during their last year at the Academy I have a distinct recollection. Brought under my supervision frequently in daily recitations, and for about three months three hours daily working under my eye, my opportunities for gaining an insight into their characteristics were passably good. Professor Coppee describes Grant as a ‘middle man,’ a phrase new to me. He was what we termed a first section man in all his scientific studies; that is, one who accomplishes the full course. He always showed himself a clear thinker and a steady worker. He belonged to the class of compactly strong men who went at their task at once, and kept at it until finished, never being seen, like the slack-twisted class, yawning, lolling on their elbows over their work, and looking as if just ready to sink down from mental inanity.

‘Sherman was the reverse of this in manner. Eager, impetuous, restless, he always worked with a will. Being one of those of whom Byron says :

‘Quiet to quick souls is a hell.’

If he wasn’t at work he was in for mischief. If, while explaining something to his class at the blackboard, I heard any slight disturbance, denoting some fun, I was seldom wrong, in turning round, in holding up my finger to Mr. Sherman. But one was more than repaid for any slight annoyance of this kind, by his irrepressible good nature, and by the clear thought and energy he threw into his work. That he should accomplish something great, I was prepared to learn. But not so in Grant, whose round, cheery, boyish face, though marked with character and quiet manner, gave none of that evidence of what he has



since shown he possesses. Grant's mental machine is of the powerful low pressure class, which condenses its own steam and consumes its own smoke; and which pushes steadily forward and drives all obstacles before it. Sherman's belongs to the high pressure class, which lets off both a puff and a cloud, and dashes at its work with restless vigor, the result of a sound boiler and plenty of fuel.

\*                      \*

'Of all the incidents in the lives of these two illustrious men, nothing, perhaps, was more characteristic of them, and none probably will be longer remembered by them with pleasure, than their visit to their Alma Mater at West Point, in June 1865. More fortunate than mortals generally, the lines of Byron, do not, in all, apply to them :

'Green and unfading blooms that schoolboy spot,  
Which we can ne'er forget, though we are there forgot.'

In a room in which the examination for graduation, to which they had also been subjected, was going on, the faculty before whom they had passed their ordeal still sitting in it, a young class of their comrades present, and crowded with an eager enthusiastic assemblage of ladies and many distinguished men, Grant first appeared, leaning on the arm of the superintendent, shrinking and half drawing back, as, with almost feminine timidity depicted on his face, he was led forward, to be presented to his old professors. Sherman, a day or two after, passed through the same ordeal. With equal modesty, but with that self-assertion of manner that has become a habit with him, he greeted all around, and in a few moments was busy turning over the specimens of the cadets' drawings that were placed aside on a table, comparing the present with the past. Happy *Alma Mater*, in having such sons to present to the republic. More happy, that the characteristics of her flock, thus far, are personal integrity and devotion to the public interests entrusted to them.'

Cadet Sherman was appointed in accordance with the customary recommendation of the Academic Board, to a second lieutenancy in the Third Regiment of artillery, and after enjoying the usual three months' furlough, joined his company at Fort Pierce, Florida. He continued to serve at different posts in Florida till January, 1842, when he received his commission as first lieutenant in the same regiment, dating from November thirtieth, 1841, accompanied by an order to proceed to Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. In 1846 he was sent with his company to California, remaining there during the Mexican war, far removed from the scenes of active service. Four years later he married Miss Helen Ewing, at the residence, in Washington, of her father, then a member of President Taylor's Cabinet, and in 1853, having attained the rank of captain, resigned his commission in the army to fill the position of manager of a banking house at San Francisco. Leaving California, he followed for two years the practice of the law in Kansas, and early in 1860, became President of the State Military Academy of Louisiana, located near Alexandria, on the Red River, where he remained until a short period before the commencement of the civil war. Having evidence, perfectly satisfactory to his own mind, long before the first shot was fired at Sumter, that the war was inevitable, he took prompt counsel of both honor and patriotism; communicating his decision to the Governor of the State in a manly and loyal letter, dated January eighteenth, 1861.

His resignation being accepted by Governor Morse, Sherman removed to St. Louis, and just before the attack on Fort Sumter, proceeded to Washington, where he talked of the state of affairs with characteristic freedom. He held very enlarged views of the terrible crisis then about to burst upon the country, but they were not appreciated. A letter addressed to the Secretary of War, tendering his services and urging his views, as well as the expression of the same views to the President, was disregarded, and

met with ridicule. He was in advance of the times, and labored in vain to convince the authorities that they should immediately organize the whole military force of the country, in order to crush the rebellion in its infancy. Sherman was perhaps the only man in the North who properly appreciated the gigantic character of the impending struggle. When it was at length decided to increase the regular army by the addition of eleven regiments, he applied for a position in this force, and was commissioned colonel of the Thirteenth Infantry to date from May fourteenth, 1861. In the battle of Bull Run Sherman took part as a brigade commander, acquitting himself with great gallantry, and in the quiet which followed the retreat to Washington, he was engaged in re-organizing the army. August third, 1861, he was confirmed as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and the month following was assigned to duty in the West, as second in command to General Robert Anderson, who being soon after relieved, Sherman succeeded to the unenviable position of Commander of the Department South of the Ohio, October seventh, 1861.

Up to that time but ten thousand troops had been sent to Kentucky. Albert Sidney Johnston was believed to have at least five times that number stationed at and near Bowling Green. Sherman urged upon the government the necessity of immediate reinforcements. So urgent and repeated were his demands that at last the Secretary of War, accompanied by the adjutant-general, visited Louisville in order to satisfy themselves in regard to the situation of affairs. General Sherman briefly explained: 'My forces,' said he, 'are too small for an advance, too small to hold the important positions in the State against an advance of the enemy, and altogether too large to be sacrificed in detail.' On being asked how many troops he required, he answered without hesitation, 'Two hundred thousand men.' His views were laughed at, and so feeling that he could not successfully conduct the Western campaign, he asked to be

relieved. Sherman was now set down as being 'crazy,' and retired to the command of Benton Barracks, St. Louis. The evidence of his insanity was his answer to the Secretary of War—that to make a successful advance against the army then strongly posted at all the strategic points from the Mississippi to Cumberland Gap, would require an army of two hundred thousand men. The answer was that of a military genius, but to the mind of Simon Cameron, it was that of a lunatic.

When General Grant moved on Fort Donelson, Sherman was intrusted by General Halleck, who had been placed in command of the Department of the West, with the duty of forwarding reinforcements and supplies from Paducah. This duty he performed with characteristic energy. Grant subsequently acknowledged himself 'greatly indebted to him for his promptness.' Sherman was soon afterwards appointed to the command of the Fifth Division of the Army of Tennessee, and on March fourteenth, leading the van of Grant's army, passed up the Tennessee on transports disembarking at Pittsburg Landing. The other five divisions followed, and during the last week of March, the Army of Tennessee only awaited the arrival of the Army of the Cumberland under Buell to make a forward movement against the enemy concentrated at Corinth. In the bloody battle of Shiloh, fought April sixth and seventh, Sherman undoubtedly saved the army from destruction. General Nelson, a few days before his death said—'During eight hours the fate of the army on the field of Shiloh, depended on the life of one man; if General Sherman had fallen, the army would have been captured or destroyed.' For his gallant services in this battle he was made a major-general, Halleck stating in his official report, that our success was mainly due to his exertions.

Then followed the siege of Corinth, in which he commanded the extreme right. It was evacuated by the enemy May twenty-ninth, and Sherman was assigned to the com-

mand of Hurlburt's division in addition to his own, with which he marched through northern Mississippi and western Tennessee, reaching Memphis July twenty-ninth. On his arrival, he assumed civil and military command of the district of Memphis, which he conducted with ability, until the commencement of the winter campaign. November twentieth, he marched his command under Grant as far southeast as the Tallahatchie in the movement against Vicksburg. At this point he was detached from the main column with what was afterwards known as the Second Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps, and returned to Memphis. Embarking his troops, and those under command of General Steele at Helena, Sherman proceeded down the Mississippi, and landing at Chickasaw Bayou, December twenty-ninth, he made an unsuccessful attack upon the enemy strongly intrenched on the Walnut Hills, in the rear of Vicksburg. The ignominious surrender of Holly Springs, by Colonel Murphy, forced General Grant to fall back from Oxford, and the single column of Sherman having failed to carry the rebel works, were withdrawn under cover of the gunboats, to Milliken's Bend.

General McClellan arrived January second, 1863, and assumed command of the expedition. In accordance with the suggestion of Sherman, which was seconded by Admiral Porter, the new commander decided, while awaiting reinforcements, that an assault should be made on Fort Hindman, commonly known as Kansas Post, an old French settlement situated on the Arkansas river about fifty miles from its mouth. A combined attack was made by the army and navy and the place captured January eleventh. In this affair, Sherman's Fifteenth Corps had the right and centre and did most of the fighting on land. The army now returned to the neighborhood of Vicksburg, where General Grant soon after arrived and assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee, consisting of the Thirteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, commanded



by Major-Generals McClelland, Sherman, Hurlburt and McPherson. In the last week of March, Sherman made with his famous Second Division, the Steel's Bayou Expeditions, extricating by severe marching and great labor, Porter and his iron clads from a perilous position on the Rolling Fork. Simultaneously with the running past the Vicksburg batteries, and Grant's crossing at Bruinsburg, Sherman made, with the same division and five gunboats, a successful feint against Haines Bluff, on the Yazoo river, drawing three divisions of Pemberton's army to resist an attack at that point, enabling Grant to cross the Mississippi and occupy the heights without serious opposition. Returning, he moved to Milliken's Bend, marched to Hard Times, crossed the river on transports to Grand Gulf, overtook Grant's army at Hawkinson's Ferry on the Big Black river, and held the advance up to the fortifications in the rear and to the north of Vicksburg. On May eighteenth, Sherman had invested the 'Western Gibraltar' on the north with his right resting on the Mississippi, thus opening a line of supplies for the army from the Yazoo river. During the memorable siege he commanded the right of the line of investment, and on June twenty-fifth, he was assigned to the command of the Ninth Corps and divisions of the Thirteenth, Fifteenth and Seventeenth, to repel the anticipated attempt of Johnston to raise the siege. On the fall of Vicksburg, July fourth, Sherman immediately moved with the above-mentioned troops increased by the remainder of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Corps, and a division of the Sixteenth, defeating Johnston at Jackson and capturing the place, important as being the capital of the State of Mississippi.

Of the part taken by Sherman in this ever-memorable campaign of one hundred and nine days from its inception, General Grant says in his official report: 'The siege of Vicksburg and last capture of Jackson and dispersion of Johnston's army, entitle General Sherman to more credit

than usually falls to the lot of one man to earn. His demonstration at Haines Bluff in April, to hold the enemy above Vicksburg, while the army was securing a foothold east of the Mississippi; his rapid marches to join the army afterwards; his management at Jackson, Mississippi, in the first attack; his almost unequalled march from Jackson to Bridgeport, and passage of Black River; his securing Walnut Hills on the eighteenth of May, attest his great merit as a soldier.'

Early in August Sherman received from the War Department a commission as Brigadier-General in the regular army, dating from July fourth, 1863, and in the month of September was ordered to move to Chattanooga to reinforce Rosecrans. Proceeding to Memphis from Vicksburg, where he had been stationed, Sherman hurried off the Fifteenth Corps and other troops, and October eleventh set out for Corinth by railway, escorted by the Thirteenth Infantry. On the twenty-seventh of the same month, he was appointed to the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, Grant having been advanced to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. The day after, Sherman left Iuka, out-generaled the enemy, crossed the Tennessee, and on November twenty-third had marched around Chattanooga and turned the rebel right—a march of two hundred and thirty miles, and fought a great battle within a short month. With his own and portions of other commands, he went to the relief of Knoxville, reaching Burnside and raising the siege December sixth, the enemy under Longstreet retreating to Virginia. 'The closing events of 1863,' says the *Edinburg Review*, 'fully verify his own once scouted prophecy and placed him second to Grant alone; whilst with more far-seeing instinct the Confederates held him for the most formidable of their foes.' It was during this campaign that the following letter was written to the author, in answer to a request that he would furnish the regiment *data* from which a sketch of his

life could be prepared for a work then in press. It was dated Head-quarters of the Army of the Tennessee, Bridgeport, November eighteenth, 1863:—

‘Yours of October twenty-third overtook me here, having marched the Fifteenth Army Corps all the way from Memphis. We move right along to Chattanooga. I have no time to comply with your request to furnish data from which to sketch my unimportant career, and ask as a special favor to be left out of the list. I prefer to leave that short task until I am killed or dead.’ \* \* \*

Early in January, 1864, Sherman was again in the Mississippi Valley, and on the twenty-sixth of the month, was the recipient of a public dinner at Memphis. In the course of his speech on the occasion he said:—‘I was in Louisiana at the time of secession. A soldier at Baton Rouge, Haskins by name, commanded a guard of forty-five men, having in charge the government arsenal at that place. He told Bragg when he came with his six hundred men, he would die before he would surrender the place, but finally he was induced by false promises to give it up. I had custody afterwards of some of those same arms, but scorned the charge. Slidell wrote an order for those stolen arms on United States paper. The Southerners have forfeited all honor. They took those arms dishonorably. I wiped my hands of the whole thing, and left them, and think my conscience is clear. No amount of death, ruin, or disgrace, can wipe out that one act of dark disgrace. I wish to make this issue on a point of honor alone. Their every act is marked with disgrace and dishonor. It is written plainly that the northmen will sweep over the South, unless the people there submit to the government. I can see it, and know it a great deal better than I know what will appear in to-morrow’s Bulletin. We must all obey the laws,—why shall not they? They drew us into a war, and we have fought them. I believe in the right of secession, but if a man secedes, let him leave the country. If

you want to secede you can start for Madagascar to-morrow, but you must leave the land behind you, that never secedes.' We may mention *en passant* that Sherman is as ready with his voice as with his sword and pen. At the last annual dinner at Delmonico's of the New England Society of New York he shared the fairly-won oratorical honors of the evening with the lamented Charles Sumner and Henry Ward Beecher, two of America's ablest speakers.

General Sherman set out from Vicksburg, February third, on his famous expedition into central Mississippi, carrying consternation into the heart of the Confederacy, destroying railroads and public stores, capturing horses and mules, and damaging the enemy in many ways. During the first week of March we find him in New Orleans consulting with General Banks in regard to the Red River Expedition, and a few days later, he is giving orders to his captains at Natchez, Vicksburg and Memphis. On March twelfth Lieutenant-General Grant was placed at the head of all the armies of the Union. The same order assigned Sherman to the command of the Department of the Mississippi, comprised of the minor departments of the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas—the same command just vacated by Grant. Soon the two parallel campaigns of the year with Atlanta and Richmond as the objectives were set on foot, Sherman marching to Atlanta, where, according to the London Times, 'he was only being tolled on to his destruction,' and announced its capture in these words:—'Atlanta is ours, and fairly won. Since the fifth of May we have been in one continual battle or skirmish, and need rest.'

General Grant said to the writer that it was 'the grandest campaign of the war,' and an eminent English critic, in writing of the Atlanta movement, remarks that Sherman is entitled to 'the unchallenged position of the first soldier of the Union.' We regret that our very limited space will not permit us to give extracts from his masterly report.

It will remain as the best history of that campaign which according to a high authority, 'was one of those victories which form the turning point of great wars.' Like Cæsar, Sherman narrates as truly and as beautifully as he fights. Hood found him to be as 'rude a jousting' with the pen as with the sword. A foreign Quarterly Review, not often profuse in praise of anything American, says:—'The correspondence of one of the chief generals, Sherman, will compare favorably with anything of its class which modern military literature can produce.'

We must be content with a simple allusion to his wonderful march through Georgia. Sherman had previously proposed to General Grant, in the early stages of the pursuit, to break up the railway from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and strike out for Milledgeville, Millen and Savannah. 'Until we can repopulate Georgia,' he wrote, 'it is useless to occupy it, but the utter destruction of its roads, houses and people will cripple their military resources. By attempting to hold the roads we will lose a thousand men monthly and will gain no result. I can make the march, and make Georgia howl. And again, Hood may turn into Tennessee and Kentucky, but I believe he will be forced to follow me. Instead of being on the defensive, I will be on the offensive. Instead of guessing at what he means, he would have to guess at my plans. The difference in war is full twenty-five per cent. I can make Savannah, Charleston, or the mouth of the Chattahoochee. I prefer to march through Georgia, smashing things, to the sea.' He now proposed to the lieutenant-general to modify these plans, so far as to give him the choice of either of the three alternatives first named.

'I must have alternatives,' he said, 'else being confined to one route, the enemy might so oppose, that delay and want would trouble me, but having alternatives I can take so eccentric a course that no general can guess at my objective. Therefore, when you hear I am off, have look-outs



at Morris Island, S. C.; Issabaw Sound, Georgia; Pensacola and Mobile bays. I will turn up somewhere, and believe me, I can take Macon, Milledgeville, Augusta and Savannah, Georgia, and wind up with closing the neck back of Charleston, so that they will starve out. This movement is not purely military or strategic, but it will illustrate the vulnerability of the South.' General Grant promptly authorized the proposed movement, indicating, however, his preference for Savannah as the objective, and fixing Dalton as the northern limit for the destruction of the railway. Preparations were instantly undertaken, and pressed forward for the consummation of these plans. It is recorded somewhere of Sherman that on witnessing from the top of an old mill on the Ogeechee river, the successful assault and capture of Fort McAllister, near Savannah, he exclaimed, imitating the speech of a negro:—'*Dis chile don't sleep dis night!*' and hurried off to meet General Foster and Admiral Dahlgren.

The Edinburgh Review speaks of this and the former campaign as 'not unworthy to be classed with the highest achievements which the annals of modern warfare record;' and the Army and Navy Journal of New York said: 'To Sherman we can afford no parallel in the history of this or any other modern war. An abler tactician than Joe Johnston, whom he out-manceuvred from field to field; as determined a fighter, when the necessity arises, as either Hooker or Hood; as good an executive officer, when under Grant, as either Jackson, Meade or Warren, he has shown in the combinations of his last campaign a strategical ability unparalleled since the days of Napoleon. His able government of Savannah exhibits a sound judgment and prudence which, combined with his other unequalled excellencies, made him the greatest soldier the American people have yet produced.'

Of Sherman's resistless progress from Savannah to Goldsborough, N. C., the country is familiar, and with the

gallant deeds of his valiant troops, who, like Cromwell's soldiers, regarded the day of battle as a day of certain triumph. We would gladly give the details, but as the chorus to Henry the Fifth very sensibly remarks, 'time, numbers, and due course of things cannot be here presented,' and we must be content with the simple statement that on April twenty-sixth, Johnston's army surrendered to Sherman, receiving the same generous terms granted to Lee seventeen days previous. The four years' war was now virtually at an end. What a record of magnificent marches and glorious victories—of bloody battles and sieges—of assaults in the imminent deadly breach—of relentless pursuits and skilful combinations, are contained in this brief sketch of our great captain, who carried the old flag in triumph through eight of the rebellious States, and who certainly contributed as much as any other man, to restore the blessings of peace to our long-afflicted and bleeding country!

Swinton, the very able historian of the army of the Potomac, in alluding to the two great campaigns of 1864; says, 'It would be interesting to institute a detailed comparison between the overland campaign towards Richmond, and the campaign of Sherman towards Atlanta. These operations were parallel; but the conduct of the commanders was very different. General Sherman, rarely assaulting, treated each position taken by Johnston as a fortress; and by intrenching in front of his opponent's works, he was able both to cover his own lines, and gradually accumulate on a flank, a force so menacing to his antagonist's communications as to compel him to abandon each successive stronghold. Thus by repeated leaps in advance, and with comparatively small loss, he reached his goal, Atlanta.\*

\* General Johnston, whose very words in conversation with the writer are employed above, added a very significant statement. He said he believed at the beginning of the campaign that he could beat Sherman; and said he, 'I know I should have beaten him, had he made such assaults on me as General Grant did on Lee.'

General Grant also effected turning movements of the same kind ; but these were rarely undertaken until after a frightful sacrifice of life in the attempt to force a direct issue. Whatever criticism history may make on this campaign, will probably turn mainly on the question of the utility of these attacks, and on the tactical execution of the operations, which were often much inferior to the conception. The flank marches were conducted with great skill, and the movements of the columns with a constantly shifting base, present a study highly interesting and instructive to those who concern themselves with the larger questions of the war.

It was May twenty-fourth—a bright, beautiful day—that the famous army whose drums had been heard from the Ohio to the sea, and back again to the Potomac, passed before the President, the Cabinet, and hundreds of thousands of spectators drawn to Washington to witness the reviews of the armies of the Potomac and of the West—the most magnificent military spectacles ever witnessed on the American continent. What a glorious pageant! What cheers rent the air when ‘the first soldier of the Union,’ as Sherman has been called, rode along Pennsylvania avenue, at the head of those invincible veterans who had marched victoriously through eight of the rebellious States! With what an easy, careless, accurate swing, the gaunt veterans move forward! How weather-beaten and bronzed, and how dingy, as if the smoke of numberless battle-fields had dyed their garments, and the sacred soil of insurrectionary States had adhered to them! And the flags they carried! Terrible is an army with banners—if those banners are torn by the shot and shell of a hundred battle-fields. Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Jackson, Vicksburg, Corinth, Chattanooga, Resaca, Kenesaw, Atlanta, Aversborough and Bentonville, were a few of the names written, not in letters, but in bullet-holes, on the dear old tattered and weather-beaten banners. But

no standards, however gay and gorgeous with new beauty, could be half so interesting to the thoughtful eye, and it is not surprising that the usually calm countenance of General Grant should have glowed with enthusiasm, and that he lifted his hat with reverence and deep feeling as the grand old historic colors were borne along by the sturdy and stalwart western campaigners who had followed his victorious course from Cairo to Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg had marched with Sherman through the very centre and core of the rebel States. Perfect harmony prevailed among the partisans of both armies. The country was proud of them and of their gallant deeds, and the review was the most wonderful panorama in American history, as the quiet dispersion of a million of well-seasoned soldiers, many of them scarred veterans who knew

‘The stern joy which warriors feel,  
In foemen worthy of their steel,’

who laid aside their swords, to return to the pursuits of peace, was one of the greatest and most significant events in the modern history of the world. When in after years our children shall speak of the crowning glory of their house, they will pass the grave effigies of jurists, statesmen, divines and great merchants, and will point out with pride the portrait of a simple soldier, or subaltern officer as ‘one of Sherman’s men.’ No prouder title will be known in the land fifty years hence. All other ancestors shall give precedence to the soldier who accompanied Sherman on that great march, which, till men cease from slaying and wars become mere matters of history, will ever be held up as an illustration of the highest daring combined with the most prudent forethought.

Soon after General Sherman had established his headquarters at St. Louis as Commander of the Division of the Mississippi, he was presented by a few friends with the sum of thirty thousand dollars to be used in the purchase of a residence in St. Louis, as our government does not

provide for her servants like the nations of Europe, which ennoble and make rich their Marlboroughs and Massenás; their Neys and Nelsons; their Wallensteins and Wellingtons. The grade of general having been created in our army by an act of Congress, the President appointed Grant to fill the position, and on July twenty-seventh, 1866, promoted Sherman to the lieutenant-generalship, made vacant by Grant's elevation, and assigned him to the command of the Military Division of the Missouri, consisting of several Western Departments, his head-quarters continuing to be at St. Louis.

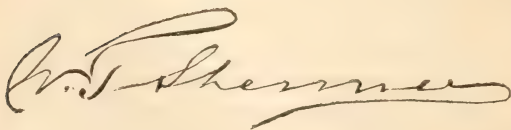
Three years later, on Grant's election to the Presidency, Sherman was promoted to the place vacated by his old chief, and Sheridan was advanced to the position of lieutenant-general, their commissions both dating from March fourth, 1869. Leave of absence having been granted to the general of the army he, in 1872, visited Europe and portions of Africa and Asia, receiving marked and most gratifying attentions from the crowned heads and dignitaries of the various lands that he passed through, a pleasing account of which was contributed by Colonel Audenreid of his staff, to the pages of a popular magazine. General Sherman's life was written by Colonel Bowman and published soon after the close of the war.

In *personnel*, General Sherman bears a family resemblance to his brother, the senator. He is six feet in height, with all the mature physical power of vigorous middle age at his command, and without an ounce of superfluous flesh. His brow is high, he has as keen an eye as a hawk, and a long aquiline nose as good in its way as the Iron Duke's. His full face bristling with the short-cropped, sandy mustache and beard, is military without being savage. In conversation he is direct and comprehensive; in short, a very good and exceedingly rapid talker. His officers have easy access to him, and he habitually addressed his men, who were known as 'Sherman's Pets,' in a kindly



manner ; and we can safely say that no prominent general officer in our army possessed to a greater degree the confidence and love of his men. Simple in his tastes, he required no train for the transportation of his personal baggage. He told the writer in answer to the question as to what baggage he intended carrying on one of his campaigns :—‘ I shall take a comb and toothbrush.’

If to be brave, and highly educated, to be thoroughly loyal, and of unblemished personal character, to be always ready with either voice, pen or sword ; indefatigable on the march ; omnipresent in battle ; relentless in pursuit ; to be the author of combinations exhibiting a strategical ability unsurpassed if paralleled since the days of Napoleon ; to receive the lavish and always unqualified eulogium of his former commander ; and to have been more dreaded by the enemy than any of our generals, not excepting the one who commanded them all, and who now fills the exalted position of President of the United States ; if to be all this makes a great captain, then will history award that rank to Sherman, and will give him a prominent place in the Temple of Military Fame.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "W. T. Sherman". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping initial "W" and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.

## GENERAL GRANT.

Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,  
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms.

BEATTIE.

**I**T is a curious circumstance that the four soldiers of the North, who pre-eminently distinguished themselves during the American civil war, should be representatives of the Celtic, Cymric, Gaelic and Saxon inhabitants of the British Islands. Sherman, the Anglo-Saxon, is a descendant of one of Cromwell's soldiers; Sheridan, the Celt, as his name would indicate, is of Irish stock; Thomas, one of the Cymric, springs from the Welsh race; and Grant, the subject of this sketch—'the noblest Roman of them all'—is of Scotch descent. Whether our hero comes from the 'Grants of Rothiemurchus,' or the 'Grants of Tullochgorum,' celebrated in song by Sir Alexander Boswell, we are unable to state; we only know that two brothers emigrated from Scotland to the Colonies during the seventeenth century, and that from the oldest, who settled in Connecticut, springs the illustrious soldier. Another fact worthy of notice, is the number of American generals, who are descendants of the Gael. The late Winfield Scott, McClellan, McDowell, McPherson, McArthur, Baird, Burnside and Wallace of the Union armies; Johnston and his namesake who was killed at Shiloh, Ewell, Gordon and many others of the Confederate service that might be mentioned, were either born on Scottish soil, or are of Scotch extraction.

Ruskin thus describes in his volume entitled 'The Two Paths,' the wild region of Scotland inhabited by the Clan Grant; and finds in its rocks and mountains the sources

of that steadfastness of character for which the clan was distinguished, and which has been illustrated by the best representative of the race in our time. 'In one of the loneliest districts of Scotland, where the peat cottages are darkest, just at the western foot of that great mass of the Grampians which encircle the sources of Spey and the Dee, the main road which traverses the chain winds round the foot of a broken rock called Craig or Craig Ellachie. There is nothing remarkable in either its height or form; it is darkened with a few scattered pines, and touched along its summit with a flush of heather; but it constitutes a kind of headland or leading promontory in the group of hills to which it belongs—a sort of initial letter of the mountains; and thus stands in the minds of the inhabitants of the district of the Clan Grant for a type of their country, and of the influence of that country upon themselves. Their sense of this is beautifully indicated in the war cry of the clan: 'Stand fast, Craig Ellachie.' You may think long over those few words without exhausting the deep wells of feeling and thought contained in them—the love of the native land, the assurance of their faithfulness to it; the subdued and gentle assertion of indomitable courage—I *may* need to be told to stand, but if I do, Craig Ellachie does. You could not but have felt, had you passed beneath it at the time when so many of England's dearest children were being defended by the strength of heart of men born at its foot, how often among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermillion was darkened with blood, the remembrance of its rough gray rocks and purple heaths must have risen before the sight of the Highland soldier; how often the hailing of the shot and the shriek of battle would pass away from his hearing, and leave only the whisper of the old pine branches—'Stand fast, Craig Ellachie.'

The general's great-grandfather, Captain Noah Grant, served in the French war, and was killed in battle, Septem-

ber thirtieth, 1756. The muster-roll of his company, bearing date, March twenty-sixth, 1755, was exhibited in the department of arms and trophies, of the last Sanitary Fair held at Chicago. His grandfather, also named Noah, was born at Windsor, Connecticut, and served through the Revolutionary war, rising to the rank of captain. After the death of his first wife, he emigrated to Western Pennsylvania, where he married again. Jesse Root Grant, the father of the general, was born of this marriage in Westmoreland County; with his father's family he went to the West, sixteen years after the close of the Revolution, and recently died at Covington, Kentucky. He married Miss Hannah Simpson, a member of a Scotch family, also a native of Pennsylvania, and a woman of great excellence of character. As is not uncommon in the biographies of great men, we find many of the mother's characteristics reproduced and intensified in her illustrious son. Ulysses Simpson Grant was born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April twenty-seventh, 1822, in an humble dwelling still standing—a small one-story cottage, worth before the war a few hundred dollars; but every victory gained by the general, added, in the owner's estimate, another hundred to its value. Strangers now visit the recently obscure dwelling, and it will doubtless be hereafter viewed with the same feelings of veneration with which many a pilgrim regards the mansions of Mount Vernon, Marshfield and Sunnyside. Of his youth many stories have been told, illustrating the truth of Wordsworth's line, that

‘The boy is father of the man;’

but the best of all, and the one exhibiting to the greatest advantage his leading characteristic, is a story which we heard from the lips of President Lincoln but a few weeks before his untimely end.

The subject of conversation was the war. ‘Well,’ said Mr. Lincoln, ‘when Grant started for Richmond last

spring, and said he was going 'to fight it out on that line if it took all summer,' I made up my mind that like the old coon which Captain Scott aimed at, Lee had got to 'come down!' He then added, turning to the writer with a laugh: 'Colonel, did you ever hear the story of Grant at the circus?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, I think that's the best thing I ever heard about him. It seems when he was ten or twelve years old, a circus company came along, and 'Lys,' as the boys called him, went. Whether he paid his twenty-five cents, and I rather guess he didn't, or crawled in under the canvass as I did more than once when a youngster, I don't know. Well, they had a pony or mule, trained so that no one could ride him without being thrown, although a dollar was offered to any chap who would 'hang on' while he went once round the ring. Several tried, but were all shaken off. The people thought that *that* fun was over, when in stepped 'Lys,' took off his hat and coat, and said: 'I will try him.' He mounted and 'hung on,' until almost around, when he slid off over the animal's head, like all the others. Not in the least disheartened, he jumped up and said, 'I should like to try him again,' and amid the cheers of the spectators, away he went again. But this time, he faced to the rear, coiled his legs around the body, and *held on by the tail*. The animal tried in vain, with head down, to shake him off, as he had done before, but it was no use; there Grant stuck like grim death, and came off victorious. Just so he'll stick to Richmond. As Mrs. Grant says, 'he's a very obstinate man.'

In early life Grant displayed a faculty for business, was fond of his books, and learned rapidly. His opportunities for acquiring knowledge were, however, very limited. His father's circumstances being moderate, Ulysses had only the benefit of school during the winter months, the summer being devoted to labor. In his eighteenth year he entered the Military Academy at West Point, where his progress was steady, but not brilliant. In French, drawing and



mathematics, he was a proficient, and he became one of the best riders in the institution. At the end of the course only thirty-nine of the class of one hundred, graduated, Grant standing twenty-one in his class. Of his cadet life we have few records. Professor Coppee, who was his comrade for two years at the Academy, writes: 'I remember him as a plain, common-sense, straight-forward youth; quiet, rather of the old head on young shoulders order; shunning notoriety; quite contented, while others were grumbling; taking to his military duties in a very business-like manner; not a prominent man in the corps, but respected by all, and very popular with his friends. His sobriquet of *Uncle Sam* was given to him there, where every good fellow has a nickname, from these very qualities; indeed he was a very uncle-like sort of a youth. He was then and always an excellent horseman, and his picture rises before me as I write, in the old torn coat, obsolescent leather gig-top, loose riding pantaloons, with spurs buckled over them, going with his clanking sabre to the drill hall. He exhibited but little enthusiasm in any thing; his best standing was in the mathematical branches, and their application to tactics and military engineering.'

In the summer of 1844, the Fourth infantry, to which Grant was attached as second lieutenant, was removed to Natchitoches, La., and in the year following, to Corpus Christi, Texas, where he was promoted to a first lieutenancy, September thirtieth, 1847. He served under General Taylor, and participated in the battle of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey; and with Scott, from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. He was twice brevetted for gallant services, receiving the rank of brevet captain for meritorious conduct at the storming of Chapultepec. He was in all the battles fought by Taylor and Scott, that it was possible for one man to be in, and was highly eulogized by his commanding officers.

Grant's regiment was stationed for some time in New

York, and was divided among the various forts and defenses of the northern frontier. In 1852, the battalion to which he was attached was ordered to Fort Dallas, Oregon. While in the department of the Pacific, he received his promotion to a full captaincy. Seeing no prospect of further promotion, and his country no longer requiring his services, he resigned, July, 1854, and rejoined his family after two years' separation, settling with them near St. Louis, on a small farm. In 1859, he removed to Galena, Illinois, and entered into partnership with his father in the leather and saddlery business. When the first gun was fired at Sumter, Grant remarked to his friends, that the government had educated him for the army, and its claims were paramount to all others. He directed the raising and organizing of a volunteer company, and hastened with it to Springfield, where it was mustered into the service. Grant had been introduced to Governor Yates, on his arrival, as a graduate of West Point, and as having served in the Mexican War. The governor at this time was much troubled in regard to the raising and organizing of the quota of the State. In his distress, he asked Representative Washburne, now minister to France, if that quiet man whom he introduced knew anything of these matters. He replied by bringing Grant into the governor's presence. 'Do you understand the organization of troops?' inquired the governor. The reply was in the affirmative. 'Will you accept a desk in my office for that purpose?' 'Anythink to serve my country,' was the reply. And to work he went at once. He was appointed an assistant adjutant-general and mustering officer for Illinois troops, and by his energy the State became noted for the speed with which she filled her quota.

When the Twenty-First Illinois volunteers was organized, a person was chosen by the company officers as the colonel, who, having no military capacity, allowed the regiment to become the terror of the neighborhood where it

was encamped. The governor refused to commission the nominee of the regiment, and asked Grant if he thought he could bring the turbulent mass to order if he were appointed the colonel. Grant thought he could. This was in June. Half an hour afterward an application was made to Governor Yates to send the regiment to Quincy, one hundred and twenty miles distant; but the trouble was the lack of transportation. 'Send my regiment,' said Grant, 'and I will find the transportation.' The command was given, and before night the Twenty-First was under orders to march. On foot the regiment was transported to Quincy, and when the men were encamped there, they were reported as belonging to one of the best disciplined regiments of Illinois troops. At the expiration of their term of service—the Twenty-First was a three months' regiment—almost every man re-enlisted for three years, so much pleased were they with their commander. Grant served with his regiment in Missouri until the end of August, when he received from the President a commission of brigadier-general, and was placed in command of Cairo, a strategic point of great importance, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. On the eighth of September, while in command at Cairo, he took possession of Paducah, Kentucky, and two months later, by direction of General Fremont, then commanding in the West, fought the battle of Belmont. In January, 1862, being still in command of the district of Cairo, he turned his attention to operations on the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers. Early in February, amid ice and sleet and snow, our forces, under General Grant and Admiral Foote, captured Fort Henry. Garrisoning this post, a movement was immediately made on Fort Donelson, held by Floyd, Pillow and Buckner, with twenty thousand men. It was invested February twelfth, and assaulted on the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth. On the evening of the last day, Buckner asked for commissioners to arrange terms of surrender. Grant replied

that he would accept no terms but unconditional surrender, adding, 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.' Buckner surrendered, unconditionally, with fourteen thousand prisoners, three thousand horses, forty-eight cannon, twenty thousand small arms and a large quantity of military stores. This was our first great victory, and the whole country was electrified. For his gallantry in gaining this substantial victory, Grant was made a major-general, his commission dating February sixteenth, 1862, the day of the surrender of Fort Donelson.

April sixth and seventh, he fought the terrible battle of Shiloh—the Waterloo of the Western campaign. In that, Sherman was Grant's chief lieutenant, and the two men tested each other's qualities in the greatest trial to which either had been exposed. The conflict was one of the turning-points of the war, and never, not even in the giant conflicts of the Wilderness, had Grant been in greater danger. But he fought on doggedly, in the spirit of the motto of his clan, 'Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure.' He came into his head-quarters on the evening of the first day's battle, when, to any but heroic spirits, fortune seemed to have deserted us, and said, quietly: 'Well, it was tough work to-day, but we'll beat them to-morrow.' When his staff and the generals present heard this, they were as fully persuaded of the result of the morrow's battle as they were when the victory had actually been achieved. This battle cost the rebels the life of Albert Sidney Johnston, one of their ablest generals.

La Fontaine truthfully says: '*Aucun chemin de fleurs ne conduit à la gloire.*' Detraction was busy with her poisonous tongue. Grant was more bitterly assailed now than at any previous time, as a 'butcher,' as 'incompetent,' and as being a 'drunkard.' Some one was disparaging Grant in Sherman's presence, when the latter broke out with, 'It won't do, sir, it won't do; Grant is a great general! He stood by me when I was crazy, and I stood by him when

he was drunk, and now, sir, we stand by each other.' This hue and cry against him was chiefly the work of newspaper correspondents and the adherents of less successful leaders, who wished to aid their allies by defaming Grant; and it troubled him much less than it did his friends. If any one repeated what was said by such a paper or person, he only smoked. 'If you try to wheedle out of him his plans for a campaign,' wrote an eloquent essayist, 'he stolidly smokes; if you call him an imbecile and a blunderer, he blandly lights another cigar; if you praise him as the greatest general living, he placidly returns the puff from his regalia; and if you tell him he should run for the Presidency, it does not disturb the equanimity with which he inhales and exhales the unsubstantial vapor which typifies the politician's promises. While you are wondering what kind of a man this creature without a tongue is, you are suddenly electrified with the news of some splendid victory, proving that behind the cigar, and behind the face discharged of all tell-tale expressions, is the best brain to plan and the strongest heart to dare, among the generals of the Republic.'

Passing over the movements of our armies which resulted in the capture of Corinth, we come to the second of Grant's fruitful victories. The rebels held Vicksburg, in a curve of the Mississippi. It was deemed impregnable, and they had also fortified Port Hudson below, thus inclosing a long sweep of the river, which kept open communication for their troops and supplies. After various plans had failed, Grant at length marched his army down the west bank, at the same time sending the transports past the batteries of Vicksburg. April thirtieth, he crossed the river at Bruinsburgh, on the steamer which ran past the batteries of the 'Western Gibraltar'—as the Confederates were fond of calling their stronghold—and moved into the very heart of the enemy's country, without baggage, base, or lines of communication, and pushed forward, fighting



battles day after day—capturing Port Gibson on the first of May, defeating the enemy at Raymond, at Jackson, at Champion Hills, and at the Big Black Bridge; and May seventeenth, after driving Pemberton before him, invested Vicksburg. Riding in the outskirts one day during the siege, Grant stopped at a small cottage for a glass of water, and was asked by the woman if he ever expected to take Vicksburg. He replied, ‘Yes.’ ‘But when,’ asked the woman somewhat savagely. ‘I don’t know when, but I shall take it if I stay here sixteen years.’

When the news of its surrender on the fourth of July, with thirty thousand troops and more than two hundred guns, reached Washington, he was immediately appointed a major-general in the regular army. The general-in-chief in his annual report, in alluding to the campaign, thus speaks of General Grant: ‘When we consider the character of the country in which this army operated, the formidable obstacles to be overcome, the number of forces, and the strength of the enemy’s works, we cannot fail to admire the courage and endurance of the troops, and the skill and daring of their commander. No more brilliant exploit can be found in military history.’ It was this great victory that brought from the President that gem of a letter, worthy of being printed in gold characters, in which he makes the acknowledgment to Grant: ‘You were right, and I was wrong.’ The material gain was the least of the fruits of this success; for, as the capture of Fort Donelson expelled the Confederate forces, without another blow, from Kentucky and the greater part of Tennessee, so the capture of Vicksburg reopened the great Mississippi to trade and navigation, and drove the enemy from a good portion of the State.

Early in September, Grant proceeded to New Orleans, returning a visit paid to him the previous month by General Banks, and while in the ‘Crescent City’ had a narrow escape from death. Riding near Carrollton, a suburb of

New Orleans, accompanied by the writer, his spirited horse took fright from seeing a locomotive and hearing its steam-whistle—which Sidney Smith compared to the yell of a lawyer when the devil got him,—and threw his rider. From this severe fall Grant was confined to his bed for several weeks, having received serious injuries, producing a lameness from which he did not entirely recover until the following year. On his return to Vicksburg he was allowed but a brief period to rest and recover from the accident. The doubtful battle of Chickamauga again placed him on the war-path. He was invested with the command of the consolidated departments of the South and West, as the military division of the Mississippi, and at once moved to Eastern Tennessee. ‘Hold fast; do not give up Chattanooga, if you starve,’ he telegraphed General Thomas, upon whose suffering army Bragg looked down from the heights opposite as his certain prey. A single battle again decided the campaign, relieved Chattanooga, and drove the rebel army into Georgia. Ignoring the word impossible, as did Napoleon, Grant sent his legions under his lieutenants, Granger and Hooker, Sherman and Sheridan, up those craggy mountain sides above the clouds, to the crests of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, bristling with bayonets and hundreds of cannon. A member of General Bragg’s staff told the writer that he considered the position perfectly impregnable, and that when he saw our troops, after capturing their rifle-pits, coming up the craggy mountain toward their head-quarters, he could scarcely credit his eyes, and thought that every man of them must be drunk. History has no parallel for sublimity and picturesqueness of effect, while the result, which was the division of the Confederacy, was inestimable.

We must again refer to the report of the general-in-chief, in which, alluding to the campaign in the Chattanooga mountains, he says: ‘Considering the strength of the rebel position, and the difficulty of storming his in-

trenchments, the battle of Chattanooga must be considered the most remarkable in history. Not only did the officers and men exhibit great skill and daring in their operations on the field, but the highest praise is due to the commanding general for his admirable dispositions for dislodging the enemy from a position apparently impregnable.'

Soon after, Congress revived the grade of lieutenant-general, and the hero of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga, was nominated by the President, confirmed by the Senate, and placed in command of all the armies of the North. On his way East he issued no windy proclamations or orders; he made no speeches; he did not address the troops lying in winter-quarters at Culpepper; but he took hold of his work at once, strengthened his armies by the addition of new troops, and by weeding out the disaffected and incompetent officers of the army of the Potomac, and by various reforms in the different departments. *Labor omnia vincit*, as Virgil has it, was his motto. At length everything was in readiness.

With his army thoroughly reorganized, Grant crossed the Rapidan, May fourth; on the fifth and sixth met the principal host of the rebels, commanded by Lee, and in those terrible battles of the Wilderness; flanked him on the left; fought at Spottsylvania Court House on the seventh, again on the twelfth, on which occasion he captured a whole division of the Confederate army. Thus fighting and flanking, ever pursuing the offensive, and daily drawing nearer to the rebel capital, he at length drove the enemy within the defenses of Richmond, and there held him as in a vice, while he left to his sturdy lieutenants—Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas—the more promising and satisfactory task of reaping a harvest of laurels by active movement and battle. But Grant's hour at last arrived. On March twenty-ninth, 1865, the summons went forth, and the grand old Army of the Potomac, that had been so often

driven back, but never broken nor overcome, moved forward to victory. One week of prodigious fighting and marching, Lee, with his veterans, then yielded to Grant's persistence, and the dear old flag once more floated over Richmond—not a fragment of Lee's once magnificent host in existence, except as prisoners of war. With its dissolution, and the fall of the capital, fell all hope of a Southern Confederacy:

‘ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;  
And when Rome falls, the world ! ’

The Lieutenant-general having consummated his last and most brilliant campaign, quietly returned to Washington, without entering or even having seen the city that his genius had conquered ; and characteristically began work at his head-quarters—reducing the army by mustering out of the service all the volunteer troops, whom the country no longer required. The fruits of Grant's victories during the war, we may here briefly state as having been nearly one hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, about one thousand guns, and upward of fifty millions of dollars' worth of public property. Near the close of the year appeared the general's report of the operations of the armies of the United States from the date of his appointment to command the same. No military document connected with the war possessed the same amount of interest. Prophecies were made that it would become as famous as Cæsar's Commentaries—which was an extravagant prediction ; but it is now, and will unquestionably continue to be, looked upon as the most valuable official paper connected with the war for the maintenance of the Union.

In the words of a military critic: ‘ Apply to General Grant what test you will, measure him by the magnitude of the obstacles he has surmounted, by the value of the positions he has gained, by the fame of the antagonist over whom he has triumphed, by the achievements of his most

illustrious co-workers, by the sureness with which he directs his indomitable energy to the vital point which is the key to a vast field of operations; or by that supreme test of consummate ability, the absolute completeness of his results, and he fully vindicates his claim to stand next after Napoleon and Wellington among the great soldiers of this century, if not on a level with the latter.'

A common error of mankind is to determine a man's greatness by his aspect. Marvellous attributes of a physical character impress the mind as necessary belongings of great captains. Nevertheless, the military heroes of the past, as well as the present, have made but sorry figures physiologically. Frederick the Great was so small and crooked that he might, like Pope, have been compared to an interrogation-point; Suwarrow stood but five feet one, in his boots; Nelson's physical inferiority was so striking, that when passing over the quay at Yarmouth, to take possession of the ship to which he had been appointed, the people exclaimed: 'Why make that little fellow a captain?' Wellington was so small and slight that he might almost have been put where George IV. once threatened to place Tom Moore—in a wine-cooler; and Napoleon was but a short little fat man. Farragut, the greatest naval hero since Nelson, had a figure not unlike Napoleon's, and our dashing Sheridan you may easily look down upon without climbing a tree. May not the *sobriquet* of 'Little Phil' have spurred on the daring cavalry leader to perform some of the most gallant deeds of the war, and called forth from a New Orleans Creole, whom he captured, with a number of other Louisianians, in one of the battles before Richmond, the exclamation: '*Il a le diable au corps!*' Cæsar, whose nod 'did awe the world,' and our majestic Washington, were exceptions to the general rule.

The prestige of physical excellence must vanish when we speak of Grant. He is below the medium height, with a slight stoop, careless in his dress, and the last man who



would be selected from a group of general officers as being one of the four most renowned Captains the country has produced. The casual observer would see nothing remarkable in his features, but the physiognomist would discover reticent power in his clear grey eye, and the decision and intellectual force of the self-relying man in his cleanly-cut and sharply-curved mouth, around which a closely-trimmed and tawny beard deepens to the firm chin and square, ample jaws of those who in battle never surrender. His nose is neither Cæsarian nor Wellingtonian, and his *tout ensemble* unimpressive, while his walk is the unpretending motion of a thinking man. Every day are we more and more impressed with the truth of Gray's familiar lines in his exquisite Elegy. Greatness, like truth, often lurks in the byways.

One of Grant's Galena neighbors said to us that 'he was a dull, plodding man;' another remarked that he possessed only 'second-rate business capacity;' and that noble old soldier Scott told the writer he could only 'remember Grant in the Mexican War as a young lieutenant of undoubted courage, but giving no promise whatever of anything beyond ordinary abilities.' When Grant met Halleck, then general-in-chief, in Louisville, October seventeenth, 1863, and received from his hands an order placing him in command of the departments of the Ohio, Cumberland and Tennessee, a great crowd assembled at the Galt House to see the hero of Vicksburg. Tall and swarthy Kentuckians, old soldiers of the Union, ladies and children, stood in every place which afforded a glimpse of the plain, modest soldier. Among the throng was a stalwart Kentuckian, who stared at him a few moments, and then exclaimed: 'Well, that's General Grant, is it? I thought he was a large man. He would be thought a small chance of a fighter if he lived in Kentucky.' So thought the Countess of Auvergne in the days of Henry VI., when she first gazed upon victorious Talbot.

Ostentation and display were strangers to his nature; he was approachable by all; and no array of Prætorian guards, no triple circle of epauletted subordinates, hedged him in, and told you to 'stand back;' but an open, undisguised Western welcome greeted you at the head-quarters of the general. He is to-day as simple and unspoiled by his lofty position, as in the days of adversity, when he had recourse during the summer months to collecting for business houses in St. Louis; and candor compels us to admit that he exhibited marvellously little skill in the vocation. Diffidence and modesty are not the attributes of a successful collector of claims. His table was more simple, and served with less style, than the tables of his brigade commanders. He is a man of few words, but those words are always to the purpose. Grant rarely laughs, and still more rarely attempts a joke. Almost the only one we ever heard him make was an allusion, after a hard day's work at Vicksburg, to his possessing some knowledge of 'the art of tanning.'

A record on a sword presented to Grant by the citizens of Jo Daviess county, Illinois, gives a bird's-eye view of the military career of the soldier, who is said to have been more often amid 'sheeted fire and flame' than any officer of our army, not excepting the veteran Scott, who vied with Cortez in victoriously leading our troops to the city of Mexico: it contains the names of upward of thirty battle-fields. Among other gifts presented to General Grant may be mentioned a house and furniture, by citizens of Philadelphia; another furnished house at Galena, a present from his friends and neighbors; horses valued at ten thousand dollars; a handsome library, by a few gentlemen of Boston, and the munificent sum of one hundred thousand dollars in cash, presented by merchants of the city of New York.

Congress having in July, 1866, created the grade of General, the President immediately advanced Grant to that

position—one which never existed under our government. Washington was general of the Continental army, and under the Confederation; but in the United States army he was only lieutenant-general. Two years later, ‘the bays of immortality already won,’ Grant was chosen by the almost universal voice of the American people to the highest position in their gift; and upon entering on his new office, March fourth, 1869, resigned his commission in the army. Each of the great wars of the United States have given Presidents to the country. Beginning with that of 1776, we have Washington, followed by that of 1812, which gave us Jackson and Harrison. The war with Mexico made Taylor President in lieu of Scott, the real hero, who was personally unpopular, while the recent conflict between freedom and slavery elevated Grant to the high office—the fifth soldier elected to the position of chief magistrate, and, except Washington and Jackson, the only one re-elected for a second term of four years.

We cannot better close this volume than by a quotation from Milton, where he speaks of his friend Cromwell, one of the three greatest soldiers and statesmen born on British soil, which appears to be particularly applicable to the subject of this sketch: ‘Wherefore you speak contemptibly of his parts I know not, but I suspect you are not free from the error common to studious and speculative men. Because Oliver was an ungraceful orator, and never said either in public or private anything memorable, you will have it that he was of mean capacity. Sure, this is unjust. Many men have been ignorant of letters, without wit, without eloquence, who yet had the wisdom to devise and the courage to perform that which they lacked language to explain. Such men, often, in troubled times, have worked out the deliverance of nations and their own greatness, not by logic, but by warmth in success, by calmness in danger, by firm and stubborn resolution in all adversity. The hearts of men are their books, events are

their tutors, great actions are their eloquence, and such an one, in my judgment, was his late Highness. \* \* \* His own deeds shall avouch him for a great statesman, a great soldier, a true lover of his country, a merciful and generous conqueror.'

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "A. A. Evans". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background. The letters are fluid and connected, with a prominent flourish at the end of the word "Evans".

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